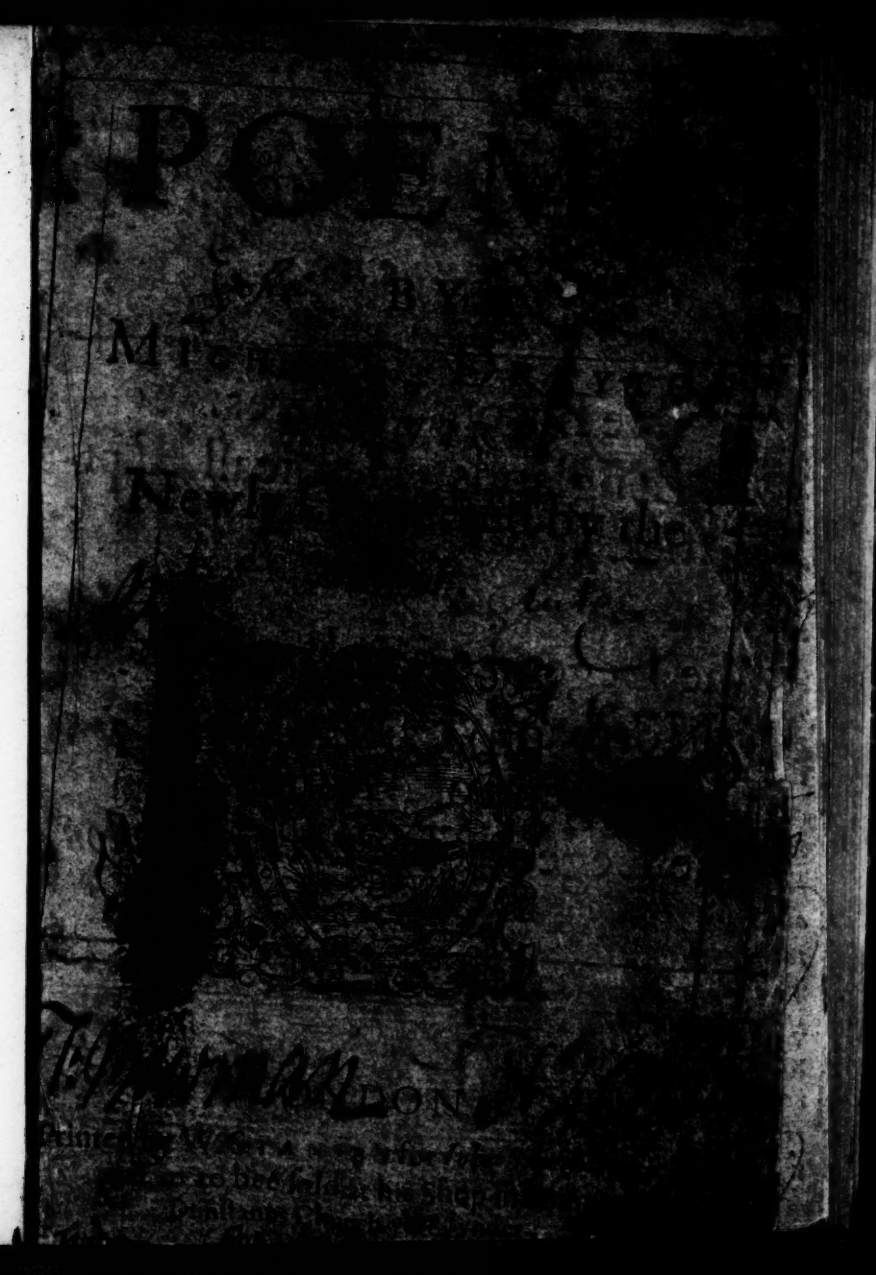


The Arguments.

THe Barons Warres.
Englands Heroicall Epistles.
Idea.
The Legend of *Robert* Duke of Normandy.
The Legend of *Matilda*.
The Legend of *Pierce Gaueston*.

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To Sir VValter Aſton, *Knight of the honourable order of the Bath, and my moſt worthy Patron.*

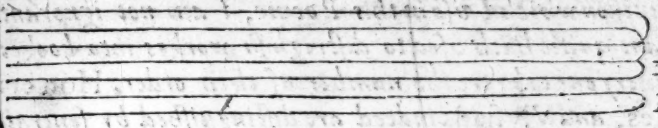
I Will not ſtriue m'inuention to enforce,
With needleſſe words your eies to entertaine,
T'obſerue the formall ordinary courſe,
That euery one ſo vulgarly doth faine:
Our interchang'd and deliberate choice,
Is with more firme and true election ſorted,
Then ſtands in cenſure of the common voice,
That with light humor fondly is tranſported:
Nor take I patterne of an others praiſe,
Then what my pen may conſtantly auow,
Nor walke more publike nor obſcurer waies
Then vertue bids, and iudgement will allow:
So ſhall my loue and beſt endeauours ſerue you,
And ſtill ſhall ſtudy, ſtill ſo to deſerue you.

Michael Draiton.

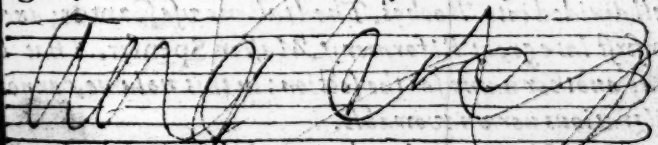
To the Reader.

THat at first I made choise of this argument, I haue not as yet repented me; for if the Muse haue not much abused me, it was most worthy to haue found a more worthy Pen then mine owne. For the Barons warres, (omitting the quality of those Armes whereof I haue not heere to speake) were surely aswell for their length in continuance, as for their manifold blood-shed, and multitude of horride accidents, meet matter for trumpet or tragedie. Therefore, as at first the dignity of the thing was the motiue of the doing, so the cause of this my second greater labour was the insufficient handling of the first, which though it were more then boldnesse to venture on so noble an argument, without leasure and study competent, either of which trauels hardly afford; yet the importunity of frinds made me, contrary to mine owne iudgement, take, vndertake, and publish it, so as the world hath seene; but herein I intend not to be too exact, as if either it needed too much excuse (knowing that euen as it was it ought to haue passed for better then some would suffer, who can hardly thinke any thing hath sauour but their owne, though neuer so vnsauorie) or as if I should seeme now to haue excelled my selfe, and failing in my hopes, bee kept without excuse. Grammaticasters haue quarreled at the title of Mortimeriados, as if it had been a sin against Syntaxis, to haue subscribed it in the second case; but not their idle reproofe hath made mee now abstaine from fronting it by the name of Mortimer at all, but the same better aduice which hath caused me to alter the whole; and where before the

the ſtanza was of ſeuen lines, wherein there are two couplets, as in this figure appeareth.



The often harmony thereof, ſo fined the verſe more then the maieſtie of the ſubiect would permit, vnleſſe they had all beene Geminels, or couplets. Therefore (but not without faſhioning the whole frame) I choſe Ariſtos ſtanza, of all other the moſt compleat and beſt proportioned, conſiſting of eight, ſix interwouen, and a couplet in baſe.



The Quadrin doth neuer double, or to vſe a word of Heraldry, neuer bringeth forth Gemels. The Quinzaine too ſoone. The Seſtin hath Twines in the baſe, but they detaine not the Muſicke nor the Cloze (as Muſitians terme it) long enough for an Epicke Poeme. The ſtanza of ſeuen is touched before; This of eight both holds the tune cleane through to the baſe of the collomne, (which is the couplet the foot or bottome) and cloſeth not but with a full ſatisfaction of the care for ſo long detention.

Briefely, this ſort of ſtanza hath in it, maieſtie, perfection & ſolidity, reſembling the pillar which in Architecture is called the Tuſcan, whoſe ſhaft is of ſix diameter, and baſis of two. The other reaſons this place wil not beare, but generally all ſtanzas are in my opinion but tyrants and torturers, when they make inuention obey their number, which

sometime would otherwise scantle it selfe. A fault that great Masters in this Art strive to avoide. Concerning the division which I use in this Poeme, I am not ignorant that antiquitie hath used to distinguish workes into bookes and every one to beare the number of their order. Homers Iliades, *and* Vlysiads *indeed are distinguished by severall lettters of the Greeke Alphabet, as all the world knowes, and not by the numerall letters only, which to* Iota *are digit, and afterward compound; the Alpha being our unite, for the Greekes had no figures nor ciphers in their Arithmeticke.* Virgils Aeneis, Statius Thebaies, Silius *worke of the Carthaginian warre,* Illyricus Argonautiks, Vidas Christeies *are all divided into Bookes. The Italians use* Cantos; *and so our first late great Reformer Master* Spenser. *That I assume another name for the section: in this volume, cannot be disgratious nor unavowable.*

Lastly, if I have not already exceeded the length of an Epistle, I am to entreat, that he who will (as any man may that will) make himselfe a party to this of ours, would be pleased to remember that Spartan *Prince, who being found by certaine Ambassadors playing among his children, requested them to forbeare to censure, till also they had some of their owne. To such I give as ample power and priviledge as ever* Ius liberorum *could in* Rome, *craving backe againe all their hands by a re-grant, the like of that which I impart: for great reason there is, that they should undergoe the licence which themselues challenge, and suffer that in their fames which they would wrongly put upon others, according to the most indifferent Law of the* Talio.

Fare you well.

To M. Michael Drayton.

Those painefull wits, which Natures depth admire,
And view the causes of vnconstant strife,
oe tremble lest the Vniuerse expire,
rough lasting iarres, the enemies of life.
n earthly signes let not such Sages looke,
or on the cleare aspect of hopefull starres,
t learne the worlds continuance from thy booke,
hich frames past natures force eternall warres;
herein the Muses shewing perfect glorie,
lorne it so with gracefull harmonie,
at all the acts of this lamented storie,
eme not perform'd for peoples liberty:
Nor through the awe of an imperious King,
But that thy verses their deepe wounds might sing.

John Beaumont.

To M. Michael Draiton.

WHat ornaments might I deuiſe to fit,
Th'aſpiring height of thy admired ſpirit?
Or what faire garland worthy is to ſit,
On thy bleſt browes that compaſſe in all merit?
Thou ſhalt not crowned be with common Bayes,
Becauſe for thee it is a crowne too low,
Appollos tree can yeeld thee ſimple praiſe,
It is too dull a veſture for thy brow;
But with a VVreath of ſtarres ſhalt thou be crown'd,
Which when thy working temples doe ſuſtaine,
Will like the Spheares be euer moouing round,
After the royall muſicke of thy braine:
Thy skill doth equall *Phœbus*, not thy birth,
He to heauen giues muſicke, thou to earth.

Thomas Greene.

Michael!

I Muſt admire thee (but to praiſe were vaine
What eu'ry taſting-palat ſo aproues)
Thy Martiall *Pyrrhique*, and thy *Epique* ſtraine
Digeſting *Warres* with heart-vniting *Loues*.
(The two firſt Authors of what is compos'd
In this round Syſteme *All*; (it's ancient lore)
All Arts in *Diſcords* and *Concent* are clos'd;
When ſoules vnwing'd *Adraſte's* lawes reſtore
To th'earth for reparation of their flights,
Schollers the firſt, *Muſicians*, *Louers* make,
The next ranke deſtinate to *Mars* his Knights,
The following rable meaner titles take.)
I ſee thy Temples crown'd with *Phœbus* rites:
Thy *Bay's* to th'eye with *Lilly* mixt and *Roſe*,
As to the eare a *Diapaſon* cloſe.

IOHN SELDEN.

To his friend the Author.

HAd I not lou'd thee and thy Poeſie,
(Deere friend) my Theame ſhould of thy praiſes be.
But in weake braines it doth ſuſpition moue,
When who is ſeene to praiſe is knowne to loue.
For, though that firſt and virgin birth of thine,
Be ſo articulate, ſo maſculine,
So truely limb'd, ſo ſinewy, ſo compact,
So ſweetly faire, ſo euery way exact,
As may endure the moſt iudicious touch,
And giue thy friends iuſt reaſon to auouch
It, ſpight of Enuies teeth, a liuing birth:
Though ſecond, third, fourth, fifth, of equall worth:
Though all be good: yet ſince affection
In iudgement may, as ſhadow and proiection
In Lantskip, make that which is low ſeeme high,
That's ſhallow deepe, ſmall great, and farre that's nigh:
So as it well may iuſt ſuſpition moue,
When who is ſeene to praiſe is knowne to loue.
Yet thus my cenſure, this thy doome ſhall be:
I'le alwayes loue thee, and thy Poeſie.

E. Heyward.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

The grieuous Plagues and the Prodigious signes,
That this great warre and slaughter doe foreshow,
Th'especiall cause the Baronage combines,
The Queenes strong griefe, whence many troubles grow
The time by course vnto our fall inclines,
And how each Country doth to battell goe;
What cause to yeeld the Mortimers *pretend,*
And their commitment perfecting the end.

I

THe bloudy factions, and rebellious pride,
Of a strong nation, whose vnmanag'd might
Then from their natural Soueraigne did diuide,
Their due subiection, and his lawfull right:
Whom their light error loosely doth misguide,
Vrg'd by lewd Minions tyrannous despight;
Me from soft layes, and tender loues doth bring,
Of dreadfull fights, and horrid warres to sing.

2

What hellish furie poysned your hie bloud,
Or should bewitch you with accursed charmes,
That by pretending of the generall good,
Rashly extrudes you to tumultuous armes,
And from the safety where in late you stood,
Reft of all taste, and feeling of your harmes?
That France and Belgia with affrighted eyes,
Were sad beholders of your miseries.

3

Th'inueterate rancor in their bosomes bred,
Who for their Charter wag'd a former warre,
Or through your veines this raging venome spred,
Whose next succeeding-Nephewes now you are,
Or that hot gore your bowes in Conquest shed,
Hauing inlarg'd your Countries bound so farre,
Ensigne to Ensigne furiously oppose,
With blades of Bilbo dealing English blowes.

4

O thou the great director of my Muse,
On whose free bounty all my powers depend,
Into my breast a sacred fire infuse,
Rauish my spirit this great worke to attend;
Let the still night my laboured lines peruse,
That when my Poems gaine their wished end,
They whose sad eies shall read this tragique story,
In my weake hand may see thy might and glory.

What

5.

What care would plot, diſſentions quickly croſſe,
Which like an earth-quake rends the tottering ſtate,
By which abroad we beare a publike loſſe,
Betraide at home by meanes of priuate hate,
Whilſt vs theſe ſtrange calamities doe toſſe,
(The daily nurſe of mutinous debate)
Confuſion ſtill our Countries peace confounds,
No helpe at hand, and mortall all our wounds.

6.

Thou Church then ſwelling in thy mightineſſe,
Tending the care and ſafety of the ſoule:
O nurſe not factions, flowing in exceſſe,
That with thy members ſhouldſt their griefe condole,
In thee reſts power this outrage to repreſſe,
Which might thy zeale and ſanctity enrole,
Come thou in pureneſſe meekely with the word,
Lay not thy hand to the vnhallowed ſword.

7.

Bloud-thirſting Warre ariſing firſt from hell,
And in progreſſion ſeizing on this Ile,
VVhere it before neere forty yeeres did dwell,
And with pollution horribly defile,
By which ſo many a worthy Engliſh fell,
By our firſt *Edward* baniſhed a while,
Transferr'd by fortune to the Scotiſh meare,
To ranſacke that, as it had rauin'd here.

8.

Where houering ſtill with inauſpicious wings
About the verge of theſe diſtempered climes,
Returning now, new error hither brings,
To ſtirre vs vp to theſe diſaſterous crimes,
Weakeneth our power by oft diminiſhings,
And taking hold on theſe vnſetled times,
Forcing our frailety ſenſually at length,
Crackt the ſtiffe nerues that knit our ancient ſtrength.

9.

Whoſe frightfull viſion, at the firſt approch,
With violent madnes ſtrooke that deſperate age,
So many ſundry miſeries to broach,
Giuing full ſpeede to their vnbrideled rage,
That did our ancient liberty incroach,
And in theſe ſtrong conſpiracies ingage.
The worthieſt bloud the ſubiects loſſe to bring,
By vnnaturall wrongs vnto their naturall King.

10.

When in the North whilſt horror yet was young,
Theſe dangerous ſeaſons ſwiftly comming on,
Whilſt o're our heads portentious meteors hung,
And in the skies ſterne Comets brightly ſhone,
Prodigious births oft intermixt among,
Such as before in times had beene vnknowne,
In bloudy iſſues forth the earth doth breake,
Weeping for vs, whoſe woes it could not ſpeake.

11

When by the rankeneſſe of contagious ayre,
A mortall plague inuadeth man and beaſt,
Which ſoone diſperſt, and raging euery where,
In doubt the ſame too quickly ſhould haue ceaſt,
More to confirme the certaintie of feare,
By cruell famine hapleſſely encreaſt;
As though the heauens in their remisfull doome,
Tooke thoſe beſt lou'd from worſer dayes to come.

12

The leuell courſe that we propoſe to goe,
Now to th'intent you may more plainely ſee,
And that we euery circumſtance may ſhow
The ſtate of things and truely what they be,
And with what skill or proiect we beſtow,
As our occurrents fall in their degree,
From theſe Portents we now direct our view,
To bring to birth the horrors that enſue.

13

The calling backe of baniſht *Gaueſton*,
Gainſt which the Barons were to *Longſhankes* ſworne,
That inſolent laſciuious Minion,
A Soueraignes blemiſh, and a countries ſcorne,
The ſigniories, and great promotion,
Him in his lawleſſe courſes to ſuborne,
Stirres vp that hatefull and outragious ſtriſe,
That coſt ere long ſo many an Engliſh life,

14

worthy *Lacie*, had'ſt thou ſpar'd that breath,
Which ſhortly after Nature thee denide,
To *Lancaſter* deliuered at thy death,
To whom thy onely daughter was affide,
That this ſterne Warre too quickly publiſheth,
To aide the Barons againſt that Minions pride,
The Earledomes, Lands, and Titles of renowne,
Had not ſo ſoone return'd vnto the Crowne.

15

The Lordſhips *Bruſe* vnto the *Spenſers* paſt,
Croſſing the Barons vehement deſire,
As from *Ioues* hand that fearefull lightning caſt,
When fiftie Townes lay ſpent in enuious fire,
Alas too vaine and prodigall a waſte;
The ſtrong effect of their conceiued ire,
Vrging the weake King with a violent hand,
T'abiure thoſe falſe Lords from the troubled land.

16

When the faire Queene that progeſſing in *Kent*,
Laſtly denide her entrance into *Leedes*,
Whom *Badleſmere* vnkindly doth preuent;
Who gainſt his ſoueraigne in this courſe proceedes,
As adding further to this diſcontent,
One of the ſprings which this great miſchiefe feedes,
Heaping on rage and horror more and more,
To thruſt on that which went too faſt before.

Which

17

Which more and more, a Kingly rage increaſt,
Moou'd with the wrongs of *Ganeſton* diſgraded,
Which had ſo long beene ſetled in his breaſt,
That all his power it wholly had inuaded,
Giuing the *Spenſers* an aſſured reſt,
By whom his reaſons chiefly are perſwaded,
By whoſe lewd counſels he is onely led,
To leaue his true Queene, and his lawfull bed.

18

That now her ſelfe who while ſhe ſtood in grace,
Applied her powers theſe diſcords to appeaſe,
When yet confuſion had not fully place,
Nor former times ſo dangerous as theſe,
A partie now in their afflicted caſe,
A willing hand to his deſtruction layes,
That time whoſe ſoft Palme heals the wound of war,
May cure the ſore, but neuer cloſe the ſcar.

19

In all his heate this greatneſſe firſt began,
The ſerious ſubiect of our ſadder vaine,
Braue *Mortimer*, that euer matchleſſe man,
Of the olde Heroes great and God-like ſtraine,
For whom inuention doing beſt it can,
His weight of honour hardly can ſuſtaine,
Bearing his name immoraliz'd and hie,
When he in earth vnnumbred times ſhall lie.

20

That vncle now (whose name this Nephew bare,
The onely comfort of the wofull Queene)
Who from his cradle held him as his care,
In whom the hope of that great name was seene,
For this young Lord now wisely doth prepare,
Whilst yet his deepe heart-goaring wound is greene,
And on his faire aduantage firmely wrought,
To place him highly in her princely thought.

21

At whose deliberate and vnusuall birth,
The heauens were said to counsell to retire,
And in aspects of happinesse and mirth,
Breath'd him a spirit insatiably t'inspire,
That tooke no mixture of the ponderous earth,
But all compresst of cleere ascending fire:
So well made vp, that such an one as he,
Ioue in a man like *Mortimer* would be.

22

The temper of that nobler mouing part,
With such rare pureneſſe rectified his blood,
Raising the powers of his resolued heart,
Too proud to be lockt vp within a flood,
That no misfortune possibly could thwart;
Which from the Natiue greatneſſe where it stood,
Euen by the vertue of a piercing eye,
Shew'd that his pitch was boundleſſe as the skie.

Worthy

23

Worthie the Grand childe of so great a Lord,
Who whilst first *Edward* fortunately raign'd,
Reedified great *Arthurs* auncient boord,
The seate at goodly *Kennelworth* ordain'd,
The order of olde Knighthood there reston'd,
To which a hundreth duely appertain'd,
With all the grace and beauties of a Court,
As best became that braue and martiall sport.

24

The heart-swolne Lords with furie set on fire,
Whom *Edwards* wrongs to vengeance still prouoke,
With *Lancaster* and *Hartford* now conspire,
To more to beare the *Spensers* seruile yoke,
And thus they all a mutuall change desire,
The ancient bonds of their allegeance broke,
Resolu'd with bloud their libertie to buy,
And in this quarrell vow'd to liue and die.

25

What priuiledge hath our free birth (say they)
Or in our bloud what vertue doth remaine,
To each lasciuious Minion made a pray,
That vs and our Nobilitie disdaine,
Whilst they triumphing boast of our decay;
Ythor those spirits we doe not now retaine,
That were our fathers, or by fate we fall.
Both from their greatnesse, liberty and all?

Honour

26

Honour deiected from that ſoueraigne ſtate,
From whence at firſt it challenged a being,
Now proſtitute to infamie and hate,
As with it ſelfe in all things diſagreeing,
So out of order, diſproportionate,
From her faire courſe prepoſterouſly flying,
Whilſt others are themſelues, and onely we,
Are not held thoſe we would but ſeeme to be.

27

Then to what end hath our great conqueſt ſeru'd,
Thoſe acts atchieued by the Norman ſword,
Our Charters, Patents, or our deeds reſeru'd,
Our Offices, and Titles to record,
The Creſts that on our monuments are caru'd,
If they to vs no greater good affoord?
Thus doe they murmure euery one apart,
With many a vext ſoule, many a grieued heart.

22

Whilſt this ſad Queene to depth of ſorrow throwne,
Wherein ſhe waſtes her flower of youth away,
Beyond beleefe to all but heauen vnknowne,
This quickning ſparke where yet it buried lay,
By the ſharpe breath of deſperate faction blowne,
Conuerts her long night to the wiſhed day,
The wofull Winter of misfortune chearing,
As the darke world at the bright Sunnes appearing.

29

Yet ill perplex'd amid theſe hard extreames,
All meanes depreſt her ſafetie to preferre,
Depriu'd of thoſe late comfortable beames,
Whoſe want might make her the more eaſily erre,
Her hopes relinquiſht like deceitfull dreames,
Which in her breaſt ſuch ſundry paſſions ſtirre,
Where ſtrugling which each other ſhould controule,
VVorke ſtrange confuſion in her troubled ſoule,

30

That now diſabled of all Soueraigne ſtate,
That to her Graces rightly did belong,
To be reiected, and repudiate,
So true a Ladie, goodly, faire and yong,
VVhich with more feruor ſtill doth intimate,
Her too deepe ſetled and inueterate wrong,
VVhat wiſdome would, a womans will denies,
VVith arguments of her indignities.

31

VVhen to effect the angrie Fates purſue,
In heauens high Court that long time did depend,
VVhen theſe full miſchiefes to a ripeneſſe grew,
And now the Harueſt haſting to the end,
And all theſe lines into one Center drew,
VVhich way ſo e're their courſes they extend;
All theſe together in proportion laide,
Each breath of hope, a gale vnto her aide.

32

Now is the time when *Mortimer* doth enter,
Of great employment in this tragicke act,
His youth and courage boldly bid him venter,
And tell him ſtill how ſtrongly he was backt;
And at this inſtant in due ſeaſon ſent her,
When the ſtreight courſe to her deſire is tract,
(And now vpon more certaintie doth ſtay)
By a direct, what though a dangerous way?

33

This dreadfull Comet drew her wondring eye,
Which now began his golden head to reare,
Whoſe glorious fixure in ſo faire a skie,
Strikes the beholder with a chilly feare,
And in a Region eleuate and hie,
And by the forme wherein it did appeare,
As the moſt skilfull ſeriouſly diuine,
Foreſhew'd a Kingdome ſhortly to decline.

34

Yet ſtill recoyling at the *Spencers* power,
As often checkt with their intemperate pride,
Th'vnconſtant Barons wauering euery howre,
The fierce encounter of this boyſterous tide,
That eaſily might their liuelihood deuoure,
Had ſhe not thoſe that skifully could guide,
She from ſuſpition craftily retires,
Careleſſe in ſhew, of what ſhe moſt deſires.

Diſſem-

35.

Diſſembling griefe, as one that knew not ill,
So can ſhe rule the greatneſſe of her mind,
As a moſt perfect Rectoreſſe of her will,
Aboue the vſuall weakneſſe of her kind;
For all this ſtorme immooueable and ſtill,
Her ſecret drift the wiſeſt miſſe to find;
Nor will ſhee know what (yet) theſe factions meant,
With a pleas'd eye to ſooth ſad Diſcontent.

36.

The leaſt ſuſpition cunningly to heale,
Still in her lookes humility ſhe beares,
The ſafeſt way with mightineſſe to deale,
So Policie Religions habite weares;
Tis now no time her greeuance to reueale,
Hee's mad which takes a Lyon by the eares,
This knew the Queene, exampled by the wiſe,
This muſt they learne that rightly temporize.

37.

The learnedſt Biſhop *Torleton* in the land,
Vpon a text of Politicks to preach,
Which he long ſtudying, well did vnderſtand,
And by a methode could as aptly teach,
That was a Prelate of a potent hand,
Wiſe were the man could goe beyond his reach:
This ſubtle Tutor *Iſabel* had taught,
In nicer points then euer *Edward* ſought.

38.

Rage which no limits longer can containe,
Lastly breakes forth into a publike flame,
Their slipp'd occasion better to regaine,
VVhen to their purpose things so fitly frame,
And now discerned visibly and plaine,
VVhen Treason boldly dare it selfe proclaime,
Casting aside all secular disguise,
Leading proud legions furiously to rise.

39.

As Seuerne lately in her ebs that sanke,
Vast and forsaken leaues th'uncouered sands,
Fetching full tides, luxurious, hie and ranke,
Seemes in her pride t'inuade the neighbouring lands,
Breaking her limits, couering all the bankes,
Threatning the proud hils with her watrie hands,
As though she meant her Empirie to haue,
Where euen but lately she beheld her graue.

40.

Through all the land, from places farre and neere,
Led to the field as Fortune lots their side,
(With th'ancient weapons vs'de in VVarre to beare)
As those directed whom they chose their guide,
Or else perhaps as they affected were,
Or as by friendship, or by duty tide,
Swayde by the strength, and motion of their blood,
No cause examin'd, be it bad or good.

From

41

From Norfolke, and the Countries of the Eaſt,
That with the long Pike beſt could mannage fight,
The men of Kent vnconquer'd of the reſt,
That to this day maintaine their ancient right,
And for their ſtrength, that we account the beſt,
The Corniſhmen, moſt actiue, bold, and light,
Thoſe neere the plaine that Gleaue and Polax weeld,
And claime for due the Vaward of the field.

42

The Noble Britton ſprung of *Ilyon* race,
From Lancaſhire moſt famous for the bowes,
With thoſe of Cheſhire chiefeſt for their place,
Men of ſuch bone, as onely made for blowes,
That for their Faith, are had in ſpeciall grace,
And as the Guard vnto the Soueraigne goes;
Thoſe of the North in feaudes ſo deadly fell,
That for their Speare and Horſemanſhip excell.

43

For euery vſe experience could eſpie,
Such as in Fens and Marſh-lands vſe to trade,
The doubtfull foards and paſſages to trie,
With Stilts and Loapſtaues that doe aptlieſt wade,
And fit'ſt for Scoutes and Currers to diſcrie,
Thoſe from the Mines with Pickaxe, and with Spade,
For Pyoners beſt, that for intrenching are,
Men chiefely needfull in the vſe of Warre.

44.

O noble Nation furnished with Armes.
So full of spirit, so eminent alone,
Had heauen but blest thee to foresee these harmes,
And as thy valiant Nephewes to haue gone,
Paris, *Roan*, *Orleance*, shaking with alarmes,
As the bright Sunne thy glory then had shone;
To other Realmes thou hadst transfer'd this chanc
Nor had your Sons beene first that conquer'd *Franc*

45

And thus on all hands making for their rest,
And now set forward for this mighty day,
Where euery one prepares to doe his best,
When in successe their liues and fortunes lay;
No crosse euent their purposes to wrest,
Where now they stand in so direct a way;
And whilst they play this strange & doubtful gam
The Queene stands by and onely giues the ayme.

46

When this braue Lord, his foot had scarcely set
Into the road, where fortune had to deale,
But shee dispos'd his forward course to let,
Her lewd condition quickely doth reueale,
Glory to her vaine Deitie to get,
By him, whose birth did beare her ominous seale,
Winning occasion from this very hower,
In him to prooue and manifest her power.

47

As when we ſee the earely riſing Sunne,
With his faire beames to emulate our ſight,
And when his courſe but newly is begunne,
The humorous fogges depriue his wiſhed light,
Till through the moiſt cloudes his cleare forehead run,
Climing the noonſted in his gorgeous height;
His bright beginning Fortune hindreth thus,
To make the reſt more rich, more glorious.

48

The King diſcreetly that conſidered,
The ſpace of earth whereon the Barons ſtand,
What were their powers to them contributed,
Now being himſelfe but partner of his land,
And of the ſtrength and Army that he led,
Gainſt them that doe ſo great a power command
In which t'was well he did ſo wiſely looke,
The taske was great that now he vndertooke.

49

And warn'd by danger to miſ-doubt the worſt,
In equall ſcales whilſt eithers fortunes hung,
Muſt now performe the vtmoſt that he durſt,
Or vndergoe the burden of his wrong;
As good to ſtirre as after be inforſt,
To ſtop the head whence many euils ſprung:
Now with the marchers thinkes it beſt beginnne,
Which firſt muſt loſe, ere he could hope to winne.

50

The Mortimers being men of greatest might,
Whose name was dreadfull, and commanded far,
Sturdy to mannage, of a haughty spright,
Strongly aly'd, much followed, popular,
On whom if thus he hapily could light,
He hopes more easly to conclude this warre;
Which he intendeth speedily to try,
To quit that first, which most stood in his eye.

51

For which he expediciously prouided,
That part of land into his power to get,
Which if made good, might keepe them still diuided,
Their combination cunningly to let,
Who being ioin'd, would be too stronly sided,
Two so great strengths together safely met,
The face of warre would looke so sterne and great,
As well might threat to heaue him from his seate,

52

Wherefore from London strongly setting forth,
With a faire Army furnish't of the best,
Accompany'd with friends of greatest worth,
With whom their's many a gallant spirit prest;
Great Lancaster, the Lord of all the North,
The Mortimers are masters of the West,
He towards mid England makes, the way twixt eithe
Which they must crosse, ere they could come together

53

And thus inueagled with delightfull hope,
Stoutly to front and ſhoulder with debate,
Knowing to meet with a reſolued troope,
That came prepar'd with courage and with hate
Whoſe ſtubborne Creſts if he inforc'd to ſtoope,
He now muſt tempt ſome great and powerfull fate;
And through ſterne guards of ſwords & irefull flame
Make way to peace, and propagate his name.

54

When now the Marchers well vpon their way,
(Expecting ſuch ſhould promis'd ſuccour bring,
Which all this while abus'd them by delay)
Are ſodainely encountred by a King,
And now perceiue their dilatory ſtay,
To be the cauſer of their ruining.
How neere their boſoms blacke deſtruction ſtood,
With open iawes prepared for their bloud.

55

And by the ſhifting of inconſtant wind
Seeing what weather they were like to meete,
Which (euen) at firſt ſo aukewardly they find,
Ere they could yet giue ſea-roomth to their fleet,
Cleane from their courſe, and caſt ſo farre behind,
And yet in perill euery howre to ſplit,
Some vnknowne Harbour ſodainely muſt ſound,
Or runne their fortunes deſperately on ground.

56.

The elder Peere, graue, politique and wiſe,
Which hath all dangers abſolutely skand,
Finding high time his Nephew to aduiſe,
Since now their ſtate ſtood on this deſperate hand,
And from this miſchiefe many more to riſe,
With long experience learn'd to vnderſtand,
Nephew (ſaith he) t'is longer vaine to ſtriue,
Counſell beſt ſerues, our ſafety to contriue.

57.

The downe-right perill preſent in our eye,
Not to be ſhund, what certaine end t'aſſures;
The next, the weight that on our fall doth lie,
And what our life to our deſigne procures,
Each hope, and doubt that doth ariſe thereby
Prouing with iudgement how the fame endures,
For who obſerues ſtrict policies true lawes,
Shifts his proceeding to the varying cauſe.

58.

To hazard fight with the emperiall powers,
May our ſmall troupes vndoubtedly appal,
A deſperate end vs willingly deuoures,
Yeelding our ſelues, by this wee looſe not all,
We leaue our friends this little force of ours,
Reſeru'd for them, though hapleſly wee fall;
That ſhew of weakeneſſe hath a glorious hand,
That fals it ſelfe, to make the cauſe to ſtand.

59

Twixt inexpected and ſo dangerous ils,
That's beſt wherein we ſmalleſt perill ſee,
A courſe that reaſon neceſſarie wils,
And that doth moſt with pollicie agree,
The Idle vulgar breath it nothing skils,
'Tis ſound diſcretion muſt our Pylot be.
He that doth ſtill the fayreſt meane preferre,
Anſweres opinion how ſo ere he erre,

60

And to the worlds eye ſeeming yet ſo ſtrong,
By our diſcending willingly from thence,
May vrge the ſhew of our oppoſed wrong,
Rather b'inforcement then fore-thought pretence,
Leauing th'aduantage doth to vs belong,
May qualifie the nature of th'offence,
Men are not alwayes incident to loſſe,
VVhen Fortune ſeemes, their forward cauſe to croſſe.

61

Nor giue we enuie abſolute acceſſe,
To lay our fall vpon thy forward minde,
There's neerer meanes this miſchiefe to redreſſe,
And make ſucceſſefull what is yet behinde,
Nor of our hope vs wholly diſpoſſeſſe,
Fortune is euer variouſly inclinde,
And a ſmall vantage to the courſe of Kings,
Guides a ſleight meanes to compaſſe mightie things.

62

Which ſpeech ſo caught his Nephewes pliant youth,
Faſtning vpon a dutifull reſpect,
Which he with ſuch celeritie purſu'th,
(Well could he counſell, well could he direct)
Proceeding from integritie and truth,
And working with ſuch proſperous effect,
Shewes wiſe mens counſels, by a powerfull fate,
(Seeming from reaſon) yet proue fortunate.

63

To which the awfull Maieſtie inuite,
By the moſt due and ceremonious way,
With circumſtance, and each conditi'nall rite,
Might winne reſpect vnto this new eſſay,
Or might opinion any way excite,
To which the King doth willingly obey;
Who as themſe'ues in finding danger neere,
Rather accepts doubt, then a certaine feare.

64

Which he receiues in preſage of his good,
To his ſucceſſe auſpiciouſly apply'd,
Which cooles the heate of his diſtemper'd blood,
Before their force in doubtfull Armes was try'd,
In his protection when they onely ſtood,
At his diſpoſing wholly to abide,
Whereon in ſafetie he diſmiſt their power,
Sends them away as priſoners to the Tower.

65

O all-preparing prouidence Diuine,
In thy large Booke what ſecrets are enrold?
What ſundry helps doth thy great power aſſigne,
To ſtay the courſe thou ſtedfaſtly doſt hold?
What mortall ſenſe is able to define
Thy myſteries, thy counſels manifold;
By theſe digreſſions ſtrangely that extends
Obſcure proceedings to apparent ends?

66

This was the meane by which the Fates diſpoſe,
More threatned plagues vpon that age to bring,
Vtter confuſion on the heads of thoſe,
That were before the Barons ruining,
With the ſubuerſion of ſo many foes,
The murther of the miſerable King,
And that which came as Epilogue to all,
Laſtly, his fearfull and ſo violent fall.

67

Which to their hope giues time for further breath,
As the firſt pawſe in this their great affaire,
That yet a while deferr'd this threatning death,
Truſting this breach by leiſure to repaire,
And here a while this furie limitteth:
Whilſt in this manner things ſo ſtrangely face,
Horror beyond the wonted bounds doth ſwell,
As the next Canto dreadfully ſhall tell.

The end of the firſt Cante.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

At Burton-Bridge *the puiſſant armies met,*
The forme and order of the doubtfull fight,
Whereas the King the victorie doth get,
And the proude Barons laſtly forc'd to fight;
How they againe towards Burrough *forward ſet,*
Where then the Lords are vanquiſhed out-right,
Laſtly, the lawes doe execute their power,
On thoſe the ſword before did not deuoure.

I

THis chance of Warre, that dreadfully had ſwept,
So large a ſhare from their full reckned might,
Which their proude hopes ſo carefully had kept,
Whilſt yet their ſtate ſtood equally vpright,
That could at firſt ſo cloſely intercept,
What ſhould haue ſeru'd them for a glorious fight,
Muſters ſupplies of foot-men, and of horſe,
To giue a new ſtrength to their ruind force.

Th' in-

2

Th' inueterate griefe ſo deepe and firmely rooted,
Yet ſleightly cur'd by this ſhort ſtrengthleſſe peace;
To aſſay t' remoue, ſince it but vainly booted,
That did with each diſtemp'rature increaſe,
And being by euery offer'd cauſe promooted,
Th' effect too firmely ſetled to ſurceaſe:
When each euaſion ſundry paſsions brought,
Strange formes of feare in euery troubled thought.

3

And put in action for this publique cauſe,
Whilſt euery one a partie firmely ſtood,
Taxt by the letter of the cenſuring lawes,
In the ſharp tainder of his honoured blood;
And he thats free'ſt entangled by ſome clauſe,
Which to this miſchiefe giues continuall food;
For where confuſion gets ſo ſtrongly hold,
Till all conſum'd, can hardly be controld.

4

Where now by night, euen when pale leaden ſleepe,
Vpon their eye-lids beauily did dwell,
And ſtep by ſtep, on euery ſenſe did creepe,
Miſchiefe (that blacke inhabitant of hell)
Which neuer failes continuall watch to keepe,
Fearefull to thinke, a horrid thing to tell,
Entred the place where now theſe warlike Lords
Lay maild in armour, girt with irefull ſwords.

Miſchiefe

Edward Owens
His Booke
Stop thief

5

Miſchiefe with ſharpe ſight, and a meager looke,
And alwayes prying where ſhe may doe ill,
In which the fiend continuall pleaſure tooke,
Her ſtarued bodie Plentie could not fill,
Searching in euery corner, euery nooke,
With winged feete too ſwift, to worke her will;
Hung full of deadly inſtruments ſhe went,
Of euerie ſort to hurt where ere ſhe meant.

6

And with a Vyall fild with baneſull wrath,
Brought from *Cocytus* by this curſed ſpright,
Which in her blacke hand readily ſhe hath,
And drops the poyſon upon euery wight;
For to each one ſhe knew the ready path:
Now in the midſt and dead time of the night,
Whoſe enuious force inuadeth euery Peere,
Striking with furie, and impulſiue feare.

7

The weeping morning breaking in the Eaſt,
When with a troubled and affrighted minde,
Each whom this venom lately did infeſt,
The ſtrong effect ſoone inwardly do finde;
And lately troubled by vnquiet reſt,
To ſad deſtruction euery one inclin'd;
Rumours of ſpoyle through euery eare doth flie,
And furie ſits in eu'ry threatning eye.

This

8

This done, in haſte vnto King *Edward* hies,
Which now growne proud vpon this faire ſucceſſe,
The time in feaſts and wantonneſſe implies,
VVith crowned Cups his ſorrowes to repreſſe,
That on his fortune wholly now relies,
And in the boſome of his Courtly preſſe,
Vaunting the glory of this late wonne day,
VVhilſt the ſicke Land with ſorrow pines away.

9

Thither ſhe comes, and in a Minions ſhape,
Shee creepeth neere the perſon of the King,
VVarm'd with the verdure of the ſwelling grape,
In which, ſhe poiſon ſecretly doth wring,
Not the leaſt drop vntainted doth eſcape,
To which intent ſhe all her ſtore did bring,
VVhoſe rich commixture making it more ſtrong,
Fils his hot veines with arrogance and wrong,

10

And hauing both ſuch courage, and ſuch might,
As to ſo great a buſineſſe did belong,
Neuer conſidering their pretended right,
Should be inducement to a trebled wrong,
VVhen miſtie error ſo deludes their ſight,
VVhich ſtill betwixt them, and cleare reaſon hung;
By which opinion falſely was abuſde,
As left all out of order, all confuſde.

Now

11

Now our *Minerua* tels of dreadfull Arms,
Enforc'd to ſing of worſe then ciuill warres,
Of Ambuſcadoes, ſtratagems, alar'ms,
Vnkind diſſentions, feareſull Maſſacars,
Of gloomy Magiques, and benumming Charmes,
Freſh-bleeding wounds, and neuer healed-skarrs,
And for the ſock wherein ſhe vſde to tread,
Marching in greaues, a helmet on her head.

12

Whilſt hate, and griefe, their weakned ſenſe delude,
The Barons draw their forces to a head,
(Whom *Edward* ſpur'd with vengeance ſtill purſude)
By *Lancaſter*, and noble *Herford* led,
This Long proceeding laſtly to conclude;
Whilſt now to meet, both Armies freſhly ſped
To Burton, both incamping for the day,
With expectation for a glorious pray.

13

Vpon the Eaſt, from *Needwoods* buſhy ſide,
There riſeth vp an eaſie climing hill,
At whoſe faire foote the ſiluer Trent doth glide,
With a deepe murmure permanent and ſill,
VVith liberall ſtore of many Brookes ſupplide,
Th'inſatiate Meades continually doe fill,
Vpon whoſe ſtreame, a bridge of wondrous ſtrength,
Doth ſtretch it ſelfe in fortie arches length.

Vpon

14.

Vpon this mount the Kings pauilion fixt,
And in the towne, the foe intrench'd in fight:
When now the floud is riſen ſo betwixt.
That yet a while prolong'd th'unnaturall fight,
With tributarie waters intermixt,
To ſtay the fury doing all it might,
Things which preſage both good and ill there be,
Which heauen foreſhewes, but mortals cannot ſee.

15.

The heauen euen mourning o're our heads doth ſit,
As grieu'd to ſee the time ſo out of courſe,
Looking on them who neuer looke at it,
And in meere pitty melting with remorſe,
Longer from teares that cannot ſtay a whit,
Whoſe influence on euery lower ſourſe,
From the ſwolne fluxure of the cloudes doth ſhake,
A ranke impoſtume vpon euery lake,

16.

O warlike Nation! hold thy conquering hand,
Euen ſenſeleſſe things admoniſh thee to pauſe,
That Mother ſoyle on whom thou yet doeſt ſtand
That would reſtraine thee by all naturall lawes,
Canſt thou (vnkind) inuiolate that band,
Whereuen the earth is angry with the cauſe?
Yet ſtay thy foot in miſchiefes vgly gate,
Ill comes too ſoone, repentance ſtill too late.

And

17

And can the cloudes weepe ouer thy decay,
And not one drop fall from thy droughty eyes?
See'ſt thou the ſnare, and wilt not ſhun the way;
Nor yet be warn'd by paſſed miſeries?
T'is yet but earely in this fatall day,
Let late experience learne thee to be wiſe;
Miſchiefe foreſeene, may eaſly be preuented,
But hap'd vnhelp'd, though neere enough lamented.

18

Cannot the Scot of your late ſlaughter boaſt?
And are you yet ſcarſe healed of the ſore?
I'ſt not enough you haue already loſt,
But your owne madneſſe needſly make it more?
Will you ſeeke ſafety in a forraine Coaſt?
Your wiues and children pittied you before,
But when your own blood, your own ſwords imbrue
Who pitties them which once did pitty you?

19

The neighbouring Groues diſpoiled of their trees,
For boates and timber to aſſay this floud,
Where men are labouring as the Summer bee,
Some hollowing trunks, ſome binding heapes of wood,
Some on their breaſts, ſome working on their knees,
To winne the banke whereon the Barons ſtood,
Which o're this current they by ſtrength moſt tew,
To ſhed that blood that many ages rew.

Some

20

Some ſharpen ſwords, ſome on their Murrans ſet,
The Greaues, pouldrons others riuet faſt.
The Archers now their bearded Arrowes whet,
Whileſt euery where the clamorous Drums are bra'ſt.
Some taking view where ſureſt ground to get,
And euery one aduantage doth fore-caſt;
In ranks and fyles each plaine and meadow ſwarmes,
As though the land were clad in angry armes.

21

The Creſts and honours of the Engliſh name,
Againſt their owne oppoſed rudely ſtand,
As angry with th'atchiuements whence they came,
That to their vertues gaue that generous brand;
O you vnworthy of your ancient fame,
Againſt your ſelues to lift your conqu'ring hand!
Since forraine ſwords your height could not abate.
By your owne power your ſelues to ruinate.

22

Vpon his ſurcoat valiant *Neuel* bore
A ſiluer Saltoyre grac'd on martiall red;
A Ladies ſleeue hie-ſpirited *Haſtings* wore,
Ferrer his Taberd with rich Verry ſpred,
Well knowne in many a warlike match before;
A Rauen ſat on *Corbets* warlike head,
Cou'ring his Helmet; *Culpeper* inraild,
On Maiden armes, a bloudy bend ingrayld.

The

23

The noble *Percy* in this furious day,
With a bright Creſſant in his guide-home came,
In his faire Cornet *Verdon* doth diſplay
A Geuly fret, priz'd in this mortall game,
That had beene taskt in many a doubtfull fray,
His Launces pennons ſtained with the ſame;
The angry horſe chaſed with ſtubborne bit,
The ruinous earth with rage and horror ſmit.

24

I could the ſumme of *Staffords* arming ſhow.
What colours *Courtney*, *Roſſe*, and *Warren* holde,
Each ſundry blazon I could let you know,
And all the glorious circumſtance haue told,
What all the Enſignes ſtanding in a row,
But wailing Muſe, (ah me) thou art controlde,
When in remembrance of this this horrid deede,
My pen for inke euen drops of blood doth ſhed.

25

Th'imperiall Standard in this place is pitcht,
When all the hatchments of the Engliſh Crowne,
Great *Lancaſter* with all his power enricht,
Sets the ſame Leopards in his Colours downe;
O if with fury you be not bewitch,
Haue but remembrance, on your ſelfe you frowne,
A little note, or difference is in all,
How can the ſame ſtand, when the ſame doth fall?

Behold

26

Behold the Eagles, Lions, Talbots, Beares,
The badges of your famous anceſtries,
And ſhall they now by their inglorious heires,
Stand thus oppos'd againſt their families?
More honored Markes no Chriſtian nation weares,
Reliques vnworthie of their Progenies;
Thoſe beaſts you beare, doe in their kindes agree,
O that then beaſts more ſauage men ſhould bee.

27

But whilſt the King no courſe concluded yet,
In his directions variably doth houer,
See how misfortune ſtill her time can fit,
Such as were ſent the Countrey to diſcouer;
As vp and downe, from place to place they flit,
Had found a foord to land their forces ouer:
Ill newes hath wings, and with the winde doth go,
Comfort's a Cripple, and comes euer ſlow.

28

VVhen *Edward* fearing *Lancaſters* ſupplies,
Proud *Richmond*, *Surrey*, and great *Pembrooke* ſent,
On whoſe ſucceſſe his chiefeſt hope relies;
Vnder whoſe conduct halfe his Armie went,
The neereſt way, conducted by the ſpies;
And he himſelfe, and *Edmond* Earle of Kent,
Vpon the hill, in ſight of *Burton* lay,
VVatching to take aduantage of the day.

29

Stay, *Surrie* ſtay, thou may'ſt too ſoone be gone,
Pawſe till this rage be ſomewhat ouer-paſt,
Why runn'ſt thou thus to thy deſtruction?
Richmond and *Pembrooke*, whither doe you haſte?
You labour ſtill to bring more horror on;
Neuer ſeeke ſorrow, for it comes too faſt:
Why doe you ſtriue to paſſe this fatall floud,
To fetch new wounds, and ſhed your natiue bloud?

30

Great *Lancaſter*, ſheath vp thy angry Sword,
On *Edwards* Armes whoſe edge thou ſhouldſt not whet,
Thy naturall kinſeman, and thy Soueraigne Lord;
Are you not one, both true *Plantaginets*?
Call but to minde thy once engaged word,
Canſt thou thy Oath to *Longſhankes* thus forget?
Conſider well, before all other things,
Our vowes be kept we make to Gods and Kings.

31

The Windes are huſh'd, no little breath doth blow,
Which ſeemes ſo ſtill, as though it liſtning ſtood,
With trampling crouds the very earth doth bow,
And through the ſmoake the Sunne appeares like blood;
What with the ſhout, and with the dreadfull ſhow,
The heirds and flockes runne bellowing to the wood.
When drums and trumpets giue the fearefull ſound,
As they would ſhake the clouds vnto the ground.

The

32

The Earles then charging with their power of Horſe,
Taking a Signall when they ſhould beginne,
Being in view of the Imperiall force,
VVhich at that time aſſay'd the Bridge to winne;
That now the Barons change th'intended courſe,
T'auoide the danger they were lately in;
VVhich on the ſudden had they not forecaſt,
Of their blacke day this houre had beene the laſt.

33

When from the hil the Kings main power comes downe
VVhich had *Aquarius* to their valiant guide,
Braue *Lancaſter* and *Herford* from the Towne,
Now iſſue forth vpon the other ſide,
Peere againſt Peere, the Crowne againſt the Crowne,
The one aſſailes the other munifide,
Englands red Croſſe vpon both ſides doth flie,
Saint *George* the King, Saint *George* the Barons crie.

34

Like as an exhalation hot and dry,
Amongſt the ayre-bred moiſtie vapours throwne,
Spitteth his lightning forth outragiouſly,
Rending the groſſe clouds with the thunder ſtone,
VVhoſe fierie ſplinters through the thinne ayre flie,
That with the terror heauen and earth doth grone;
VVith the like clamor and confuſed woe,
To the dread Shocke theſe deſp'rate Armies goe.

35

Now might you ſee the famous Engliſh Bowes,
So fortunate in time we did ſubdue,
Shoote their ſharpe Arrowes in the face of thoſe
Which many a time victoriouſly them drew,
Shunning their aime, as troubled in the looſe;
The winged weapons mourning as they flew,
Cleaue to the ſtring (now impotent and ſlacke)
As to the Archers they would faine turne backe.

36

Behold the remnant of *Troyes* ancient ſtocke,
Laying on blowes, as Smithes on Anuils ſtrike,
Grapling together in this fearefull Shocke,
Whereas the like incountreth with the like,
As firme and ruthleſſe as th'obdurate Rocke,
Deadly oppoſed at the puſh of Pike;
Still as the wings, or Battels brought together,
When fortune yet giues vantage vnto neither.

37

From battred caskes with euery enuious blow,
The ſcattered plumes flie looſely here and there,
Which in the ayre doe ſeeme as drifts of Snow,
Which euery light breath on his wings doth beare,
As they had ſenſe and feeling of our woe;
And thus affrighted with the preſent feare,
Now back, now forward ſuch ſtrange windings make,
As though vncertaine which way they ſhould take.

Slaughter

38

Slaughter runnes wildly through th' afflicted hoaſt
VVhilſt yet the Battell ſtrongly doth abide,
That in this ſtrange diſtemp'rature is loſt,
VVhere helliſh furie ſenſibly doth guide,
Neuer ſuffic'd, where tyrannizing moſt, (wide.
That now their wounds (with mouthes euen open'd
Laſtly inforc'd to call for preſent death, (breath
That wants but tongues, your ſwords doe giue them

39

Here lies a heape halfe ſlaine, and halfly drown'd,
Gaſping for breath among the watrie Segs,
And there a ſort falne in a deadly ſwound,
Troad with the Preſſe into the muddie dregs,
Other lie bleeding on the firmer ground,
Hurt in the bodies, maim'd of Armes and Legs,
One kils a foe, his braine another cuts,
Ones feete intangled in anothers guts.

40

One his aſſayling enemie beguiles,
As from the Bridge he happily doth fall,
Cruſht with his weight vpon the forced Piles,
Some in their gore vpon the pauement ſpaule,
That euery place ſo loathſomly defiles,
The Carkaſſes lie heaped like a wall,
Such hideous ſhreeks yet ſtill the Souldiers breath,
As though the ſpirits had howled from beneath.

41

The faction ſtill defying *Edwards* might,
Edmond of Woodſtocke, with the men of Kent,
Charging afreſh, reuiues the doubtfull fight,
Vpon the Barons languiſhing and ſpent,
New preparation for a Tragicke fight;
When they againe ſupplies immediate ſent
A ſecond battell proudly to begin,
The Nobleſt ſpirits but newly entred in.

42

As at Troyes ſacke, faire *Thetis* godlike Sonne,
Couragious *Talbot* with his ſhield him bare,
Clifford and *Mowbray* brauely following on,
Awdley and *Gifford* thronging for a ſhare;
Theſe ſeconding, the former being gone,
Elmsbridge and *Baldſmere* in the thickeſt are,
Pell mell together flie this furious powre,
When they perceiue that death will all deuoure.

43

Mountfort and *Teis*, your worth I faine would ſpeake
But that your valour doth ſo ill deſerue,
And *Denuue* here from thee perforce muſt breake,
And from thy praiſes *Willington* muſt ſwerue,
Your deeds permit not I your wrongs ſhould wreake,
Proude *Damory*, here muſt thy glorie ſtarue;
Concealing many moſt deſeruing blame,
Becauſe your actions quench my ſacred flame.

44

O had you fashion'd your great deedes by them,
VVho summond *Acon* with an English Drumme,
Or marcht before that faire Ierusalem,
VVith the vnited powres of Christendome,
Eternall then had beene your Diadem,
And with Christs warriours slept about his Toombe,
Then ages had immortalizde your name,
VVhere now my Song can bee but of your shame.

45

O age inglorious, Armes vntimely borne,
VVhen now that prooued and victorious shield,
Must in this ciuill Massacre be torne,
VVhich bare the markes of many a bloodie field;
And lastly, in their ouerthrowe forlorne,
VVhen now to flight the Barons basely yeeld,
That since that time the stones for very dread,
Against foule stormes small drops of moysture shead.

46

VVhen now those wretched and vnstedfast friends,
VVhich all this while stood doubtfully to pawse,
VVhen they perceiue what destinie intends,
And his successe doth iustifie his cause,
Their faintnesse now more comfort apprehends,
For victorie both feare and friendship drawes,
T'an open smile, conuert a couered frowne,
All lend their hands to hew the Conquered downe.

47

That part of power th' emperiall seem'd to lacke,
Whilst yet the aduerse bare an vpright face,
When now constrain'd to giue a recreant backe,
Quickly returnes to prosecute the chase,
Where now the Barons wholly goe to wracke,
In the iust tryall of so neere a case;
Inforc'de to proue the fortune of the coast,
When they perceiue the glorious goale is lost.

48

And to the fortunes of the Conqu'ring King,
Which well confirm'd his long and tendred hope,
His faire successe still more incouraging,
Which now had got so large and ample scope,
The Earle of *Carlell* happily doth bring
His light-arm'd bands the valiant Northrene troope,
Armed too lately, and with too much speede,
To doe most harme, euen when we least had neede.

49

When now the Barons making out their way,
Through parts for safetie and aduantage knowne,
Keeping their force still bodied as they may,
Into the depth of this misfortune throwne;
And in pursuit deuising day by day,
T' offend th' assailant, and defend their owne,
In their last hope the vtmost to endure,
To deferre th' effect, although the end were sure.

And

50

And whilst their fortune suting sadly thus,
To *Burrough-Bridge* conducted by their fate,
Bridges to Barons euer ominous,
And to this place their fall preordinate,
That ministring such cause of griefe to vs,
By the remembrance of their passed state;
The verie soyle by deepe impression yet,
Euen to this day doth still remember it.

51

New courage now, new fights, new battels rang'd,
New breath (but what might make destruction new)
They change the ground, but yet their fate vnchang'd,
Which too directly doth their course pursue,
Nor from their former miseries estrang'd,
Their strength decayes, their dangers daily grew,
To shorten that which whilst it did depend,
Gaue a long breathing to a fearfull end.

52

Like to a Heard of wearie heartlesse Deere,
Whom hot-spurd Huntsmen seriously doe chase,
In Brakes and Bushes falling here and there,
Prouing each couert, euery secret place,
Yet by the Hounds recouered euery where,
With eager yearning in the sented trace;
Hem'd on each side with hornes reechating blast,
Headlong themselues into the toiles doe cast.

53

Enſigne beards Enſigne, ſword gainſt ſword doth ſhake,
Wing againſt Wing, and Ranke doth Ranke oppoſe,
In, on each other furiouſly they brake,
And death in earneſt to his buſ'neſſe goes,
A generall hauocke as diſpos'd to make,
And with deſtruction doth them all incloſe,
Dealing it ſelfe impartially to all,
Friend by his friend, and foe by foe doth fall.

54

This part of life which yet they did reſpire,
In ſpite of Fortune as they ſtood prepard,
With courage charg'd, with comlineſſe retire,
Make good their ground, and then relieue their guard,
Withſtand the enterer, then purſue the flier,
New forme their battell, ſhifting euery ward,
As your hie courage, ſo were your quarrell good,
O noble ſpirits, how deere had beene your blood?

55

The Northerne bands th' ambitious *Herckley* led,
On the weake Barons mangled ſo before,
That now towards *Burrough* make a puiſſant head,
Incouraging th' emperiall power the more;
O day ſo fatall and ſo full of dread,
VVhen ere ſhall time thy ruinous waſte reſtore,
VVhich to amend although thou ſhalt perſeuer,
Thou ſtill maiſt promiſe, but performe it neuer.

Pale

56

Pale death beyond all wonted bounds doth swell,
Caruing proude flesh in cantels now at large,
As leaues in Autumne, so the bodies fell,
Vnder rough steele at euery boystrous charge,
O what sad pen can the destruction tell,
Where scalps lay beaten as the battred Targe;
And euerie one he claimeth as his right,
That not prouides t' escape away by flight.

57

Those Ensignes erst, that in the glittering field,
With their curl'd foreheads threat th' ambitious foe,
Like wethered foule the drouping pinions yeeld,
Stouping their proud heads to the dust below,
There sits a helmet, and there lies a shield,
O ill did fate these Noble Armes bestow,
Which as a quarrie on the soyld earth lay,
Seiz'd on by conquest as a glorious pray.

58

Here noble *Bohune* that braue issued Peere,
Herford so hie in euery gratious heart,
Vnto his Countrey so receiu'd, and deere,
Wounded by treason in the lower part,
(As o're the Bridge his men returning were)
Through those ill-ioyn'd planckes by an enuious Dart:
But *Lancaster*, whose lot not yet to die,
Taken, reseru'd to greater infamie.

59

O subiect for some sadder Muse to sing,
Of fiue great Earledomes happily possest,
Of the direct line of the English King,
VVith fauours, friends, and earthly honours blest,
If so that all these happinesse could bring,
Or could endow assuredneſse of rest;
But what estate stands free from Fortunes powre?
The Fates haue guidance of our time and howre.

60

Some few themselues in Sanctuaries hide,
In mercie of that Priuiledged place,
Yet are their bodies so vnsanctifi'de,
As scarce their soules can euer hope for grace;
VVhereas they still in want and feare abide,
A poore dead life this draweth out a space,
Hate stands without, and horror sits within,
Prolonging shame, but pard'ning not their sinne.

61

Here is not death contented with the dead,
As though of something careleſly denide,
Till which might firmely be accomplished,
His vtmost fully were not satisfi'de,
That all exactly might be perfected,
A further torment vengeance doth prouide,
That dead men should in miserie remaine,
To make the liuing die with greater paine.

You

62

You Soueraigne Cities of th'afflicted Ile,
In Cipreſſe wreathes, and widowed attire,
Prepare yee now to build the Funerall pile;
Lay your pale hands vnto this lateſt fire,
All mirth and comfort from your ſtreetes exile,
Till you be purg'd of this infectious ire,
The Nobleſt blood yet liuing to be ſhed,
That euer dropt from your rebellious dead.

63

VVhen this braue Lord great *Lancaſter*, who late
This puiſſant force had now thus long retain'd,
As the firſt agent in this ſtrange debate,
At fatall *Pomfret* for theſe facts arraign'd;
Gainſt whom of all things they articulate,
To whom theſe factions chiefely appertain'd:
VVhoſe proofes apparant ſo directly ſped,
As from his bodie reft a reuerent-head.

64

Yet *Lancaſter*, it is not thy deare breath,
Can ranſome backe the ſafetie of the Crowne,
Nor make a League of ſo great power with death,
To warrant what is rightfully our owne,
But they muſt pay the forfet of their faith,
VVhich fondly broke with their ambition,
VVhen now reuenge vnto the vtmoſt rackt,
The Agents iuſtly ſuffer with the act.

Euen

65

Euen in that place where he had lately led,
As this darke path vnto the reſt to ſhow,
It was not long ere many followed,
In the ſame ſteps that he before did goe;
London, thy freedome is prohibited,
The firſt in place (O would the firſt in woe)
Others in blood did not excell thee farre,
That now deuoure the remnant of this warre.

66

O parents ruthfull, and heart-renting ſight,
To ſee that Sonne thy tender boſome fed,
A Mothers ioy; a Fathers ſole delight,
That with much coſt, yet with more care was bred;
A ſpectacle euen able to affright
Th'moſt ſenſeleſſe thing, and terrifie the dead;
His blood ſo deare vpon the cold earth powr'd,
His quarter'd coarſe of birds and beaſts deuour'd.

67

But 'tis not you that heere complaine alone,
Or to your ſelues this fearefull portion ſhare,
Her'es choice, and ſtrange varietie of moane,
Poore childrens teares with widdowes mixed are;
Many a friends ſigh, many a maidens grone,
So innocent, ſo ſimply, pure, and rare;
As though euen Nature that long ſilent kept,
Burſt out in plaints, and bitterly had wept.

68

O wretched age, had not theſe things beene done,
I had not now in theſe more calmer times,
Into the ſearch of former troubles runne;
Nor had my virgin impolluted rimes,
Altred the courſe wherein they firſt begunne,
To ſing theſe bloudie and vnnaturall crimes,
My layes had ſtill beene to *Ideas* bower,
Of my deere *Anker*, or her loued *Stoure*.

69

Or for our ſubiect your faire worth to chuſe,
Your birth, your vertue, and your high reſpects,
That gently daine to patronize our Muſe,
VVho our free ſoule ingeniouſly elects,
To publiſh your deſerts, and all your dues,
Maugre the Momiſts, and Satyricke ſects,
That whilſt my verſe eternally is ſung,
You ſtill may liue with me in ſpight of wrong.

70

But greater things reſerued are in ſtore,
Vnto this taske my armed Muſe to keepe,
Still offering me occaſion as before,
Matter whereof my tragique verſe may weepe:
And as a veſſell being neere the ſhore,
By aduerſe windes enforced to the deepe,
Am driuen backe from whence I came of late,
Vnto the bus'nes of a trouble ſtate.

The end of the ſecond Canto.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

The Argvment.

By a ſleepie potion that the Queene ordaines,
Lord Mortimer *eſcapes out of the Tower,*
And by falſe ſleights, and many ſubtill traines,
Shee gets to France to raiſe a forraigne power;
The French King leaues his Sister; need conſtraines.
The Queene to Henault *in a happie howre:*
Edward *her ſonne to* Philip *is affide,*
And for Inuaſion preſently prouide.

I

SCarce had theſe paſſed miſeries their ends,
When other troubles inſtantly begunne,
As (ſtill) new matter miſchiefe apprehends,
By things that inconſid'rately were done;
And further yet this inſolence extends,
Whilſt all not yeelded that the ſword had wonne,
For ſome there were that ſecretly did lie,
That to this buſ'neſſe had a watchfull eye.

2

When as the King (whilſt things thus fairely went)
Who by this happie victorie grew ſtrong,
Sommons at Yorke a preſent Parliament,
To plant his right, and helpe the *Spenſers* wrong,
By which he thinkes t'eſtabliſh his intent,
Whence (more and more) his Minions greatnes ſprong,
Whoſe counſels ſtill in all proceedings croſs'd
Th'enraged Queene, whom all misfortunes toſs'd.

3

When now the eld'ſt, a man extreamely hated,
Whom yet the King not aptly could preferre,
The edge of their ſharpe inſolence abated,
This Parliament makes Earle of Winchester,
Where *Herckley* Earle of Carlile is created,
And *Baldocke* likewiſe is made Chancellour,
One whom the King had for his purpoſe wrought,
A man as ſubtill, ſo corrupt, and nought.

4

VVhen now miſhaps that ſeldome come alone,
Thicke in the neckes of one another fell,
The Scot pretends a new inuaſion,
And France doth thence our vſe-full power expell,
Treaſon ſuſpected to attend his throne,
The grieued Commons euery day rebell,
Miſchiefe on miſchiefe, curſe doth follow curſe,
One ill ſcarce paſt, when after comes a worſe.

5

For *Mortimer* this winde yet fitly blew,
Troubling their eyes which elſe perhaps might ſee,
Whilſt the wiſe Queene, who all aduantage knew,
Is cloſely plotting his deliuerie,
(Which now ſhe doth with all her powers purſue)
Aptly contriu'd by her deepe policie,
Againſt opinion and the courſe of might,
To worke her will euen through the iawes of ſpite.

6

A ſleepie drinke ſhe ſecretly hath made,
Whoſe operation had ſuch wondrous power,
As with cold numneſſe could the ſenſe inuade,
And mortifie the Patient by an hower,
The lifeleſſe Coarſe in ſuch a ſlumber laide,
As though pale Death did wholly it deuoure:
Not for two dayes take benefit of eyes,
By all meanes Art or Phyſicke could deuiſe.

7

For which ſhe Plantane and cold Lettice had,
The water Lilly from the Marriſh ground,
With the wanne Poppie, and the night-ſhade ſad,
And the ſhort moſſe that on the trees is found,
The poyſning Henbane, and the Mandrake drad,
With Cypreſſe Flowers that with the reſt are pownd;
The braine of Cranes like purpoſely ſhee takes,
Mixt with the blood of Dormiſe, and of Snakes.

Thus

8

Thus ſits the great Enchantreſſe in her Cell,
Strongly engirt with ceremonious charmes,
Her cleanſed body cens'd with hallowing ſmell,
With veſtall fire her potent liquor warmes,
Hauing full heate, ſhe to her buſineſſe fell,
When her with Magicke inſtruments ſhe armes:
And from the herbs the powerfull iuyce ſhe wrong,
To make the medicine forcible and ſtrong.

9

The ſundrie doubts that incident ariſe,
Might be ſuppos'd her trembling hand to ſtay,
If ſhee conſidred of the enterpriſe,
To thinke what perill in th'attempting lay,
The ſecret lurking of deceitfull ſpies,
That on her ſteps continually doe pray:
But when they leaue off vertue to eſteeme,
Thoſe greatly erre which take them as they ſeeme.

10

Their plighted faith for libertie they leaue,
Their loue is cold, their luſt hot, hot their hate,
With ſmiles and teares they Serpent-like deceiue,
In their deſires they be inſatiate,
There's no reſtraint their purpoſe can bereaue,
Their will no bound, nor their reuenge no date,
All feare exempt where they at ruine aime,
Couering their ſinne with their diſcouered ſhame.

11

The elder of the *Mortimers* this ſpace,
(That many ſundry miſeries had paſt)
So long reſtrain'd within that healthleſſe place,
Redeem'd by death, yet happily at laſt,
That much auailes the other in this caſe,
And from this Lord that impoſition caſt:
VVhich the deare ſafetie of his vncles breath,
VVithin the Tower ſo ſtrictly limiteth.

12

But there was more did on his death depend,
Then heauen was pleas'd the fooliſh world ſhould know,
And why the Fates thus haſted on his end,
Thereby entending greater things to ſhow;
Braue Lord, in vaine thy breath thou didſt not ſpend,
From thy corruption further matters grow,
And ſoone beginning fruitfully to ſpring,
New formes of feare vpon the time to bring.

13

All things prepar'd in readineſſe and fit,
The Queene attends her potions power to proue,
Their ſtedfaſt friends, their beſt aſſiſting it,
Their ſeruants Seale their ſecrets vp in loue;
And he expreſt his valour and his wit,
VVhom of the reſt it chiefly doth behoue,
Places reſolu'd where Guide and Horſes lay,
And where the ſhip him ſafely to conuey.

As

14

As his large bounties liberally were heap't,
To all deſeruing, or to thoſe that neede,
His ſolemne birth-dayes feſtiuall was kept,
At his free charge, all in the Tower to feede,
VVhich may ſuſpicion clearely intercept,
A ſtrong aſſiſtant in ſo great a neede, (quench)
(VVhen midd'ſt their cates, their furious thirſt to
Mixing their VVine with this approoued drench.

15

Which ſoone each ſenſe, and eu'ry power doth ſeize,
VVhen he that knew the ſtrength of euery warde,
And to the purpoſe ſorting all his keyes,
His corded Ladders readily prepar'de;
And lurking forth by the moſt ſecret wayes,
Not now to learne his Compaſſe by the Carde,
To winne the walls couragiouſly doth goe,
VVhich looke as ſcorning to be maſtred ſo.

16

They ſoundly ſleepe whilſt his quicke ſpirits awake,
Oppos'd to perill, and the ſtern'ſt extreames,
Alcydes labours new to vndertake,
Of walls, of gates, of watches, and of ſtreames,
Through which his paſſage he is now to make,
And let them tell King *Edward* of their dreames:
For ere they roſe out of the brainſicke trance,
He hopes to tell this noble jeſt in France.

17

The ſullen night hath her blacke Curtaines ſpred,
Lowring the day hath tarried vp ſo long,
Whoſe faire eyes cloſing ſoftly ſteales to bed,
When all the heauens with duskie clouds are hung,
And *Cynthia* now plucks in her horned head,
And to the Weſt incontinently flung;
As ſhe had long'd to certifie the Sunne,
What in his abſence in her Court was done:

18

The glimmering lights, like Sentinels in warre,
Behind the clouds ſtands craftily to prie,
And through falſe loop-holes looking from afarre,
To ſee him skirmiſh with his deſtinie;
Not any fix'd, nor any wandring Starre,
As they that held a counſell in the skie;
And had before concluded with the night,
It ſhould not looke for any chearfull ſight.

19

In deadly ſilence all the ſhores are huſh'd,
Onely the Skreech-owle ſounds to the aſſault,
And *Iſis* with a troubled murmure ruſh'd,
As if conſenting, and would hide the fault;
And as his foot the Sand or Grauell cruſh'd,
A little whiſp'ring moou'd within the Vault,
Made by the treading ſoftly as he went,
Which ſeem'd to ſay it furthred his intent.

20

This wondrous Queene whom care yet reſtleſſe kept,
Now for his ſpeed to heauen holds vp her hands,
A thouſand ſtrange thoughts in her boſome heap't,
As in her cloſet liſtning ſtill ſhe ſtands,
That many a ſigh ſpent, many a warme teare wept,
And though diuided, as in ſundry ſtrands,
Moſt abſent, preſent in deſires they bee,
Our mindes diſcerne where eyes doe ceaſe to ſee.

21

The ſmall clouds iſſuing from his lips (ſhe ſayth)
Labouring ſo faſt, as he the ladder clame,
Should purge the ayre of peſtilence and death;
And as ſometime that filch'd *Promethean* flame,
Euen ſo the power and vertue of his breath,
New creatures in the elements ſhould frame;
And to what part of heauen it happ'd to ſtray,
There ſhould path out another milkie way.

22

Attain'd the top, halfe ſpent a while to blow,
Now round about he caſts his longing eyes,
The gentle earth ſalutes him from below,
And couered with the comfortable skies,
Viewing the way that he is now to goe,
Cheer'd with the beames of *Iſabels* faire eyes,
Downe from the Turret deſperately doth ſlide,
Night be ſucceſſefull, fortune be his guide.

23

With his descent, her eye so still descends,
As feare had fix'd it to forewarne his fall,
On whom her hope and fortune now depends,
When sudden feare her senses doth appall;
For present ayde her God-like hand extends,
Forgets her selfe, and speedie ayde doth call;
Silent againe, if ought but good should hap,
She begs of Heauen his Graue may be her lap.

24

Now she intreats the darke distempered ayre,
Then by strong Magicks she coniures the winde,
Then she inuokes the gloomie night by praire,
Then with her spels the mortall sense to binde;
And fearing much lest these yet frustrate are,
Now by the burning Tapers she diuin'd,
Intreating *Thames* to giue a friendly passe,
The deerest fraught ere on his bosome was.

25

The rushing murmure stiles her like a Song,
But yet in feare the streame should fall in loue,
Suspects the drops that on his tresses hung,
And that the billowes for his beautie stroue,
To this faire bodie that so closely clung,
Which when in swimming with his breast he droue;
Palled with griefe she turnes away her face,
Iealous that he the waters should embrace.

This

26

This angry Lion hauing ſlipp'd his chaine,
As in a Feuer makes King *Edward* quake,
Which knew (too well) ere he was caught againe,
Deare was the bloud muſt ſerue his thirſt to ſlake,
Many the labours had beene ſpent in vaine,
And he inforc'd a longer courſe to take,
Saw further vengeance hanging in the Wind,
That knew the pride and greatneſſe of his mind.

27

The faction working in this lingring iarre,
How for the Scot free paſſage might be made,
To lay the ground of a ſucceſſefull warre,
That hope might breede freſh courage to inuade;
And whilſt our fafetie ſtandeth out ſo farre,
More dangerous proiects eu'ry where are laid;
That ſome in hand home troubles might enure,
Others in France ſhould forraine broyle procure.

28

By theſe diſſentions that were lately ſowne,
Inciting *Charles* to open Armes againe,
Who ſeizing *Guyne* pretended as his owne,
That *Edward* ſhould vnlawfully detaine,
Proceeds to make a further Title knowne,
T' our landes in *Pontieu*, and in *Aquitane*,
When wanted homage hath diſſolu'd the Truce,
Waking his wrongs by *Iſabels* abuſe.

29

This plot concluded that was long in hand,
(Which to this iſſue proſperouſly had thriu'd)
The Baſe whereon a mighty frame muſt ſtand,
With mickle Art, yet with more feare contriu'de;
So ſtrongly builded by this factious band,
As from the ſame their ſafety is deriu'd,
Till their full-rooted and inueterate hate,
Getting more ſtrength might deeply penetrate.

30

When choyſe of ſuch to ſway his French affaire,
Which as a ſhapeleſſe and vnweldie maſſe,
Might well employ the ſtrength of all their care;
So hard and perlous to be brought to paſſe,
Which it behooues them quickly to prepare,
That being now ſo ſetled as it was,
Craues a graue ſpirit, whoſe eminence and powre,
Might like a ſtiffe gale check this threatning ſhowre.

31

This muſt a Seſſion ſeriouſly debate,
That depth of iudgement crau'd to be diſcuſt,
That ſo concernes the ſafetie of the ſtate,
And in a caſe ſo plauſible and iuſt,
As might haue quench'd all ſparkes of former hate,
And might be thought euen policie might truſt,
Could enuie maſter her diſtracted will,
Or apprehend ſacietie in ill,

32

Torleton, whose tongue mens eares in chaines could tye,
And as a fearfull thunder-bolt could pierce,
In which there more authoritie did lie,
Then in the *Sybils* sage propheticke verse,
Whose sentence was so absolute and hie,
As had the power a iudgement to reuerse;
On the Queenes part with all his might doth stand,
To lay his charge on her well-guiding hand.

33

Vrging what helps she to the cause might bring,
Being a wife, a sister, and a mother,
And in so great and pertinent a thing,
To right her sonne, her husband, and her brother,
Her gratious helpe to all distributing,
To take of her what they should hold of other;
Which colour serues t' effect in these extreames,
That which (God knows) King *Edward* neuer dreames.

34

Torleton is this thy spirituall pretence?
Would God thy thoughts were more spirituall,
Or lesse perswasiue were thy eloquence.
But O! thy actions are too temporall,
Opinion lends too great preheminence,
Thy treasons subtill, and sophisticall;
Would all were true thy supposition saith,
Thy arguments lesse force, or thou more faith.

These

35

These sudden broyles that were begun of late,
Still kept in motion by their secret sleight,
By false suggestions so interminate;
That as a ballast of some solid weight,
Betwixt these aduerse currents of debate,
Kept their proceeding in a course so streight,
As lends the Queene an ampler colour still,
By generall meanes to worke a generall ill.

36

She which thus fitly found both Wind and Tyde,
And sees her leisure serue the houres so neare,
All her endeuours mutually apply'd,
Whilst for her purpose things so fitly were,
And this aduantage quickly had espy'd,
As one whose fortunes taught the worst to feare,
Seeing the times so variously inclin'de,
And eu'ry toy soone altring *Edwards* mide.

37

Her followers such as friendlesse else had stood,
Sunke and deiected by the *Spensers* pride.
Who bare the brands of Treason in their blood,
Which but with bloud there was no way to hide;
Whose meane was weake, whose wil was but too good,
Which to effect did but the houre abide,
And knew all meanes that mischiefe could inuent,
That any way might further her intent,

VVhilst

38

VVhilſt *Mortimer* which now ſo long hath laine,
From our iuſt courſe, by Fortune lately croſt,
In France now ſtrugling how he might regaine,
That which before he had in England loſt,
All preſent meanes doth gladly entertaine,
No ior diſmaide in all theſe tempeſts toſt:
Nor his great minde can thus be ouerthrowne,
All men his friends, all Countreyes are his owne.

39

Then Muſe, tranſported by thy former zeale,
Led in our progreſſe where his fortune lies,
To thy faire aide I ſeriouſly appeale,
To Sing this great man his magnanimous guiſe,
The ancient *Heroes* vnto me reueale,
VVhoſe worthes may raiſe our nobler faculties,
That in my verſe, tranſparent, neate and cleare,
His Character more liuely may appeare.

40

Such one he was (of him we boldly ſay)
In whoſe rich ſoule all Soueraigne powers did ſute,
In whom in peace the elements all lay,
So mixt as none could Soueraigntie impute,
As all did gouerne, yet all did obey,
His liuely temper was ſo abſolute,
That t'ſeem'd when Heauen his modell firſt began,
In him it ſhew'd perfection in a man.

So

41

So throughly ſeaſoned, and ſo rightly ſet,
As in the leuell of cleare iudgements eye,
Time neuer tuch't him with deforming fret,
Nor had the power to warp him once awry,
Whoſe ſtedfaſt courſe no croſſe could euer let,
His eleuation was ſo heauenly hie,
Thoſe giddy tempeſts that the baſe world proue,
Sate vnder where he Planet-like did moue.

42

When this faire Queene that had a knowing ſpirit,
And ſaw the beauties reſting in his minde,
One that had throughly lookt into his merit,
Aboue the value of the vulgar kinde,
That rightly did his Grandſires deeds inherit,
When now the ages in their courſe declinde,
When the old world being weake, began to bow,
To that poore baſeneſſe that it reſts at now.

43

What weighes he wealth, or what his *Wigmore* left?
Let needleſſe heapes, things momentary ſtand,
He counts not his that can be rap'de by theft,
Man is the ſole Lord both of Sea and Land,
And ſtill is rich of theſe that is not reft,
Who of all creatures hath an vpright hand;
And by the ſtarres is onely taught to know,
That as they progreſſe heauen, he earth ſhould doe.

Where-

44

Wherefore wiſe Nature forc'd this face of ground,
And through the deepes ſhew'd him the ſecret way,
That in the flouds her iudgements might be found,
VVhere ſhe for ſafetie did her treaſure lay;
VVhoſe ſtore that he might abſolutely ſound,
She gaue him courage for her onely key,
That he alone of all her creatures free
Her glory and her wondrous workes ſhould ſee.

45

Let wretched worldlings ſweate for mud and earth,
VVhoſe groueling boſomes licke the recreant ſtones,
And Peſants carke for plentie, and for dearth,
Fame neuer lookes vpon theſe proſtrate drones,
Man is allotted at his Princely birth,
To manage Empires and to ſit on thrones,
Frighting coy Fortune when ſhe ſtern'ſt appeares,
VVhich elſe ſcornes ſighes, and ieereth at our teares.

46

VVhen now report with her fleete murmuring wing,
Toucht the ſtill entrance of his liſtning eare,
A fleete prepar'd this royall Queene to bring,
And her arriuall ſtill awaited neare,
VVhen euery ſound a note of loue doth ſing,
The ioyfull thoughts that in his boſome were:
The ſoule in doubt to make her function leſſe:
Denies the vtterance fully to expreſſe.

Quoth

47

Quoth he, Slide billowes gently for her ſake,
VVhoſe ſight can make your aged *Nereus* yong,
For her faire paſſage euen allies make,
On the ſleeke waters waft her Sailes along;
And whilſt ſhe glides vpon the pleaſant Lake,
Let the ſweete Syrens rocke her with a Song:
Though not Loues mother that doth paſſe this way
Fairer then ſhee that's borne vpon the Sea.

48

You Sea-bred creatures, gaze vpon her eye,
And neuer after with your kinde make warre;
O ſteale the accents from her lips that flie,
VVhich like the Muſickes of the Angels are,
And them vnto your amorous thoughts applie,
Compar'd with which, *Arions* did but iarre:
VVrap them in aire, and when blacke tempeſts rage;
Vſe them as charmes the rough Seas to aſſwage.

49

France, ſend to fetch her with full ſholes of Oares,
VVith which her fleete may euery way be plide,
And being landed on thy happie ſhoares,
As the vaſt Nauie doth at Anchor ride;
For her departure when the wilde Sea roares,
Ship mount to heauen, there brightly ſtellifide:
Next *Iaſons* Argo on the burniſht throne,
Aſſume thee there a conſtellation.

Her

50

Her perſon hence conuaide with that delight,
VVhich beſt the languiſh of her iourneyes eaſde,
That to her pleaſure doth it ſelfe inuite,
VVhereon her minde and ſubtile fancie ſeaſde,
And that (moſt deare) her liking might excite,
Which then this Lord, naught more her preſence pleas'd
VVhere, when with ſtate ſhe firſt her time could take,
Thus the faire Queene her *Mortimer* beſpake.

51

O *Mortimer*, great *Mortimer*, quoth ſhe,
VVhat angry power did firſt this meane deuiſe,
To ſeparate Queene *Iſabel* and thee,
VVhom loues eternall vnion ſtrongly ties;
But if ſuppos'd this fault began by me,
For a iuſt penance to my longing eyes:
(Though guiltleſſe they) this puniſhment aſſign'd,
To gaze vpon thee, till they leaue me blinde.

52

T'is ſtrange, ſweet friend, how thou art altred thus,
Since firſt in Court thou didſt our fauours weare,
VVhoſe ſhape ſeem'd then not mortall vnto vs,
VVhen in our eye thy brow was beauties ſpheare,
In all perfection ſo harmonious,
A thouſand ſeuerall graces mouing there;
But what then couldſt thou be, not now thou art,
An alien firſt, laſt home-borne in my heart.

53

That powerfull fate thy ſafetie did enforce,
And from the worſt of danger did thee free,
Still regular, and conſtant in one courſe,
Wrought me a firme and euen path to thee,
Of our affections as it tooke remorſe,
Our birth fix'd ſtarres ſo happily agree;
Whoſe reuolution ſeriouſly directs
Our like proceedings, to the like effects:

54

New forme of counſaile in the courſe of things,
To our diſſignement findes a neerer way,
That by a cleare and perfect managing,
Is that firme prop whereon we onely ſtay;
Which in it ſelfe th'authority doth bring,
That weake opinion hath no power to ſway;
Confuting ſuch, whoſe ſightleſſe iudgements ſit,
In the thicke ranke with euery vulgar wit.

55

Then ſince pleaſde Time our wiſh'd content aſſures,
Embrace the bleſſings of our mutuall reſt;
And whilſt the day of our good hap endures,
And we as fauorites leane on Fortunes breſt,
Which doth for vs this vacancie procure,
In choiſe make free election of the beſt;
Ne're feare the ſtorme before thou feele the ſhower,
My ſonne a King, an Empire is my dower.

56

Of wanton *Edward* when I first was wooed,
Why cam'st thou not into the Court of France?
Thy selfe alone then in my grace hadst stood;
Deere *Mortimer*, how good had beene thy chance?
My loue attempted in that youthfull mood,
I might haue beene thine owne inheritance;
Where entring now by force, thou hold'st thy might,
And art deseisor of anothers right.

57

Honor thou Idoll, women so adore,
How many plagues dost thou retaine to grieue vs,
VVhen still we finde there is remaining more,
Then that great word of Maiestie can giue vs;
Which takes more from vs then it can restore,
And of that comfort often doth depriue vs,
That with our owne selues sets vs at debate,
And makes vs beggers vnder our estate.

58

Those pleasing raptures from her graces rise,
Strongly inuading his impressiue brest,
Quickly entranced all his faculties,
Of the proud fulnesse of their ioyes possest;
And hauing throughly wrought him in this wise,
Like tempting Syrens sing him to his rest,
When eu'ry power is passiue of some good,
Felt by the spirits of his high-rauisht blood.

59

Like as a Lute that's toucht with curious skill,
In Musickes language sweetly speaking plaine,
When eu'ry string his note with sound doth fill,
Taking the tones, and giuing them againe:
And the eare bath's in harmony at will,
The diapason closing eu'ry straine;
So their affections set in keyes so like,
Still fall in consort as their humors strike.

60

When now the path to their desire appeares,
Of which before they had beene long debar'd,
By desolution of some threatning feares,
That for destruction seem'd to stand prepar'd:
Which the smooth face of better safetie beares,
And now protected by a stronger guard,
Giues them large scope of leisure, to fore-cast
Euents to come, by things alreadie past.

61

These great dissignements setting easly out,
By due proportion measuring eu'ry pace,
T'auoid the cumbrance of each hindring doubt,
That might distort the comlinesse and grace;
Comming with eu'ry circumstance about,
Strictly obseruing persons, time and place;
All ornaments in faire discretions lawes,
Could giue attire to beautifie the cause.

62

The Embaſſie in termes of equall height,
As well their ſtate and dignitie might fit,
Apparrelling a matter of that weight,
In ceremonie well beſeeming it,
To carrie things ſo ſteddie, and ſo right,
Where wiſedome with cleere maieſtie might ſit;
All things ſtill ſeeming ſtrictly to effect,
That Loue commands, & Greatneſſe ſhould reſpect.

63

Whoſe expedition by this faire ſucceſſe,
Once doth againe this ancient league combine,
When *Edward* ſhould by couenant releaſe,
And to the Princes the Prouinces reſigne,
With whom King *Charles* renues the happy peace,
Receyuing homage due to him for Guyne:
And laſtly now to conſummate their ſpeed,
Edwards owne perſon to confirme the deed.

64

Who whilſt he ſtands yet doubtfull what to doe,
The *Spenſers* chiefly that his counſels guide,
That with their ſoueraigne not to France durſt goe,
Nor in his abſence durſt at home abide;
(Now whilſt the weake King ſtands perplexed ſo)
His liſtning eares with ſuch perſwaſion plide,
As he at laſt to ſtay in England's wonne,
And in his place to ſend the Prince his ſonne.

65

Thus is the King encompaſt by their skill,
A meane to worke what *Herford* doth deuiſe,
To thruſt him on, to draw them vp the hill,
That by his ſtrength they might get powre to riſe:
Thus they in all things are before him ſtill,
This perfect ſteerſ-man of their policies,
Hath caſt to walke whilſt *Edward* beares the light,
And take that ayme that muſt direct his ſight.

66

And by th' allowance of his liberall will,
Suppos'd his ſafetie, furthering their intent,
Stands as a Teſt to iuſtifie their ill,
Made ſound and currant by this late euent,
And what yet wanting laſtly to fulfill,
Things in their courſe to fall in true conſent,
Giues full aſſurance of that happie end,
On which they now laborioufly attend.

67

Nor finding reaſon longer to protract,
Or in ſuſpence their home-left friends to holde,
By being now ſo abſolutely backt,
And thereby waxing confident and bold,
By their proceedings publiſhing their act,
When as their powre was ripened as they would,
Now with an armed and erected hand,
To abet their faction abſolutely ſtand.

Whea

68

When now the fearefull fainting *Exceter*,
A man experienc'd in their counſels long,
Whether himſelfe thought his way to preferre,
Or moou'd in conſcience with King *Edwards* wrong,
Or 't was his frailtie forc'd him thus to erre,
Or other fatall accident among,
The onely firſt that backe to England flew,
And knowing all, diſcouered all he knew.

69

The plot of treaſon laſtly thus diſclos'd,
And *Torletons* drift by circumſtances found,
With what conueyance things had beene diſpos'd;
The cunning vs'd in caſting of the ground,
The meanes and apt aduantages propos'd,
When better counſell coldly comes to ſound,
Awakes the King to ſee his owne eſtate,
VVhen the preuention comes too vaine and late.

70

And whilſt the time ſhe daily doth adiourne,
Charles as a brother by perſwaſions deales,
Edward with threats doth haſten her returne,
And *Iohn* of Rome with Papall curſe aſſayes,
'T is but in vaine againſt her will to ſpurne,
Perſwaſions, threats, nor curſes oft preuailes:
Charles, *Edward*, *Iohn*, doth 'vtmoſt of your worſt,
The Queene fares beſt when ſhe the moſt is curſt,

71

The Subtile *Spenſers* which French humours felt,
(And with their ſoueraigne had deuiſde the draught)
With Prince and Peers now vnder-band had dealt,
With golden baites that craftily were caught,
Whoſe flexed temper ſoone begins to melt,
On which they now by ſleights ſo throwly wrought,
As with great ſummes now laſtly ouer-waide,
The wretched Queene is deſperate of ayde.

72

Nor can all this amaze this mighty Queene,
(With all th' affliction neuer yet contrould,
Neuer ſuch courage in her ſexe was ſeene,
Nor was ſhe caſt in other womens mould)
Nor can rebate the edge of her hie ſpleene,
But can endure warre, trauaile, want, and cold:
Strugling with Fortune, ne're with griefe oppreſt,
Moſt cheerefull ſtill, when ſhe was moſt diſtreſt,

73

And thus reſolu'd to leaue ingratefull France,
And in the world her fortune yet to trie,
Changing the ayre, hopes time may alter chance,
As one whoſe thoughts were eleuate more hie,
Her weakned ſtate ſtill ſeeking to aduance,
Her mightie minde ſo ſcorneth miſerie;
Yet ere ſhe went, her grieued heart to eaſe,
Thus to the King this grieued Ladie ſayes:

74

Is this a King and brothers part quoth ſhe?
And to this end did I my griefe vnfold?
Came I to heale my wounded heart to thee,
Where ſlaine out-right I now the ſame behold?
Proue theſe thy vowes, thy promiſes to mee,
In all this heate, thy faith become ſo cold,
To leaue me thus forſaken at the worſt?
My ſtate more wretched than it was at firſt?

75

My frailtie vrging what my want requires,
To thy deere mercie ſhould my teares haue tide,
Our bloud 's maintained by the ſelfe-ſame fires,
And by our fortunes as our birth alide;
My ſute ſupported by my iuſt deſires,
All arguments I ſhould not be denide.
The grieuous wrongs that in my boſome be,
Should be as neere thy care, as I to thee.

76

Nature that eaſly wrought vpon my ſexe,
To thy vile pleaſure thus mine honour leaues,
And vnder colour of thy due reſpects,
My ſetled truſt diſloyally deceaues,
That me and mine thus careleſly neglects,
And of all comfort wholly me bereaues;
Twixt recreant baſeneſſe, and diſordinate will,
To expoſe my fortunes to the worſt of ill.

77

But for my farewell this I propheſie,
That from my womb that glorious fruit doth ſpring,
Which ſhall deiect thy neere poſteritie,
And leade a captiue thy ſucceeding King,
That ſhall reuenge this wretched iniurie.
To fatall France I as a *Sybill* ſing,
Her Cities ſackt, the ſlaughter of her men,
When of the Engliſh, one ſhall conquer ten.

78

Bewmount in France that had this ſhuffling ſeene,
Whoſe ſoule by kindneſſe *Iſabell* had wonne,
For *Henault* now perſwades the grieued Queene,
By full aſſurance what might there be done;
Now in the anguiſh of her tumorous ſpleene,
Offring his faire Niece to the Prince her ſonne:
The ſureſt way to gaine his brothers might,
To backe yong *Edward*, and vphold her right.

79

This gallant Lord, whoſe name euen fill'd report,
To whom the ſouldiers of that time did throng,
A man that faſhioned others of his ſort,
As that knew all to honour did belong,
And in his youth train'd vp with her in Court,
And fully now confirmed in her wrong,
Croſt by the faction of th' Emperiall part,
In things that ſat too neerly to his heart.

Suffici-

80

Sufficient motiues to inuite diſtreſſe,
To apprehend the leaſt and pooreſt meane,
(Againſt thoſe miſchiefes that ſo ſtrongly preſſe)
Whereon their low deiected ſtate to leane,
And at this ſeaſon, though it were the leſſe,
That might a while their ſickly power ſuſtaine;
Till proſperous times by milde and temperate dayes,
Their drooping hopes to former height might raiſe.

81

Where finding cauſe to breath their reſtleſſe ſtate,
Where welcome, lookt with a more milder face,
From thoſe diſhonours ſhe receiu'd of late,
Where now ſhe wants no due officious grace,
Vnder the guidance of a gentler fate,
Where bounteous offers mutually embrace:
And to conclude all ceremonies paſt,
The Prince affies faire *Philip* at the laſt.

82

All couenants ſign'd with wedlocks ſacred ſeale,
A laſting league eternally to binde,
And all proceeding of religious zeale,
And ſuting right with *Henaults* mightie minde,
That to his thoughts much honour doth reueale,
What eaſe the Queene is like thereby to finde,
The ſweet contentment of the louely Bride,
Yong *Edward* pleas'd, and ioy on euery ſide.

The end of the third Canto.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Queene in Henault *mightie power doth winne,*
In Harwich *Hauen ſafely is arriu'd,*
Great troubles now in England new beginne,
The King of friends and ſafety is depriu'd,
Flyeth to Wales, *at* Neath *receiued in,*
Many ſtrange acts and outrages contriu'd:
Edward *betraide, deliu'red vp at* Neath,
The Spenſers, *and his friends are put to death.*

I

NOw ſeuen times *Phœbus* had his welked waine,
Vpon the top of all the Tropike ſet,
And ſeuen times deſcending downe againe,
His fierie wheeles had with the fiſhes wet;
In the occurrents of this hapleſſe raigne,
Since treaſon firſt theſe troubles did beget:
Which through more ſtrange varieties had runne,
Than in that time celeſtiall ſignes hath done.

Whilſt

2

Whilſt our ill thriuing in thoſe Scottiſh broiles,
Their ſtrength and courage greatly doth aduance
That being made fat and wealthy by our ſpoiles,
VVhen we ſtill weakned by the iarres in France,
And thus diſhartned by continuall foiles,
Yeelds other cauſe, whereat our Muſe may glance;
And *Herckleys* treaſons laſtly brings to view,
VVhoſe power of late the Barons ouerthrew.

3

Now when the Scot with an inuaſiue hand,
By daily inroads on the borders made,
Had ſpoil'd the Country of Northumberland,
VVhoſe buildings leuell with the ground were layd;
And finding none that dare his power withſtand,
VVithout controlement euery where had praide,
Bearing with pride what was by pillage got,
As our laſt fall appointed to their lot.

4

For which falſe *Herckley* by his Soueraigne ſent,
T'intreate this needfull, though diſhonoured peace,
Cloking his treaſons by this fain'd intent,
Kindling the warre, which otherwiſe might ceaſe;
And with the Scot, new miſchiefes doth inuent,
T'intrap King *Edward*, and their feare releaſe;
For which, their faith they conſtantly haue plight,
In peace and warre to ſtand for eithers right.

VVorking

5

VVorking the King his ſiſter to beſtow,
Vpon this falſe Lord, which to him affi'd,
Maketh too plaine and euident a ſhow,
Of what before his truſt did cloſely hide;
But being found from whence this match ſhould grow,
By ſuch as now into their actions pry'd,
Diſplaies the treaſons, which not quickly croſt,
Would ſhed more bloud then all the warres had coſt.

6

VVhether the Kings weake Counſels, cauſes are
That eu'ry thing ſo badly ſorteth out,
Or that the Earle did of our ſtate deſpaire,
When nothing proſper'd that was gone about;
And therefore, careleſſe how theſe matters fare,
(Ile not define, but leaue it as a doubt)
Or ſome vaine title his ambition lackt,
Hatch'd in his breaſt this treaſonable act.

7

VVhich now reueal'd vnto the iealous King,
For apprehenſion of this trayterous Peere,
To the Lord *Lucy* leaues the managing,
One, whoſe knowne faith he euer held ſo deere:
By whoſe diſpatch, and trauell in this thing,
(He doth well worthy of this truſt appeare)
In his owne Caſtell careleſſely defended,
The trecherous *Herckley* cloſely apprehended.

For

8

For which ere long vnto his triall led,
In all the roabes befitting his degree,
Where *Scroope* chiefe Iuſtice in King *Edwards* ſted,
Was now prepar'd his lawfull Iudge to bee,
Vrging the prooſes by his enditements read,
Where they his treaſons euidently ſee;
Which now themſelues ſo plainely doe expreſſe,
As might at firſt declare his bad ſucceſſe.

9

His honor'd title backe againe reſtor'd,
Noted with termes of infamie and ſcorne.
And then diſarmed of his Knightly ſword,
On which his faith and loyaltie was ſworne,
And by a varlet of his ſpurres diſpurr'd,
His coate of Armes in peeces hal'd and torne;
To taſte deſerued puniſhment is ſent,
T'a trayterous death that traiterouſly had meant.

10

When ſuch the fauorers of this fatall warre,
Whom this occaſion doth more ſharpely whet,
Thoſe for this cauſe that yet impris'ned are,
Boldly attempt at libertie to ſet,
Whoſe purpoſe fruſtrate by the others care,
Doth greater wounds continually beget;
VVarning the King more ſtrictly looke about,
Theſe ſecret fires ſtill daily breaking out.

11

And *Hereford* in Parlement accus'd
Of treasons, which apparantly were wrought,
That with the Queene, and *Mortimers* were vsde,
VVhereby subuersion of the Realme was sought,
And both his calling and his trust abusde;
VVhich now to answere when he should be brought,
Seizde by the Clergie in the Kings dispight,
Vnder the colour of the Churches right.

12

VVhilst now the Queene from England day by day,
That of these troubles still had certaine word,
VVhose friends much blam'd her tedious long delay,
VVhen now the time occasion doth afford,
VVith better hast doth for her selfe puruay,
Bearing prouision presently abord;
Ships of all vses daily rigging are,
Fit'st for inuasion to transport a warre.

13

The Earle of Kent by's Soueraigne brother plac'd,
As the great Generall of his force in Gwine,
VVho in his absence heere at home disgrac'd,
And frustrated both of his men and coine,
By such lewd persons to maintaine their waste,
That from his treasures ceas'd not to purloine;
Th'lasciuious Prince though mou'd, regardlesse still,
Both of his owne losse, and his brothers ill.

Whose

14

Whoſe diſcontentment being quickly found,
By ſuch as all aduantages await,
That ſtill appli'd ſtrong corſiues to the wound,
And by their ſharpe and intricate deceit,
Hindred all meanes might poſſibly redound,
This faſt-ariſing miſchiefe to defeat;
Vntill his wrongs were to that fulneſſe growne,
That they haue made him abſolute their owne.

15

Whoſe ſelfe-like followers in their faithleſſe warres,
Men moſt experienc'd, and of worthieſt parts,
Which for their pay receiued only ſcarres,
Whilſt the inglorious reap'd their due deſarts,
And Mineons hate of other hope debarres,
With too much violence vrg'd their grieued hearts,
On *Iohn* of *Henault*, wholly doe rely,
Who led a great and valiant company.

16

That in this conqueſt doe themſelues combine,
The Lords *Pocelles*, *Sares*, and *Boyſeers*,
Dambretticourt, the yong and valiant *Heyn*,
Eſtoteuill, *Comines*, and *Villeers*,
Others his Knights. Sir *Michael de la Lyne*,
Sir *Robert Baliol*, *Boſwit*, and *Semeers*,
Men of great power, whom ſpoile and glory warmes,
Such as were wholly dedicate to Armes.

117

Three thouſand ſouldiers muſtred men in pay,
Of French, Scotch, Almaine, Swiſer, and the Dutch,
Of natiue Engliſh, fled beyond the ſea,
Whoſe number neere amounted to as much;
Which long had look'd for this vnhappy day,
Whom her reuenge did but too neerely tutch,
Her friends now readie to receiue her in,
And new commotions eu'ry day begin.

18

When ſhe for England fitly ſetting forth,
Spreading her proud ſailes on the watry plaine,
Shaping her courſe directly to the North,
With her yong *Edward* Duke of Aquitaine,
With th'other three of ſpeciall name and worth,
(The deſtin'd ſcourges of his lawleſſe raigne)
Her ſouldier *Beumount*, with the Earle of Kent,
And *Mortimer*, that mightie malecontent.

19

A fore-winde now for *Harwitch* fitly blowes,
Blow not too faſt to kindle ſuch a fire,
Whilſt with full ſaile, and fairer tide ſhe goes,
Turne gentle winde, and force her to retire;
The Fleete thou driu'ſt is fraughted with our woes,
But windes and ſeas, doe *Edwards* wracke conſpire;
For when iuſt heauen to chaſtiſe vs is bent,
All things conuert to our due puniſhment.

Thy

20

Thy coasts be kept with a continuall ward,
Thy Beacons watch'd her comming to descrie;
O had the loue of subiects beene thy guard,
T'had beene t'effect that thou didst fortifie;
But whilst thou standst gainst forren foes prepar'd,
Thou art betray'd by thy home enemie;
Small helpe by this thou art but like to win,
Shutting death out, thou keep'st destruction in.

21

VVhen *Henry* brother to that hapless Prince,
The first great Engine of this ciuill strife,
(Deere *Lancaster*) whom law did late conuince,
And that at Pomfret left his wretched life;
This *Henry*, in whose great heart euer since
Reuenge lay couer'd, smother'd vp in griefe,
Like fire in some fat minerall of the earth,
Finding the least vent, giues it selfe a birth.

22

That being Earle Marshall, great vpon the coast,
With bells and bon-fires welcomes her a shore;
And by his office gath'ring vp an hoast,
Shewes the old malice in his breast he bore,
Nor of his helpe abash'd at all to boast,
The Clergies power in readinesse before,
Vpon their friends a great taxation laide,
To raise munition for the present aide.

23

And to confusion all their power expose,
On the rent bosome of this Ile, where long
VVarre did it selfe so stedfastly enclose;
(VVarre from our owne lewd desolureneſſe sprong)
VVhom no inuasion euer yet could lose;
So old the malice, and so great the wrong,
Vrg'd with the force that forren fire doth bring,
A greater spoile, and horror menacing.

24

This innocation by an altred state,
Lent this new action such a violent hand,
That it thus boldly dare insinuate,
On the cold faintneſſe of the feebled Land;
And being arm'd with all the power of fate,
Finding a way so openly to stand
To their intendments, which endeuoured well,
Might get that height, from whence at first they fell.

25

VVhen all their strength in order strictly set,
All helpes and doubts by warres best counsailes waid,
VVhat well might further, what their course might let,
And their relieſes conueniently had laid,
A meane reseru'd securitie to get,
VVhereon at worst their fortune might be staid,
And furnish'd fully as themselues desir'd,
Of all this action needfully requir'd.

And

26

And at Saint *Edmonds* doe a while repoſe,
To reſt themſelues and their new welcom'd force,
Better to learne the manner of their foes,
To th' end not vainely to direct their courſe;
And ſeeing daily how the armie growes,
To take a full view both of foot and horſe;
With ſuch diſcretion managing the war,
Truely to ſhew them what indeed they are.

27

When now the King of theſe proceedings heard,
And of the troups that to them daily runne,
And little ſtrength at London yet prepar'd,
Where he expected fauour to haue wonne,
He now commits the Cittie to the guard
Of his approu'd moſt-truſted *Stapleton*,
To *Iohn* of Eltham (his faire ſonne) the Tower,
Himſelfe to Wales to raiſe a ſpeedie power.

28

Yet whilſt his name doth any hope admit,
Proclaimes in forfeit both of goods and life,
All that enioy'd a ſubiects benefit,
Should lend their power againſt his ſonne and wife,
And doth all ſlaughters generally acquite,
Were done vpon the moouers of this ſtrife:
And who could bring in *Mortimers* proude head,
Should freely take th' reuenues of the dead.

29

Which ſtrait encountred by the Queenes Edict,
Who making knowne the iuſtneſſe of her cauſe,
That ſhe proceeded in a courſe ſo ſtrict,
T' vphold their ancient liberties and lawes;
Nor that ſhe did this puniſhment inflict,
For priuate hate, or popular applauſe,
Onely the *Spenſers* to account to bring,
Whoſe wicked counſels had abus'd the King.

30

Which ballaſing the multitude that ſtood
As a light Barke that 's toſt twixt winde and tide,
Turn'd in the mixture of th' oppoſed flood,
When yet opinion not their courſe could guide,
And wau'ring thus in their inconſtant moode,
Till by the weakeneſſe of th' Emperiall ſide,
Suffers the ſeiſure of it ſelfe at laſt,
Which to the Queene all free aduantage caſt.

31

When friendleſſe *Edward* followed by his foes,
Whom danger doth to recreant flight debaſe,
As poore in hope, as he is rich in woes,
Depriu'd all Princely ornament and grace,
Whoſe force th' more weakned further that he goes,
His ſafety now ſuſpecting eu'ry place;
No helpe at home, no ſuccour ſeene abroad,
His minde ſmall reſt, his bodie leſſe abode.

One

32

One ſcarce to him his ſad diſcourſe hath done,
Of *Henaults* power, and what the Queene intends,
But whilſt he ſpeakes, another hath begunne,
A third doth take it where the ſecond ends,
When now abroad there's other rumors runne,
Some of new foes, ſome of reuolting friends;
Theſe ſcarcely paſt when more reports are ſpred,
Of many that rebell, of many fled.

33

What plagues doth *Edward* for himſelfe prepare,
Forſaken King, O whither dooſt thou flie?
Men change their clime, but ſeldome change their care,
Thou fly'ſt thy foes, but follow'ſt miſerie,
The euill Fates in number many are,
That to thy footſteps doe themſelues apply;
And ſtill thy conſcience prickt with inward griefe,
Thy ſelfe purſues thy ſelfe, both rob'd, and thiefe.

34

Accepting ſuccour offer'd next at hand,
At laſt for *Wales* commits him to the Seas,
And ſeeing *Lundie* that ſo faire doth ſtand,
Puts in for ſuccour (neede would faine haue eaſe)
This little modell of his baniſht land,
Which for a while his fancie ſeemes to pleaſe,
Faine would he be King of a little Ile,
Although his Empire bounded in a mile.

35

And readie now to ſtrike his proſp'rous ſaile,
As vnderloe, paſt danger of the flood,
A ſudden ſtorme of mixed fleet and haile,
Not ſuffers h̄m to rule the peece of wood,
What doth thy labour, what thy toyle auaile,
When thou art ſtill with greater powers with-ſtood?
Edward thy hopes all vainly do delude,
By Gods and men inceſſantly purſude.

36

In this blacke tempeſt long turmoil'd and toſt,
Quite from their courſe, and well they know not where,
Mongſt rocks and ſands, in danger to be loſt,
Without in perill, and within in feare,
At length perceiuing they are neere the coaſt,
And that the place more plainly doth appeare,
Knowes by the mountaines inſolently tall,
That part of Wales that we *Clamorgan* call.

37

To *Neath* a Caſtell fortifi'd and ſtrong,
Commanding entrance with his baniſh'd crew;
The Earle of *Gloſter* worker of much wrong,
The Chancelor *Baldocke* that much euill knew,
Reding his Marſhall is the reſt among,
Here hid from eyes, but not from enuies view;
Where for a while committing them to dwell,
We muſt prepare more dreadfull things to tell.

You

38

You lighter Muſes, leaue me, and be gon,
Your weake complaints are matters much too ſleight
More horrid plagues are here approching on,
Ye ghaſtly ſpirits that haunt the gloomie night,
Lend me your ſhrieks t' expreſſe the depth of moane,
With ghaſtly howling all approach my ſight;
And round about with funerall Tapers ſtand,
To giue a ſad light to my ſadder hand.

39

Each line ſhall leade to ſome dire point of wo,
And eu'ry cadence as a tortur'd crie,
Now muſt my teares in ſuch abundance flow,
That they ſurround the circle of mine eye;
And whilſt theſe great calamities I ſhow,
All looſe affections ſtand you idely by,
Once more our cleare Muſe dips her wing in gore,
The dreereſt tale that pen did ere deplore.

40

New ſorts of vengeance threatned to the earth,
The raging Ocean paſt the bounds to riſe,
Strange apparitions, and prodigious birth,
Vnheard of ſickneſſe, and mortalities,
More inaccuſtom'd, and vnlook'd for dearth,
New ſorts of Meteors gazing from the skies;
As what before had ſmall or nothing bin,
And onely now our miſeries begin.

41

And whilſt theſe diſcords and diſſentions breed,
The land lay naked to all offered ill,
The lawleſſe Exile now returnes with ſpeed,
Not to defend his Countrie, but to kill,
And all the priſons diſſolutely freed,
Both field and towne with wretchedneſſe to fill,
London firſt author of our lateſt ſhame,
Soon'ſt that repent'ſt, moſt plagued for the ſame.

42

Whoſe giddie commons mercileſſe and rude,
Let looſe to miſchiefe in this curſed day,
Their hands in bloud of *Edwards* friends imbrude,
Neuer content till they were made away,
Th'implacable and wicked multitude,
On the Lieutenant *Stapleton* do pray,
Who dragg'd and torne by this tumultuous heape,
Cut off his head before the Croſſe in Cheape.

43

Reade wofull Citie on thy ruin'd wall,
Thy ſad deſtruction which is drawing nie,
Where on thy gate is caractered thy fall,
In mangled bodies thine Anatomie,
Now thy lewd errors to a reckning call,
Which may exſtract teares from thy ruthleſſe eye:
And if the thicke ayre dim thy hatefull ſight,
Thy buildings are on fire to giue thee light.

Thy

44

Thy chanels ſerue for inke, for paper, ſtones,
And on the ground write murther, inceſt, rape,
And for thy pens a heape of dead mens bones,
Let euery Letter be ſome monſtrous ſhape,
Thy points and accents be departing groanes,
And let no vile, nor deſperate act eſcape,
And when with pride thou art againe ore'gon,
Then take this booke, and ſadly looke thereon.

45

Poore wretch diſpoilde of thy late Virgines name,
Now for thy ſinne what impious villaine ſhent,
Blacke is my inke, but blacker thy defame,
Who ſhall reuenge whilſt I thy ſtate lament,
What might be done to remedie thy ſhame,
When now too late theſe miſchiefes to preuent,
Againſt theſe horrors thou dooſt idely ſtriue,
Thou ſeeſt thy ſelfe deuoured yet aliue.

46

Thou wantſt redreſſe, and tyrannie remorce,
To whom ſhouldſt thou thy helpleſſe woes complaine?
But yeeld thy ſelfe to the adulterers force,
Thy words vntimely and returne in vaine,
The more thou grieu'ſt, thy fault is ſtill the worſe;
This remedie there onely doth remaine,
Diſpoylde of Fame, be prodigall of breath,
And make thy life cleare by a reſolute death.

47

For worlds that were, the preſent times complaine,
When men might haue beene buried when they dide,
And children ſafely in their Cradles laine,
And when the husband might enioy his bride,
When in ſome bounds ill could it ſelfe containe,
The ſonne hath kneel'd by's fathers death-bed ſide,
The liuing wrong'd, the dead no right can haue,
The father ſees his ſonne to want a graue.

48

But 't is too late thy head-ſtrong courſe t'recall,
Depriu'd all feeling of externall feare;
Theſe deadly ſounds by their continuall fall,
Settle confuſion in thy deafned eare,
This is the laſt O would the worſt of all!
Shriekes be the muſicke thou delights to heare,
Armes thy attire, and wounds be all thy good,
Thy end conſiſts in rapine and in blood.

49

In glorious age of whom it ſhould be ſaid,
That all theſe miſchiefes ſhould abound in thee,
That all theſe ſinnes ſhould to thy charge be laid,
From no calumnious nor vile action free,
O let not time vs with thy ills vpbraid,
Leſt feare what hath beene, argue what may bee;
And faſhioning ſo a habite in the minde,
Make vs alone the haters of our kinde.

50

O powerfull heauen, in whoſe all-ſoueraigne raigne,
Thoſe thy pure bodies moue in harmony,
And by a ſtrong and euerlaſting chaine,
Together linckt in ſacred vnity;
In which you doe continually remaine,
Stay'd in one certaine courſe eternally,
VVhy his due motion keepeth eu'ry ſtar,
Yet what they gouerne ſo irregular?

51

Muſe, in the courſe of this vnnaturall warre,
Tell me from whence this height of miſchiefe grew,
That in ſo ſhort time ſpread it ſelfe ſo farre,
VVhereon ſuch ſtrange calamities enſue;
The true occaſions faithfully declare:
O men religious, was the fault in you?
VVhich euen growne reſtie by your powre, withdraw
Your ſtifned neckes, as free from ciuill awe.

52

VVhat wonder then the people grow prophane,
VVhen Church-mens liues giue Lay-men leaue to fall;
Their former Doue-like humbleneſſe diſdaine,
For coats of haire, now clad in coſtly pall,
The holy Ephod made a cloke for gaine,
And what moſt cunning, moſt canonicall,
And blinde promotion ſhunnes that dangerous road,
VVhich the old Prophets diligently troad.

Hence

53

Hence ist that God so slightly is ador'd,
The rocke remou'd whereon our faith is grounded,
Conscience esteem'd but as an idle word,
Which weake before, by vaine opinion wounded,
Professors liues so little fruit afford,
And in her sects religion lies confounded;
The sacred things a merchandize become,
None talkes of texts, and prophecying dumbe.

54

And of the former being thus possest,
Like to the venome of infectious aire,
That hauing got into the secret brest,
Is not prescrib'd, nor long times stayes it there;
But from this ground to seize vpon the rest,
The rancke contagion spreading euery where;
That ere this euill hath the vtmost done,
The solide bodie lastly ouer-runne.

55

Cauils breake forth to cancell wholesome lawes,
And catching hold vpon the publike weale,
VVhere doubts should cease, they rise in euery clawse,
The sword that wounds ordain'd a salue to heale,
One mischiefe another forward drawes,
Each striuing others vilenesse to conceale,
By lewde corruptions in a needfull vse,
Right cloakes all wrong, and couers all abuse.

VVhen

56

When now the King late taking to this hold,
And in this poore impris'ned libertie,
Liuing a death in hunger, want, and cold,
Euen in depth of woe and miſerie;
By hatefull treaſon ſecretly is ſold.
Before he could the trecherous drift eſpie;
For when oppreſſion's vp vnto the chin,
Who lends not hand to thruſt him boldly in?

57

In th'luckleſſe fortunes of this wretched King,
Whoſe perſon's ſeiſed by th'inuading part,
Vnto his friends ſad matters menacing,
With bloudleſſe terror ſtriking eu'ry heart,
All expectation now diſcouraging,
When no euaſion from the foe to ſtart;
And that the cloud which threatned greateſt feare,
Roſe whence their hopes moſt brighteſt did appeare.

58

Which breaking in now with a generall force,
On the two *Spenſers*, from whoſe onely hate
This warre firſt ſprung, diſtracted in their courſe,
Their lateſt power confined by their fate,
Of whom there's none takes pitie or remorſe;
Which to auoid, as cankers of the ſtate,
The eldeſt firſt to death at Briſtow led,
Where hang'd to death, his body quartered.

59

When as the heire to *Winchester* late dead,
The bloudy lot to Earle of *Gloster* fell,
Reding the Marshall, marshald with the dead,
VVhen soone succeeds the Earle of *Arundell*,
To pay the forfeit of a reuerent head,
Then *Muchelden*, and wofull *Daniel*,
VVho followed him in his lasciuious wayes,
Must goe before him to his fatall dayes.

60

Euen like some pillar, on whose goodly height,
A pondrous building onely doth depend,
VVhich when not able to sustaine the weight.
And that his strong backe hath begun to bend,
As quite depriued of his former might,
The massie load vnto the ground doth send,
Crushing the lesser props, and murd'ring all
That stand within the compasse of the fall.

61

That State whereon the strength of Princes leanes,
VVhose high ascent we trembling doe behold,
From whence by coynesse of their chaste disdaines,
Subiection is imperiously controld;
Their earthly weakenesse euermore explaines,
Exalting whom they please, not whom they should,
VVhen their owne fall(showes how they fondly er'd)
Procur'd by those vnworthily prefer'd.

Merit

62

Merit goes vnregarded and vngrac'd,
When by his fautors ignorance held in,
And Paraſites in wiſe mens roomes are plac'd,
Onely to ſooth the great ones in their ſin,
From ſuch whoſe gifts, and knowledge is debas'd,
There's many ſtrange enormities begin,
Forging great wits into moſt factious tooles,
When mightieſt men oft proue the mightieſt fooles

63

But why ſo vainely doe I time beſtow,
The foule abuſe of th'wretched world to chide,
Whoſe blinded iudgement eu'ry howre dow ſhow,
What folly weake mortalitie doth guide?
Wiſe was the man that laugh'd at all thy woe,
My ſubiect ſtill more ſorrow doth prouide,
And this late peace more matter ſtill doth breed,
To haſten that which quickly muſt ſucceed.

The end of the fourth Canto.

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

Th'imprisoned King his gouernment forsakes,
And to the Peeres his weaknesse so excused,
Who him ere long from Leisters *keeping takes,*
That with much woe his soueraigne Lord refused,
His torture of him a mockery makes,
And basely, and reprochfully abused,
By secret wayes to Berckley *being led,*
And cruelly in prison murthered.

I

THe wretched King vnnaturally betray'd,
By lewd corruption of his natiue Land,
From thence with speed to Kenelworth conuay'd,
By th'Earle of Leister with a mightie band,
Some few his fauourers quickly ouer-way'd,
And now a present Parlement in hand,
To ratifie the generall intent,
His resignation of the gouernment.

Falne

2

Falne through the frailtie of intemperate will,
That with his fortunes it ſo weakely far'd,
To vndergoe that vnexpected ill,
For his deſerued puniſhment prepar'd.
The meaſure of that wretchedneſſe to fill,
To him allotted as a iuſt reward,
Armes all with malice, either leſſe or more,
To ſtrike at him that ſtrooke at all before.

3

And being a thing the Commons daily craue,
To which the great are reſolutely bent,
Such forward helpes on eu'ry ſide to haue,
T'effect their ſtrong and forcible intent,
Which now that ſpeed vnto their action gaue,
That ratifi'd by generall conſent,
Still haſtned on to execute the thing,
Which for one ill, two worſe ſhould ſhortly bring.

4

Biſhops, Earles, Abbots, and the Barons all,
Each in due order as becomes the State,
Set by the Heraulds in that goodly Hall,
The Burgeſſes for places corporate,
(Whom this great buſineſſe at this time doth call)
For the Cinque-ports the Barons conuocate,
And other Knights, for the whole body ſent,
Both on the South, and on the North of Trent.

5

From his impris'ning chamber clad in blacke,
Before th'assembly sadly he is brought,
A dolefull hearse vpon a dead-mans backe,
VVhose heauy lookes might tell his heauier thought,
In which there doth no part of sorrow lacke,
Nor fained action needs to griefe be taught:
His funerall solemniz'd in his cheere,
His eyes the mourners, and his legges the Beere.

6

Torleton, as one select to his intent,
The best experienc'd in this great affaire,
A man graue, subtill, stout, and eloquent,
First with faire speech th'assembly doth prepare,
Then with a voice austere and eminent,
Doth his abuse effectually declare,
As winnes each sad eye with a reuerent feare,
VVith due attention drawing eu'ry eare.

7

The great exactions raised by the King,
VVith whose full plenty he his Mineons fed,
Himselfe and subiects so impou'rishing,
As that deere bloud he lauishly had shed,
VVhich desolation to the land should bring,
VVhich from his riots onely tooke their head;
The losse in warre sustained through his blame,
The during scandall to the English name.

Pro-

8

Proceeding forward to the future good,
That their diſſignements happily intend,
And with what vpright policie it ſtood,
(No after-hopes their fortunes to amend)
The reſignation to his proper blood,
That might the action lawfully defend,
The preſent neede that will'd it ſtrictly ſo,
Whoſe impoſition they might not forſlowe.

9

O pardon me, that ſtriuing to be ſhort,
To this intent a ſpeech deliuering,
And that at full I doe not here report
Matters that touch depoſing of the King,
My faithfull Muſe, O doe not thou exhort
The after-times to ſo abhorr'd a thing,
To ſhew the reaſons forcibly were laide,
Out of thy feelings what he might haue ſaid.

10

The ſtrong deliu'ry of whoſe vehement ſpeech,
Borne with a dauntleſſe and contracted brow,
That with ſuch ſterne ſeuerity did teach,
His reaſons more authentique to allow,
Which the more eaſily made the dang'rous breach,
By the remembrance of a generall vow;
To which they here muſt openly conteſt,
When *Edward* comes to conſummate the reſt.

11

His faire cheeke couer'd in pale ſheets of ſhame,
And as a dumbe ſhew in a ſwoune began,
Where paſſion doth ſuch ſundrie habites frame,
As eu'ry ſenſe a right Tragedian,
Truely to ſhew from whence his ſorrow came,
Beyond the compaſſe of a common man,
Where nature ſeemes a practiſer in Art,
Teaching Diſpaire to act a liuely part.

12

Ah Pittie, dooſt thou liue, or wert thou not,
(Mortalls by ſuch ſights haue to flint beene turned)
Or wo[illegible] men haue beene, hath their ſeed forgot,
Or was it neuer knowne that any mourned,
In what ſo ſtrangely are we ouerſhot?
Againſt our owne ſelues hath our frailty ſpurned,
Or teares henceforth abandon'd humane eyes,
And neuer more to pitie miſeries.

13

He takes the Crowne yet ſcornfully vnto him,
With ſlight regard, as ſcarcely thinking on it,
As he were ſenſeleſſe that it ſhould forgoe him,
And ſildome caſts a ſcornefull eye vpon it,
Would ſeeme to leaue it, and would haue it woe him,
Then ſnatching it as loath to haue forgone it,
Yet puts it from him, yet he will not ſo,
Would faine retaine what faine he would forgoe.

In

14

In this confuſed conflict of the minde,
Teares drowning ſighes, and ſighes confounding teares,
Yet when as neyther libertie could finde,
Oppreſſed with the multitude of feares,
Stands as a man affrighted from his kinde,
Griefe becoms ſenſeleſſe when too much it bears, (take,
Whilſt ſpeech and ſilence ſtriues which place ſhould
From his full boſome thus his ſorrowes brake,

15

If that my title rightfully be planted,
Vpon a true indubitate ſucceſſion,
Confirm'd by Nations as by Nature granted,
That freely hath deliuered me poſſeſſion,
Impute to heauen ſufficiencie t'haue wanted,
Which muſt denie it power, or you oppreſſion,
Which into queſtion by due courſe may bring,
The grieued wrongs of an annointed King.

16

[illegible]allowed vnction by a ſacred hand,
Which once was pour'd on this Emperious head,
Which wrought th' indument of a ſtrict command,
And round about me the rich verdure ſpred,
Eyther my right in greater ſtead muſt ſtand,
O why in vaine was it ſo idely ſhed,
Whoſe profanation and vnreuerent tuch,
Iuſt heauen hath often puniſht, alwayes much.

17

When from the bright beames of our ſoueraigne due,
Deſcends the ſtrength of our innated right,
And proſperouſly deriues it ſelfe to you,
As from our fulneſſe taking borrowed light,
Which to your ſafety alwayes firme and true,
Why thus repugne you by prepoſtrous might?
But what heauen lent me vertuouſly t' haue vſed,
Leaues to your power what weakeneſſe hath abuſed.

18

But here I doe reſigne it to your King,
Pawſing hereat as though his tongue offended,
With griping throwes ſeemes forth that word to bring,
Sighing a full point as he there had ended.
O how that ſound his grieued heart doth wring,
Which he recalling gladly would haue mended:
Things of ſmall moment we can ſcarcely hold,
But griefes that touch the heart are hardly told.

19

But being paſt, he proſecutes in teares,
Calming that tempeſt with a ſhower of raine,
As he had ſtroue to keepe it from his eares,
Quoth he, the Liegeman to your ſoueraigne?
O in his lips how vile that word appeares,
Whereat aſham'd doth ſadly pawſe againe,
Then ſaith, ye ſay ſo vnto him you beare it,
If 't be yong *Edward* that you meane ſhall weare it.

Let

20

Let him account his bondage from that day,
That he is with the Diadem inuested,
A glittering Crowne hath made his haire so gay,
Within whose circle he is but arrested,
To true content this 's not the certaine way,
With sweeter cates a meane estate is feasted,
And when with proude feet scorn to touch the mold,
His head a pris'ner in a gayle of gold.

21

His subiects numbred, numbring of his care,
And when his shout 's the people doe beginne,
Let him suppose th' applause but prayers are
T'escape the danger that they see him in,
Wherein t'aduenture he so boldly dare;
The multitude hath multitudes of sinne,
And he that 's first to crie, God saue the King,
Is the first man doth newes of sorrow bring.

22

Appeasing tumults hate cannot appease,
Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries,
Himselfe displeasing, others if he'le please,
Obey'd as much as he shall tyrannize,
The least in safety being most at ease,
Feare forcing friends inforcing enemies:
And when he sitteth in his great'st estate,
His foot-stoole danger, and his chaire is hate.

Raig

23

Raigne he alone, whilst he no King, was one
Disarm'd of power, and here deiected is,
By whose deposing he enioyes a throne,
Nor should I suffer that, nor he doe this,
I must confesse th'inheritance his owne,
But whilst I liue it should be none of his,
The sonne climes vp to thrust the father downe,
And thus the crowned left without a Crowne.

24

Hauing perform'd this hard constrained part,
His speech, his raigne, the day all ioyntly ended,
Strangely transform'd, not being what thou art,
Car'd for of none, vnlookt on, vnattended,
Sadly departing with a heauie heart,
To his strong lodging straightly recommended,
Left to bemoane his miserable plight,
To the rude walls and solitarie night.

25

Whilst things are thus disastrously decreed,
Seditious libels euery day are spred,
By such as like not of their violent deede,
That he by force should be deliuered,
Whether his wrong remorce in some did breede,
That him at last vntimely pitied,
Or else deuis'd in policie by some,
To cloake that mischiefe afterward to come.

And

26

And hate that each where hearkning ſtill doth lurke,
And yet ſuſpicious *Edward* is not ſure,
Thinking what bloud with *Leiceſter* might worke,
Or elſe, what friends his name might him procure,
Which yet their thoughts continually doth yrke
The time he ſhould at *Kenelworth* endure:
Forethinke ſome place t' which ſecretly conuaide,
Vnknowne his being, he might lie from ayde.

27

And though the great to couer their intent,
Seeme not to know thoſe people that are ill,
Yet want they not their wicked inſtrument,
Which they keepe readie to performe their will,
Such men they haue (to their damnation bent)
In villanie notorious for their skill;
Diſhoneſt, deſperate mercileſſe and rude,
And that themſelues as boldly dare intrude.

28

Matreuers and baſe *Gurney* are the men,
In this lewd act that muſt confedered be,
Whoſe hatefull names pollute our maiden pen,
But I entreate you be not grieu'd with me,
To whom thoſe names doe worthily pertaine,
Some boughes grow crooked from the ſtraighteſt tree,
Nor ſhall you be partakers of their ſhame,
The fault lies in their deede, not in your name.

29

These secretly to Killingworth dispatcht,
Fitted of all things that their hearts desire,
At such a time as few their purpose watcht,
After whose businesse none is to enquire,
Which by their warrant subtilly was matcht,
Onely to them knowne whither to retire:
Taking the King his guardian to acquit,
And to bestow him where they thought most fit.

30

With a crew of ribalds, villainous and nought,
As their coagents in this hatefull thing,
To th' Earle of Leister their commission brought,
Commanding the deliu'ry of the King,
Which (with much griefe) they lastly from him wrought.
About the Castell closely houering,
Watching a time till silence and the night,
Might with conuenience priuiledge their flight.

31

With shamefull scoffes, and barbarous disgrace,
Him on a leane ill-fauour'd jade they set,
In a vile garment, beggarly and base,
(Which, it should seeme, they purposely did get)
And in a wretched miserable case,
Benum'd and beaten with the colde, and wet,
Depriu'd of all repose and naturall rest,
With thirst and hunger grieuously oppresst.

Yet

32

Yet ſtill ſuſpitious that he ſhould be knowne,
They ſhaue away his ornament of haire,
The laſt thing his that he could call his owne,
Neuer left Fortune any wight ſo bare;
Such tyranny on King was neuer ſhowne,
Thus void of comfort, were he void of care:
No, no, our ioyes are ſhadowes, and deceiue vs,
But till our death, our ſorrowes neuer leaue vs.

33

To which intent, when fartheſt from reſort,
Forcing him light from his poore wearie beaſt,
Vpon a mole-hill (O moſt ſad report)
VVith puddle-water him they lewdly dreſt,
VVhilſt at his woes and miſeries they ſport,
An iron skull the Baſon, like the reſt,
VVhoſe lothing eyes in this more lothed glaſſe,
VVell may diſcerne how much deform'd he was.

34

Th'abundant drops that from his eyes doe fall,
Forceth a Poole ſtill riſing by this raine,
VVhich wraſtleth with the water, and withall,
A troubled circle makes it to retaine,
His endleſſe griefes vnto his minde might call,
Billow'd with ſighes like to a little Maine,
VVater with teares contending whether ſhould
Make water warme, or make the warme teares cold.

35

Vile traytors hold off your vnhallowed hands,
His brow the ſtate of Maieſtie ſtill beares,
Dare you thus keepe your Soueraigne Lord in bands,
How can your eyes behold th'annointeds teares?
Or if your ſight thus all remorſe withſtands,
Are not your hearts euen pierced through your eares?
The minde is free, what ere afflict the man,
He's yet a King, doe Fortune what ſhe can.

36

Who's he ſhould take what God himſelfe had giuen,
Or ſpill that life his holy ſpirit infuſed,
All powers be ſubiect to the power of heauen,
Wrongs paſſe not vnreueng'd how ere excuſed,
If of all ſenſe griefe hath thee not bereauen,
Riſe Maieſtie when thou art thus abuſed,
O whither ſhall authoritie betake,
When in this ſort it doth it ſelfe forſake.

37

And in deſpight and mockery of a Crowne,
A wreathe of graſſe they for his temples make,
Which when he felt, as comming from a ſwoune,
And that his powers a little gan awake,
Fortune (quoth he) thou doſt not alwayes frowne,
I ſee thou giu'ſt as well as thou doſt take,
That wanting naturall couert for my braine,
For that defect, thou lend'ſt me this againe,

To

38

To whom, O heauen, ſhould I my griefes complaine,
Since thou art iuſt and prouident in all?
How ſhould this bodie naturall ſtrength retaine,
To ſuffer things ſo much innaturall?
My cogitations labour but in vaine,
Except thou be pertaker in my fall;
And when at once ſo many miſchiefes meete,
By change of ſorrow mak'ſt my torment ſweete.

39

Wherefore my fate I ſhould but fondly grutch,
T'is vaine contention when with heauen we ſtriue,
Which preordaines my miſeries for ſuch,
That by one woe another ſhould ſuruiue,
To ſhew how it mortalitie can tuch,
My wretchedneſſe ſo ſtrangely to contriue,
That all my comfort in miſhaps ſhould reſt,
And elſe in nothing but misfortune bleſt.

40

To Berckley thus they led this wretched King,
The place of horror that was long fore-thought,
What power ſhould ſuffer ſo defil'd a thing,
Or can behold this murther to be wrought,
That might the Nation into queſtion bring,
But that your wayes with iudgement ſtill are fraught;
Thus art thou hap'd into thy earthly hell,
Now take thy leaue, and bid the world farewell.

Berckley,

41

Berckley, whose faire seate hath beene famous long,
Let thy faire buildings shreeke a deadly sound,
And to the ayre complaine thy grieuous wrong,
Keeping the figure of King *Edwards* wound,
That as thou waxest old, their shame still yong,
Their wretched foot-steps printed on the gronnd,
That when report shall lend their vile act breath,
All tongues may adde damnation to their death.

42

The ominous Rauen with a dismall cheere,
Through his hoarse beake, of following horror telles,
Begetting strange imaginarie feare,
VVith heauie Ecchoes like to passing-belles;
The howling dogge a dolefull part doth beare,
As though they chim'd his latest buring knelles,
Vnder his eaue the buzzing shreech-owle sings,
Beating his windowes with her fatall wings.

43

And still affrighted in his fearefull dreames,
VVith raging fiends and goblins that he meetes,
Of falling downe from steepe rockes into streames,
Of tombes, of burials, and of winding-sheetes,
Of wandring helpelesse in farre forren Realmes,
Of strong temptations by seducing spirits,
VVherewith awak'd, and calling out for aide,
His hollow voice doth make himselfe afraide.

Next

44

Next comes the viſion of his bloudy raine,
Masking along with *Lancaſters* ſterne ghoſt,
Of Barons twentie eight, or hang'd, or ſlaine,
Attended with the ruefull mangled hoſt,
That vnreueng'd yet all this while remaine,
At *Borough* battell, and at *Burton* loſt,
Threatning with frownes, and trembling eu'ry lim,
As though in peeces they would torture him.

45

And if it chance that from the troubled skies,
The leaſt ſmall ſtarre through any chinke giues light,
Straight-wayes on heapes the thronging cloudes ariſe,
As though the heauen were angry with the night,
That it ſhould lend that comfort to his eyes.
Deformed ſhadowes glimpſing in his ſight,
As darkneſſe, for it would more darkened be,
Through thoſe poore crannies forc'd it ſelfe to ſee.

46

VVhen all th'affliction that they could impoſe,
Euen to the full, and vtmoſt of their hate,
Aboue his torment yet his ſtrength aroſe,
As Nature made a couenant with Fate,
When now his watchfull and two warie foes,
That ceaſe not ſtill his woes to aggrauate,
All further helpes ſuſpected to preuent,
To take his life to *Berckley* cloſely ſent.

And ſubtilly a letter faſhioning,
Which in the words a double ſenſe doth beare,
Which ſeemes to bid them, not to touch the King,
Shewing withall how vile a thing it were,
But by falſe pointing is another thing,
And to diſpatch him, bids them not to feare,
Which taught to find, theſe murtherers need no more,
For which they ſtood too ready long before.

48

When *Edward* haps a Chronicle to finde,
Of former Kings, their raignes, their deathes, and deede,
Which ſome there lodg'd forgotten had behinde,
On which to paſſe the houres he falls to reede,
Thinking thereby to recreate his minde,
But in his breaſt this greater woe doth breede,
For when deepe ſorrow on the fancie ſeaſeth,
What ere we ſee, our miſerie encreaſeth,

49

Firſt of great *William*, Conqueror of this Ile,
(From whom he's tenth that in ſucceſſion lies)
Whoſe power enforc'd the Saxon to exile,
Planting new lawes, and forren ſubtilties,
Force and ſubiection ſo to reconcile
The puniſhment of *Harolds* tyrannies,
Which he applies with arguments as ſtrong,
To the due courſe of his iuſt puniſht wrong.

50

Rufus his ſonne, Duke *Robert* farre abroad,
Receiues the rule in weake inſeebled ſtate,
His fathers ſteps that euidently troad,
Depreſſing thoſe who had beene conquer'd late
Wiſhing releaſe of this their grieuous load,
Vnder the guidance of their former Fate,
The place for men that did to beaſts intend,
A beſtiall life had laſt a beaſtly end.

51

Henry the yong'ſt, his brother *William* dead,
Taketh the Crowne from his vſurpfull hand,
Due to the eldeſt good Duke *Roberts* head,
Bearing our Red-Croſſe in the Holy Land,
Whoſe force farre off ſo much diminiſhed,
That his returne diſabled to withſtand,
When thoſe for whom th'vnnaturall warre was done,
The Sea deuoures, he left without a ſonne.

52

To *Mawd* the Empreſſe he the Scepter leaues,
His onely daughter, which by falſe pretext
Stephen Earle of Bolloine forcibly bereaues,
Henries falſe Nephew in ſucceſſion next,
By which the Land a ſtranger warre receiues,
Wherewith it grew ſo miſerably vext:
Till *Stephen* failing, and his iſſue reft,
To the heires of *Mawd* the Regall Scepter left.

53

The ſecond *Henry*, *Mawd* the Empreſſe ſonne,
Of the Engliſh line *Plantagenet* the firſt,
By *Stevens* death a glorious raigne begunne,
Whoſe youth prolong'd to make his age accurſt,
By his ſonne *Henries* coronation,
VVhich to his dayes much woe and ſorrow nurſt,
VVhen thoſe for whom he conquer'd, to make great,
Abroad his townes, at home vſurp'd his ſeat.

54

Richard his ſonne him worthily ſucceeds,
VVho not content with what was ſafely ours,
(A man lift vp to great and glorious deeds)
Into the Eaſt tranſports our valiant powres,
VVhere with his ſword whilſt many a Pagan bleeds,
Relentleſſe Fate haſts on vntimely howers,
And make a period to this hopefull ſtorie,
Euen in the ſpring and bloſſome of his glorie.

55

Next followeth him his faithleſſe brother *Iohn*,
Murth'ring yong *Arthur* by oppreſſefull might,
Climing by force to his vſurped throne,
Iuſtly with poyſon was repay'd his ſpight,
His life to all men was ſo hatfull growne,
VVho grieues his wrongs that ne're did any right?
That on the Clergie tyrannouſly fed,
VVas by the Clergie iuſtly puniſhed.

56

Henry his ſonne now crowned very yong,
VVho for the hate they to the father bare,
His ſtate of raigning ſtood in queſtion long,
Or to be left vnto a ſtrangers care;
VVith whom the Barons, inſolent and ſtrong,
For the olde Charter in commotion are,
VVhich (his long raigne ſo carefully attends)
Granting, his dayes in peace ſecurely ends.

57

From him proceedes a Prince, iuſt, wiſe and ſage,
(In all things happie but in him his ſonne)
For whom euen nature did her ſelfe engage,
More then in man, in this Prince to haue done,
VVhoſe happie raigne recur'd the former rage,
By the large bounds he to to his Empire wonne,
As the firſt *Edward* had the ſecond beene,
O what a flow of glorie had we ſeene.

58

Turning the leafe as finding vnawares,
VVhat day yong *Edward* Prince of VVales was borne,
VVhich letters ſeeme like Magicke Characters,
Or to deſpite him they were made in ſcorne,
Marking the paper like diſ-figuring ſcars,
O let that name (quoth he) from bookes be torne,
Leſt in that place the ſad diſpleaſed earth,
Doe loath it ſelfe as ſlaundered with my birth.

53

From thence hereafter humane birth exil'd,
By th' earth deuour'd, or ſwallowed by the Sea,
And fame enquiring for that luckleſſe childe,
Say t'was abortiue, or elſe ſtolne away;
And leſt, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
In thy vnnumbred courſe deuoure that day;
Let all be done that power can bring to paſſe,
Onely forget that ſuch there euer was.

54

The troubled teares now ſtanding in his eyes,
Through which as glaſſes he is inforc'd to looke,
Make letters ſeeme as rondlets that ariſe,
By a ſtone caſt into a ſtanding Brooke,
Appearing to him in ſuch various wiſe,
And at one time ſuch ſundry faſhions tooke,
Which like deluding monſters do affright,
And with their foule ſhapes terrifie his ſight.

55

When on his faint bed falling downe at laſt,
His troubled ſpirit foretelling danger nie,
When (forth) the doores a fearfull howling caſt,
To let thoſe in by whom a King ſhould die;
Whereat he ſtarts, amazed and agaſt,
Theſe ruthleſſe villaines all vpon him flie,
Sweet Prince, alas, in vaine thou call'ſt for ayde,
VVhen thus vnto theſe homicides he ſaid.

62

O be not authors of ſo vile an act,
My bloud on your poſterity to bring,
Which after-times with horror ſhall diſtract,
When fame euen hoarſe with age your ſhame ſhall ring,
And by recounting of ſo vile a fact,
Mortality ſo much aſtoniſhing,
That they ſhall count their wickedneſſe ſcarce ſin,
To that which long before their time hath bin.

63

And if your hate be deadly, let me liue,
For that aduantage angry heauen hath left,
That except life, takes all that it could giue,
But for iuſt vengeance ſhould not quite be reſt.
Me yet with greater miſerie to grieue,
Reſerues a while this remnant of her theft, (me,
That, that which ſpent from th' reſt ſhould interdict
Alone remaining, doth with all afflict me.

64

Thus ſpake this wofull and diſtreſſed Lord,
As yet his breath found paſſage too and fro,
With many a ſhort pant, many a broken word,
Many a ſore grone, many a grieuous throw,
Whilſt yet his ſpirit could any ſtrength affoord,
Though with much paine disburd'ning of his woe,
Till quite oppreſſed by their maiſt'ring ſtrength,
His Kingly heart ſubiects it ſelfe at length.

65

When twixt two beds they close his wearied corse,
Basely vncou'ring of his secret part,
Without all humane pittie and remorce,
With burning yron thrust him to the heart;
O that my Muse had but sufficient force,
T' explaine the torment in the which thou art,
Which whilst with words we coldly doe expresse,
Thy paine made greater that we make it lesse.

66

When those in dead and depth of all the night,
Good simple people that are dwelling neare,
From quiet sleepe whom care did now affright,
That his last shrieke and wofull crie doe heare,
Euen pittying that miserable wight,
As twixt compassion, and obedient feare,
Lift their sad eyes with heauie sleepe oppresst,
Praying to heauen to giue the soule good rest.

67

Still let the buildings sigh his bitter grones,
And euermore his sad complaints repeate,
And let the dull walls and the senseless stones,
By the impression of his torment, sweat,
As wanting sounds wherewith to shew his mones,
VVith all sharpe paine and agonie repeate,
That all may thither come that shall be tolde it,
As in a mirror clearely to beholde it.

And

68

And let the *Genius* of this wofull place,
Being the guide to his affrightfull ghoſt,
VVith haire diſheued, and a gaſtly face,
Still haunt the priſon where his life was loſt;
And as the denne of horror and diſgrace,
Let it be fearfull vnto all the coaſt,
And thoſe hereafter that doe trauaile neere,
Neuer behold it but with heauy cheere.

The end of the fifth Canto.

FINIS.

THE

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THE ARGVMENT.

Lord Mortimer *made Earle of March; when he*
And the faire Queene rule all things by their might,
The pompe wherein at Nottingham they be,
The coſt wherewith their amorous Court is dight,
Enuide by thoſe their hatefull pride that ſee,
The King attempts the dreadfull Caue by night,
Entring the Caſtell, taking him from thence,
And March *at London dies for the offence.*

1

INforc'd of other accidents to ſing,
(Bearing faire ſhowes of promiſed delight
Somewhat to ſlacke this melancholy ſtring.)
With that new occaſions that our Muſe excite,
To our conceit ſtrange obiects faſhioning,
Both our free numbers liberally inuite,
Matter of moment, much to be reſpected,
Muſt by our pen be ſeriouſly directed.

When

2

When they, the time that cunningly redeeme
Their fraudfull courſes fitly to contriue,
How ill ſo'ere to make them faire to ſeeme,
For which they all muſt diligently ſtriue,
Caſting alwayes to gaine them high eſteeme,
That to the world they proſp'rouſly might thriue
Thus farre gone on, employing all their might,
Vpon their wrong, to ſet ſubſtantiall right.

3

The pompous Synode of theſe earthly Gods;
At Salisbury ſelected by their King,
To ſet all euen that had beene at ods,
And into faſhion their deſignes to bring,
And ſtrongly now to ſettle their abodes,
That peace might after from their actions ſpring;
Firmely t'eſtabliſh what was well begunne,
Vnder which colour mighty things were done.

4

When *Mortimer* purſuing his deſire,
Whilſt eu'ry enſigne had his temperate heate,
To b'Earle of March doth ſuddainly aſpire,
T'encreaſe the honour of his auncient ſeate,
That his command might be the more intire;
Who now but onely *Mortimer* is great?
Who knew a Kingdome as her lot was throwne,
Which hauing all, would neuer ſtarue her owne.

Now

5

Now ſtand they firme as thoſe celeſtiall Poles,
Twixt which the ſtarres in all their courſe do moue,
VVhoſe ſtrength this frame of gouernment vpholds,
An argument their wiſedomes to approue,
VVhich way ſoe're the time in motion roles,
So perfect is the vnion of their loue;
For might is ſtill moſt abſolute alone,
VVhere power and fortune kindly meete in one.

6

VVhilſt *Edwards* non-age giues a further ſpeed,
To th' ancient foe-man to renew the warre,
VVhich to preuent they muſt haue ſpeciall heed,
Matters ſo ſtrangely manag'd as they are,
VVhich otherwiſe, if their neglect ſhould breed,
Nothing yet made it might not eaſily marre,
VVhich with the moſt, reſeruing their eſtate,
They muſt needs purchaſe at the deareſt rate.

7

So much t' releaſe the homage as ſuffic'd,
Mongſt which that deed nam'd *Ragman*, of renowne,
By which the Kings of Scotland had deuis'd,
Their fealtie vnto the Engliſh Crowne,
VVith other Reliques that were highly priz'd,
As that which forc'd the greateſt part to frown; (deeme)
Th' blacke Croſſe of Scotland (men did ominous
Being a Relique of ſo hie eſteeme.

To

8

To colour which, and to confirme the peace,
They make a marriage twixt the Scot and vs,
To giue more ſtrength vnto this ſtrange releaſe,
VVhich vnto all men ſeem'd ſo dangerous
VVhilſt *Roberts* raigne, and after his deceaſe,
The league might euer be continued thus,
Dauid the Prince the Lady *Iane* ſhould take,
Which twixt the Realmes a laſting bond ſhould make.

9

VVhen th'Earle of Kent that being one of thoſe,
VVhich in their actions had a powerfull hand,
Perceiuing them of matters to diſpoſe,
To the ſubiection of ſo great a land,
Finding the inconuenience that growes
Vnder the guidance of their proud command,
To ſhake their power whilſt he doth ſtrangely caſt,
His fatall end too violently doth haſt.

10

VVhich giuing out his brother yet to liue,
(Long now ſuppoſed the deceaſed King)
Vnto his Nephew might that ſcandall giue,
As into queſtion might his title bring:
Ill this report began, and worſe it thriue,
Being ſo foule and dangerous a thing,
VVhich being the motiue of inteſtine ſtrife,
The time not long ere it bereft his life.

11

Whilſt *Edward* takes what late their power did giue,
Whoſe non-age craues their bountifull protection,
Which know to rule whilſt he muſt learne to liue,
From their experience taking his direction,
Which more and more their doubtfull hopes reuiue,
When borne to raigne, yet crown'd by their election,
The right to him that chiefely doth belong,
Now makes their faction abſolutely ſtrong.

12

Prouiding for the ſafeguard of the King,
Men of moſt power, and nobleſt of the Peere,
That no diſtaſte vnto ths Realme might bring,
For ripened iudgement, or well ſeaſoned yeares,
With comelineſſe all matters managing,
Yet whilſt they row, tis *Mortimer* that ſteeres,
Well might we think the man were worſe than blind,
That wanted Sea-roometh, and could rule the wind.

13

To ſmooth the path wherein this courſe was gone,
Which as a Teſt might to their actions ſtand,
And giue them free poſſeſſion of their owne,
In being receiued from a ſoueraigne hand,
Into their boſomes abſolutele throwne,
Both for the good, and ſafetie of the Land:
VVhen their proceedings colour'd with this care,
To the worlds eye ſo faire on out-ſide bare.

All

All complement that appertain'd to ſtate,
By giuing greatneſſe eu'ry honoured rite,
To feed thoſe eies that did their houres awaite;
And by all meanes to nouriſh their delight,
That entertaining loue, they welcome hate,
And with free bounty equally inuite,
A Princes wealth in ſpending ſtill doth ſpred,
Like to a Brooke with many fountaines fed.

15

To *Nottingham* the Norths Emperious eye,
VVhich as a *Pharus* guards the goodly ſoile,
And arm'd by Nature danger to defie,
March to repoſe him ſafely after toile,
VVhere treaſon leaſt aduantage might eſpie,
Cloſely conuayes this great in-valued ſpoile;
That by reſiding from the publique ſight,
He might more freely reliſh his delight.

16

Nine ſcore in checke attending in their Court,
VVhom honored Knighthood knits in mutuall bands,
Men moſt ſelect, of ſpeciall worth and ſort,
Much might they doe that haue ſo many hands,
VVho payes not tribute to this Lordly port?
This high rear'd Caſtell eu'ry way commands;
Thus like thoſe Giants gainſt great heauen they riſe,
VVhich darted Rockes at the Emperiall skies.

As though in him Fame meant her power to ſhow,
And twixt her wings to beare him through the ſkies,
That he might eaſly ſee the things below,
Hauing aboue them mounted him ſo hie,
Vnto whoſe will they meekely ſeeme to bow,
Vnder whoſe greatneſſe meaner powers doe lie:
All things concurre with faire ſucceſſefull chance,
To raiſe that man whom Fortune will aduance.

18

Heere all along the flower enameld vales,
The ſiluer Trent on pearely ſands doth ſlide,
And to the medowes telling wanton tales,
Her Criſtall limbes laſciuiouſly in pride,
(As rauiſhed with the enamored gales,)
VVith often turnings caſts from ſide to ſide,
As loath ſhe were the ſweet ſoyle to forſake,
And caſt herſelfe into the German lake.

19

Neare whom faire *Sherwood* wildly bent to roue,
Twines her looſe armes about the flattering Towers
By the milde ſhadowes of her ſcattered groue,
Lends Winter ſhelter, and giues Sommer bowers,
As with the floud in curteſie it ſtroue,
And by repulſing the ſharpe Northerne ſhowers:
Courts the proud Caſtell, who by turning to her,
Smiles to behold th'laſciuious wood-nimph woe her.

Who

20

Who being retir'd ſo ſtrictly to that place,
Thither likewiſe the Prince in perſon drawes,
VVho ſeem'd his liking onely to embrace,
And vpon eu'ry little offer'd cauſe,
Readie to doe him ceremonious grace;
VVhom *Mareh* obſerueth by the ſelfe-ſame lawes,
VVhilſt in the Towne King *Edward* hath his ſeate,
VVith th'others Court the Caſtell is repleate.

21

VVhere when they pleas'd, in counſell to debate,
Or he the King at any pleaſure met,
So ſoueraigne and magnificent in ſtate,
As might all eyes vpon his greatneſſe ſet,
Prizing his honor at this coſtly rate,
As to the ſame due reuerence might beget,
Which in the moſt men admiration wrought,
Strangely amuſing many a wandring thought.

22

Could blinde Ambition finde the meaneſt ſtay
His diſproportion'd and vaine courſe to guide,
T'aſſure ſome ſafetie in that ſlippery way,
VVhere the moſt worldly prouidenr do ſlide,
Feeling the ſteepe fall threatning ſure decay,
Beſotted in the wantonneſſe of pride,
The minde aſſuming abſoluter powres,
Might checke this fraile mortalitie of ours.

23

But still in pleasure sitting with excesse,
His sauorie iunkets tasted with delight,
Ne're can that glutton appetite suppresse,
Where eu'ry dish inuites the liquorish sight,
Nor hauing much, is his desire the lesse,
Till tempted past the compasse of his might,
The pampered stomacke more then well suffiz'd,
Casts vp the surfet lately gurmundiz'd.

24

As when some Brooke from th'ouer-moystned ground,
By swelling waters proudly ouer-flow'd,
Stoppeth his current, shouldreth downe his mownd,
And from his course doth quite himselfe vnloade,
The bord'ring meddowes eu'ry where surrownd,
Disperfing his owne riches all abroade,
Spending the store he was maintained by,
Leaues his first channell desolate and dry.

25

When now those few that many teares had spent,
And long had wept on murthered *Edwards* graue,
Mutt'ring in corners, grieu'd and discontent,
And finding some a willing eare that gaue,
Still as they durst, bewraying what they ment,
Tending his pride and greatnesse to depraue,
Vrging withall, what some might iustly doe,
If things thus borne, were rightly lookt into.

Some

26

Some giue it out, that *March* by bloud to riſe,
Had cut off *Kent*, the man might next ſucceed,
And his late treaſons falſely did ſurmiſe,
As a meere colour to this lawleſſe deede,
That his ambition only did deuiſe,
In time the royall family to weede,
When in account there was but onely one,
That kept him off from ſtepping to the throne.

27

And thoſe much buſied in the former times,
Then credulous that honor was his end,
And by the hate they bare to others crimes,
Did not his faults ſo carefully attend,
Perceiuing how he diſſolurely climes,
(Hauing thus brought his purpoſe to an end)
With a ſeuere eye now more ſtrictly looke,
Into the courſe that his ambition tooke.

28

All fence the Tree that ſerueth for a ſhade,
Whoſe large growne body doth repulſe the winde,
Vntill his waſtefull branches doe inuade,
The ſtraighter plants, and them in priſon binde,
Then as a Tyrant to the weaker made;
Becom'n a foule deuourer of his kinde,
Vnto his roote all put their hands to hew,
Whoſe roomth but hinders others that would grow.

29

Thus at his ease whilst he securely sate,
And to his will these things assured were,
With a well-gouern'd and contented Fate,
Neuer so much freed from suspitious feare,
Well fortifi'd, and in so good estate,
As not admits of danger to be neare,
But still we see before a sudden shower,
The Sunne shines hott'st, and hath the greatest power.

30

Within the Castle hath the Queene deuis'd
A chamber with choice rarities so frought,
As in the same she had imparadiz'd
Almost what man by industry hath sought,
Where, with the curious pensill was compriz'd,
What could with colours by the Art be wrought,
In the most sure place of the Castle there,
Which she had nam'd the Tower of *Mortimer*.

31

In which a roome with pillers forth she chose,
That to the roofe their slender points did reare,
Arching the height whereas they all did close,
Somewhat conuex and towards a hemispheare,
Where her conceit she aptly doth dispose,
Limming the Northerne Asterismes there,
In their corporeall shapes with starres in chased,
As by th'old Poets they in heauen were placed.

32

About which lodgings, towards the vpper face,
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
As equall twixt the high'ſt point and the baſe,
That as a Zone the waiſte ingirdled,
That lends the ſight a breathing or a ſpace,
Twixt things neere view, and thoſe farre ouer head;
Vnder the which, the Painters curious skill,
In liuely formes the goodly roome did fill.

33

Here *Phœbus* clipping *Hyacinthus* ſtood,
VVhoſe liue-laſt drops his ſnowie breaſt imbrew,
The ones teares mixed with the others blood,
That which the more was, one could hardly view,
And though together loſt as in a flood,
Yet here and there they ſeu'rally with-drew,
The pretie wood-nimphs chafing him with balme,
To bring the ſweet boy from his deadly qualme.

34

VVith the Gods Lire, his quiuer, and his bow,
His golden mantle caſt vpon the ground,
T' expreſſe whoſe griefe, Art euen her beſt did ſhow,
The ſledge ſo ſhadowed ſtill ſeem'd to rebound,
As though it newly did but giue the blow,
Adding thereby freſh anguiſh to the wound,
The purple flowre ſprung as the bloud did runne,
That op'neth ſince, and cloſeth with the Sunne.

35

By which the heyfer *Io*, *Ioues* faire rape,
Gazing her new tane figure in a Brooke,
The water shadow'd to obserue the shape,
In the same forme that she on it doth looke:
So cunningly to cloud the wanton scape,
That gazing eyes, the portraiture mistooke,
By prospectiue deuis'd that did allow,
This way a mayden, that way 't seem'd a Cow.

36

Swift *Mercurie* like to a Shepheards boy,
Sporting with *Hebe* by a fountaine brim,
With many a sweet glance, many an amorous toy,
He sprinkling drops at her, and she at him,
Wherein the Painter so explain'd their joy,
As though his skill the very life could lim;
Vpon whose browes the water hung so cleare,
That through the drops the faire skins might appeare.

37

And Ciffy *Cinthus* with a thousand birds,
Whose freckled plumes adorne his bushie Crowne,
Vnder whose shadow graze the stragling heards,
Out of whose top the fresh springs trembled downe,
The stones like olde men with rude hoarie beards,
With mosse and climing Iuy ouer growne,
The rocke so liuely done in eu'ry part,
As nature could be patterned by art.

38

The naked Nimph ſome vp and downe deſcending,
Small ſcattering flowers at one another flung,
With nimble turnes their limber bodies bending,
Cropping the blooming branches lately ſprung,
(Vpon the bryers their coloured mantles rending)
Which on the rockes grew here and there among,
Some combe their haire, ſome making garlands by,
With all delight to ſatisfie the eye.

39

There coms proud *Phaeton* tumbling throgh the clouds,
Caſt by his Palfrayes that their raines had broke,
And ſetting fire vpon the welked ſhrowds,
Through the wide heauen run madding from the yoke,
The elements together thruſt in crowds,
Both Land and Sea hid in a reeking ſmoke,
Drawne with ſuch life, as ſome did much deſire,
To warme themſelues, ſome frighted with the fire.

40

The riuer *Po*, that him receiuing burn'd,
His ſeuen faire ſiſters ſtanding in degrees,
Trees vnto women ſeeming to be turn'd,
As the gods turn'd the women into trees,
That you could not tell whither (as they mourn'd)
Drops from their boughes, or teares fell from their eyes,
Making the water to reflect a flame,
So well his hand deliuered had the ſame.

41

And to this lodging did the light inuent,
To haue it artificially reflect,
Through a short roome into the window sent,
Whence it should come immediatly direct,
Holding iust distance to the lineament,
And should the beames proportionably proiect;
And being thereby condensated and graue,
To cu'ry figure a sure colour gaue.

42

In part of which, vnder a golden Vine,
Which held like to a Canapy through all,
Stood a rich bed, spread with this wanton twine,
Doubling themselues in their lasciuious fall,
With rip'ned clusters seeming to decline,
Whereas among the naked *Cupids* sprawle,
Some at the sundry coloured birds do shute,
Some swaruing vp to plucke the purple fruite.

43

On which a Tissue counterpoint was cast,
Arachnes web the same did not surpasse,
Wherein the storie of his fortunes past,
In liuely pictures neatly handled was;
How he escap'd the Tower, in France how grac'd,
VVith stones embrod'red of a wondrous masse;
About the border in a curious fret,
Emblemes, Empresas, Hieroglifiques set.

This

44

This flattering calme, congeales that thickned ſhower,
VVhich the full clouds of pois'nous enuie fed,
VVhoſe deſolution waits th' vnhappie hower,
To let the furie on his hatefull head,
VVhich now was of that violence and power,
As his delight yet not imagined,
For when we thinke in ſafety moſt to ſtand,
Then greateſt danger euer is at hand.

45

Yet finding the neceſſitie is ſuch,
To execute what he doth undertake,
And that his Crowne it did ſo neerely tuch,
If they too ſoone his ſleeping power awake;
Th' attempt ſo great, the danger was as much,
Muſt ſecretly prouide ſome courſe to take,
By which he might th' enterpriſe effect,
And moſt offend, where he might leaſt ſuſpect.

56

A deepe blacke caue low in the earth is found,
(VVhoſe duskie entrance like pale *Morpheus* Cell,
VVith ſtrange Meanders windeth vnder ground)
VVhere ſootie darkneſſe euermore doth dwell;
That with ſuch dread and horror doth abound,
As might be deem'd an entrance into hell;
VVhich Architects to ſerue the Caſtell made,
VVhen as the *Dane* this Iland did inuade.

47

Now on along this crankling path doth keepe,
Then by a rocke turnes vp another way,
Now rising vp, now falling towards the deepe,
As the ground leuell, or vnleuell lay;
And now direct, now angular doth creepe,
Nor in the course keepes any certaine stay,
Till in the Castell in a secret place,
He casts the foule maske from his cloudy face.

48

By which the King with a selected crew,
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
And well affected to this action knew,
That in reuenge of *Edward* neuer fainted,
And to their vtmost would the cause pursue,
Such, whose cleare bloud no time had euer tainted;
Aduentures now this labyrinth t'assay,
To rowze the beast which kept them all at bay.

49

What time the Sunne with his day-labouring teame,
s driuing downe into the West apace,
' refresh his cauples in the Ocean streame,
And coole the feruor glowing in his face,
Which now appeares by his high-coloured beame,
o rest him from our Hemisphere a space,
Leauing foule darkenesse to possesse the skies,
The fittest times for bloudie tragedies.

With

50

With Torches now attempting the ſad caue,
Which at their entrance ſeemeth in a fright,
At the reflection that their brightneſſe gaue,
As till that time it neuer ſaw the light;
Where light and darkeneſſe with the power they haue,
Strongly for the preheminence doe fight,
And each confounding other, both appeare,
As to their owne ſelues they contrarie were.

51

The craggie cleeues which croſſe them as they go,
Make as their paſſage they would haue denide,
And threatning them their iourney to forſlow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
As they their griefe and diſcontent would ſhow,
Curſing the hand that did them firſt diuide;
The combrous falls and riſings ſeeme to ſay,
This wicked action could not brooke the day.

52

The gloomy lamps this troope which forward led,
Forcing their ſhadowes follow on their backe,
Which are like mourners waiting on the dead,
And as the deed, ſo are they vgly blacke;
Hate goes before, confuſion followed,
The ſad portents of bloud-ſhed, and of wracke;
Theſe faint dim-burning lights as all amazed,
At thoſe deformed ſhades whereon they gazed.

53

The clattering armes their masters seeme to chide,
As they would reason wherefore they should wound,
And striking with the points from side to side,
As though euen angrie with the hollow ground,
That it this vile and ruthlesse act should hide,
VVhose stonie roose lock'd in their dolefull sound.
And hanging in the creekes, draw backe againe,
As willing them from murther to refraine.

54

Now waxing late, and after all these things,
Vnto her chamber is the Queene withdrawne,
To whom a choyce Musitian plaies and sings,
Reposing her vpon a state of Lawne,
In night attire diuinely glittering,
As th' approching of the cheerefull dawne,
Leaning vpon the breast of *Mortimer*,
VVhose voyce more then the musick pleas'd her eare.

55

VVhere her faire breasts at libertie are let,
VVhere Violet veines in curious branches flow,
VVhere *Venus* Swans and milkie Doues are set,
Vpon the swelling mounts of driuen snow,
VVhere loue whilst he to sport himselfe doth get,
Hath lost his course nor findes which way to goe,
Inclosed in this Labyrinth about,
VVhere let him wander still, yet ne're get out.

Her

56

Her looſe gold haire, O gold, thou art too baſe,
Were it not ſinne to name thoſe ſilke threds haire,
Declining as to kiſſe her ſairer face,
But no word faire enough for thing ſo faire,
O what high wondrous Epithite can grace,
Or giue the due praiſe to a thing ſo rare!
But where the pen failes, penſill cannot ſhow it,
Nor can be knowne vnleſſe the minde doe know it.

57

Shee layes thoſe fingers on his manly cheeke,
The gods pure Scepters, and the darts of loue,
Which with a touch might make a Tyger meeke,
Or the maine *Atlas* from his place remoue,
So ſoft, ſo feeling, delicate, and ſleeke,
As Nature ware the Lillies for a Gloue,
As might beget life where was neuer none,
And put a ſpirit into the ſlinti'ſt ſtone.

58

The fire of precious wood the lights perfume,
Whoſe perfect cleereneſſe on the painting ſhone,
As eu'ry thing to ſweetneſſe did conſume,
Or eu'ry thing had ſweetneſſe of it owne,
And to it ſelfe this portrayed did reſume,
The ſmell as if it naturally had growne,
That light gaue colour on each thing it fell,
And to the colour the perfume gaue ſmell.

59

Vpon the sundry pictures they deuise,
And from one thing they to another runne,
Now they commend that bodie, then those eyes,
How well that bird, how well that flowre was done,
How this part shadowed, and how that doth rise,
This top is clowded, and that traile is spunne,
The land skip, mixtures, and delineatings,
And in that Arte a thousand curious things.

60

Looking vpon proud *Phaeton* wrapt in fire,
The gentle Queene doth much bewaile his fall,
But *Mortimer* more praising his desire,
To lose a poore life, or to gouerne all;
For though he did ambitiously aspire,
And by his minde was made proud Fortunes thrall,
Yet in despight when she her worst had done,
He perisht in the chariot of the Sunne.

61

The Queene saith *Phœbus* is much forc'd by Arte,
Nor can she finde how his embraces be,
But *Mortimer* now takes the Painters part,
Why thus great Empresse, thus, and thus quoth he,
Thus holds the Boy, thus clips his fainting heart,
Thus twine their armes, and thus their lips you see:
You shall be *Phœbus*, *Hyacinthus* I,
It were a life thus eu'ry houre to die.

Neere

62

Neere by this time into the vpper Hall,
Is rudely entred this disordered rowt,
When they within suspecting least of all,
Discharg'd the guard that should haue watcht without:
O see how mischiefe suddenly doth fall,
And steales vpon vs, being freest from doubt,
How ere the life, the end is euer sure,
And oft in death fond man is most secure.

63

Whilst his lou'd *Neuill*, and deere *Turrington*,
Amongst the Ladies that attended there,
Relating things that anciently were done,
With such discourse as women loue to heare,
Staying delight, whilst time so fast doth runne,
Thus in the Lobby as they freely were,
Charg'd on the sudden by this armed traine.
Both in the entrance miserably slaine.

64

As from the snow-crown'd Skidos loftly cleeues,
Some fleet-wing'd haggard towards the euening houre
Stooping amongst the More-bred Mallard driues,
And th'aire of all her feathered flockes doth skowre,
VVhen backe vnto her former pitch she striues,
The seely fowle all prostrate to her powre:
Such a sharpe shreeke doth ring through all the vault,
Made by the Ladies at the first assault.

65

Mareb now vnarm'd (she onely in his armes,
Too faire a shield, not made for fouler blowes)
That least of all expected these alarmes,
And to be thus entrapped by his foes,
When he is most improuident of harmes.
O, had he had but weapons like his woes,
Either his valure had his breath redeem'd,
Or in her fight dy'd happily esteem'd.

66

Amongst the others looking for the King,
In this blacke shew that (he assures him) is,
Though much disguis'd, yet him imagining
By the most perfect lineaments of his,
Quoth he, the man thee to the Crowne did bring,
Might at thy hands the least haue lookt for this,
And in this place vnseeming of the rest,
Where onely sacred solitude is blest.

67

Her presence frees th'offender of his ill,
And as the Essence makes the place diuine,
What strong decree can countermaund that will,
That gaue to thee the power that now is thine,
And in her armes preseru'd in safetie still,
As the most pure inuiolable shrine,
Though thou thus irreligiously despise,
And dar'st profane these hallowed liberties.

68

But euen as when old *Ilion* was ſurpris'd,
The Grecians iſſuing from the woodden horſe,
Their rage and fury proudly exercis'd,
Opening the wide gates, letting in their force,
Putting in act what was before deuis'd,
Without all ſenſe of pitie or remorſe,
With cries, ſhreekes, rumors in confuſed ſound,
Words are broke off, complaints abruptly drownd.

69

Diſſolu'd to drops ſhe followes him, O teares,
Elixar-like turne all to pearle you touch,
To weepe with her the building ſcarce forbeares,
The ſorrowes that ſhe vttereth are ſuch,
Able to wound th'impenitrabl'ſt eares,
Her plaints ſo piercing, and her woes ſo much,
But finding words from her full breaſt to come,
At length, thus ſpake, when long ſhe had bin dumbe.

70

Sweet ſonne (quoth ſhe) let not that bloud be ſpilt,
Once priz'd ſo deere as did redeeme thy Crowne,
Whoſe puritie if tainted no with guil t,
The cauſe thereof efficiently thine owne,
That from the ruines of thy Country built,
(Raz'd with diſſentions) thy ſubſtantiall throne,
And broke thoſe bounds thy kingdom once confinde,
Into large France, to exerciſe thy minde.

71

For the deere portion of that naturall blood,
Which lends thee heate, and nutriment of life,
Be not a niggard of so small a good,
Where bountie should be plentifully rife,
Begg'd on those knees at which thou oft hast stood,
And with those hands that might haue stay'd this strife,
O God! that breath from such a bosome sent,
Should thus in vaine be prodigally spent.

72

When in this vproare with the sudden fright,
Whilst euery one for safetie seekes about,
And none regarding to preserue the light,
Which being wasted sadly goeeth out,
Now in the midst and terror of the night,
At the departure of this armed rowt,
The Queene alone (at least if any neare)
Her wretched women, yet halfe dead with feare.

73

When horror, darknesse, and her present woe,
Begin to worke on her afflicted minde,
And euery one his tyrannie doth show,
Euen in the fulnesse of his proper kinde,
In such excesse her accusations flow,
This libertie vnto their power assign'd,
Racking her conscience by this torture due,
It selfe t'accuse with whatsoe're it knew.

74

O God to thinke (that not an houre yet past)
Her greatnesse, freedome, and her hopes so hie,
The sweet content wherein her thoughts were plac'd,
Her great respect in eu'ry humbled eye,
How now she is abused, how disgrac'd,
Her present shame, her after miserie,
When eu'ry woe could by despaire be brought,
Presents his forme to her distracted thought.

75

To *London* now a wretched pris'ner led,
London where oft he triumpht with the Queene,
And but for spite of no man followed,
Scarsely thought on, who had for many beene,
Of all regard and state impou'rished,
Where in excesse he often had beene seene:
Which at his fall doth make them wonder more,
Who saw the pompe wherein he liu'd before.

76

O miserie! where once thou dost infest,
How soone thy vile contagion alters kinde,
That like a Circe metamorphiseth
The former habite of the the humane minde,
That euen from vs dost seeme our selues to wrest,
Striking our fraile and fading glories blinde,
And with thy vicious presence in a breath,
Chain'st vs as slaues vnto pale-fainting Death.

77

At Westminster a Parlament decreed,
To th'establishing the safetie of the Crowne,
Where to his end they finally proceed,
All laying hand to dig this mountaine downe,
To which Time wills they haue especiall heed,
Now whilst the Fates thus angerly doe frowne,
The blood of *Edward* and the *Spensers* fall,
For their iust vengeance hastily doe call.

78

The death of *Kent* (that foule and loathsome blot)
Th'assuming of the Wards and Liueries,
With *Ioane* the Princesse married to the Scot,
The summes oft seized to his treasuries,
(And that by this might well haue beene forgot)
The signe at *Stanhope* to the enemies,
Or what else ript from the records of Time,
That any way might aggrauate his crime.

79

O dire reuenge, when thou in time art rak'd,
From the rude ashes which preseru'd thee long,
In the dry cindars where thou seem'dst as slak'd,
Matter to feed on, forc'd with breath of wrong,
How soone thy hideous furie is awak'd,
From thy small sparkes what flames are quickly spring,
And to that top doth naturally aspire,
Whose weight and greatnesse once represt thy fire.

And

80

And what auailes his anſwer in this caſe,
Which now the time doth generally diſtaſt?
Where iudgement lookes with ſo ſeuere a face,
And all his actions vtterly diſgrac'd,
What fainting boſome giues him any place,
From out the faire ſeat of opinion caſt?
With pen and ineke his griefe when to deceiue,
Thus of the faire Queene takes his lateſt leaue.

81

Moſt mightie Empreſſe s'daine not to peruſe,
The Swan-like dirges of a dying man,
Vnlike thoſe raptures of the fluent Muſe,
In that ſweet ſeaſon when our ioyes began,
That did my youth with glorious fire infuſe,
When for thy gloue at Tilt I proudly ran;
Whereas my ſtartling Courſer ſtrongly ſet,
Made fire to flie from *Hartfords* Burgonet.

82

The King your ſonne, which haſteneth on my death,
(Madam) you know I tendred as mine owne,
And when I might haue graſped out his breath,
I ſet him gently on his fathers Throne,
Which now his power too quickly witneſſeth,
Which to this height and maieſtie is growne,
But our deſert forgot, and he forgiuen,
As after death we wiſh to liue in heauen.

83

And for the sole rule whereon thus he stands,
Came bastard *William* but himselfe on shore,
Or borrowed not our fathers conqu'ring hands,
Which in the field our auncient Ensignes bore,
(Guarded about with our well ord'red bands)
Which his proud Leopards for their safety wore,
Raging at *Hastings* like that ominous Lake,
From whose dread waues our glorious name we take.

84

Had I beene charg'd vpon mine armed horse,
As when I came vnto the wals of Gaunt,
Before the Belgicke and Burgonian force,
There challenging my countries Combatant,
Borne from my seate in some robustious course,
That of my spoyles the enemie might vaunt,
Or had I falne vnder my battered shield,
And lent mine honour to some conquered field.

85

Yet haue not followed Fortune like a slaue,
To make her bountie any whit the lesse,
By my desert her iudgement to depraue,
Nor lent me ought I freely not confesse,
And haue return'd with interest what she gaue,
A minde that suted with her mightinesse,
He twice offends which sinne in flatt'ry beares,
Yet eu'ry houre he dies that euer feares,

That

86

That quailes not me at which the world would quake,
The time and I haue tugg'd together ſo,
Wonting my way through ſword and fire to take,
So oft conſtrain'd againſt the ſtreame to rowe,
To doubt with Death a couenant to make,
When I am growne familiar with my woe:
And nothing can th' afflicted conſcience grieue,
But he can pardon, that doth all forgiue.

87

And thus thou moſt adored in my heart,
Whoſe thoughts in death my humbled ſprite do raiſe,
Ladie moſt faire, moſt deere, of moſt deſert,
Worthy of more than any mortall praiſe,
Condemned *March*, thus laſtly doth depart
From her, the greateſt Empreſſe of her dayes:
Nor in the duſt mine honour I interre,
Thus *Ceſar* dy'd, and thus dies *Mortimer*.

88

To Nottingham this Letter brought vnto her,
Which is ſubſcrib'd with her Emperious ſtile,
Puts her in minde how once that hand did woo her,
With this ſhort thought to pleaſe her ſelfe a while,
Thus ſorrow can ſo ſubtilly vndoo her,
That with ſu h flatterie doth her ſenſe beguile.
To giue a ſharper feeling to that paine,
Which her grieu'd heart was ſhortly to ſuſtaine.

89

Putting her fingers to vnrip the seale,
Cleauing to keepe those sorrowes from her eyes,
As it were loth the tidings to reueale,
Whence griefe should spring in such varieties;
But strongly vrg'd, doth to her will appeale,
When the soft wax vnto her touch implies,
Sticking vnto her fingers bloudy red,
To shew the bad newes quickly followed.

90

Thus by degrees she easily doth begin,
As the small fish playes with the baited hooke,
Then more and more to swallow sorrow in,
As threatning death at eu'ry l ttle looke
Where now she reades th' expences of her sin,
Sadly set downe in this blacke dreadfull booke,
And those deere summes were like to be detray'd,
Before the vtmost absolutely pay'd.

91

An hoast of woes her suddenly assaile,
As eu'ry letter wounded like a dart,
As though contending which should most preuaile,
Yet eu'ry one doth pierce her to the hart,
As eu'ry word did others case bewaile;
And with his neighbour seem'd to beare a part,
Reason of griefe each sentence is to her,
And eu'ry line a true remembrancer.

Griefe

92

Griefe makes her reade, yet ſtrait-wayes bids her leaue,
With which o're-charg'd ſhe neither ſees nor heares,
Her ſenſes now their Miſtris ſo deceiue,
The words do wound her eyes, the ſound her eares,
And eu'ry organ of the vſe bereaues,
When for a reſcue ſhe doth vſe her teares;
That when ſome line ſhe looſely ouer-paſt,
The drops doth tell her where ſhe left the laſt.

94

O now ſhe ſees, was neuer ſuch a ſight,
And ſeeing, curs'd her ſorrow-ſeeing eye,
Yet thinkes ſhe is deluded by the light,
Or is abus'd by the Orthographie;
And by ſome other 't is deuis'd for ſpight,
Or pointed falſe, her ſcholerſhip to try;
Thus when we fondly ſooth our owne deſires,
Our beſt conceits oft proue the greateſt liers.

94

Her trembling hand as in a feuer ſhakes,
Wherewith the paper doth a little ſtirre,
Which ſhe imagines at her ſorrow ſhakes,
And pitties it, who ſhe thinkes pitties her,
Each ſmall thing ſomewhat to the greater makes,
And to the humour ſomething doth infer,
But when ſo ſoone as ſhe her tongue could free,
O worthy Earle, deere loued Lord, quoth ſhee.

95

I will reserue thy ashes in some Vrne,
Which as a relique I will onely saue,
Mixt with the teares that I for thee shall mourne,
Which in my deere breast shall their buriall haue,
From whence againe they neuer shall returne,
Nor giue the honour to another graue,
But in that Temple euer be preserued,
Where thou a Saint religiously art serued.

96

When she breakes out to cursing of her sonne,
But *March* so much still runneth in her minde,
That she abruptly ends where she begunne,
Forgets her selfe, and leaues the rest behinde,
From this she to another course doth runne,
To be reueng'd in some notorious kinde:
To which she deepely doth ingage her troath,
Bound by a strong vow and a solemne oath.

97

For pen and inke she cals her maides without,
And the Kings dealings will in griefe discouer,
But soone forgetting what she went about,
She now begins to write vnto her Louer,
Here she sets downe and there she blotteth out,
Her griefe and passion do so strongly moue her:
That turning backe to reade what she had writ,
She teares the paper, and condemnes her wit.

And

98

And thus with contrarieties araiſed,
As waters chilneſſe wakeneth from a ſwound,
Comes to her ſelfe, the agonie appeaſed,
When colder bloud more ſharply feeles the wound,
And griefe her ſo incurably hath ſeized,
That for the ſame no remedie is found,
As the poore refuge to her reſtleſſe woes,
Thus of her griefe ſhe laſtly doth diſpoſe.

99

(Quoth ſhe) vnkind King, as thou art my ſonne,
Leauing the world ſome Legacie muſt giue thee,
My hearts true loue the dying *March* hath wonne,
Yet that of all I will not quite bereaue thee;
The wrong and miſchiefe to thy mother done,
I thee bequeathe, ſo bound that they out-liue thee,
That as my breaſt it hourely doth torment,
Thou may'ſt enioy it by my Teſtament.

100

Henceforth within this ſolitarie place,
Abandoning for euer generall ſight,
A priuate life I willingly embrace,
No more reioycing in the obuious light,
To conſummate my weary lingering ſpace,
Till death incloſe me with continuall night:
Each ſmall remembrance of delight to flie,
A conuertite and penitently die.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

Seeing these Epistles are now to the world made publique, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for mine owne charge, lest being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a iust and vniuersall reprehension, for,

Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumq; sinistre.

Three points are especially therefore to be explained: first, why I entitle this worke Englands Heroicall Epistles; *then, why I obserue not the persons dignitie in the dedication: lastly, why I haue annexed notes to euery Epistles end. For the first, the title I hope carieth reason in it selfe, for that the most and greatest persons herein, were English, or else, that their loues were obtained in England. And though (Heroicall) be properly vnderstood of Demi-gods, as of* Hercules *and* Æneas, *whose parents were said to be, the one cœlestiall, the other mortall, yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatnesse of minde come neere to Gods. For to be borne of a cœlestiall* Incubus, *is nothing else but to haue a great and mightie Spirit, farre aboue the earthly weakenesse of men; in which sense* Ouid (*whose imitator I partly profesſe to be*) *doth also vse Heroicall. For the second, seeing none to whom I haue dedicated any two Epistles, but haue their states ouerpatched by them, who are made to speake in the Epistles, howsoeuer the order is in dedicatiō, yet in respect of their degrees in*

my

my deuotion, and the cause before recited, I hope they suffer no disparagement, seeing euery one is the first in their particular interest, hauing in some sort, sorted the complexion of the Epistles to the character of their iudgements, to whom I dedicate them, excepting onely the blamefulnesse of the persons passion, in those points wherein the passion is blamefull. Lastly, such manifest difference being betwixt euery one of them, where, or howsoeuer they be marshalled, how can I be iustly appeached of vnadui sement. For the third, because the worke might in truth be iudged brainish, if nothing but amorous humor were handled therein, I haue inter-wouen matters historicall, which vnexplaned, might defraud the mind of much content, as for example, in Queene Margarites *Epistle to* William de-la-Poole.

My Daizie flower, which once perfum'd the aire.

Margarite *in French signifies a Daizie, which for the allusion to her name, this Queene did giue for her deuise; and this as others more, haue seemed to me not worthy the explaining.*

Now, though no doubt, I had need to excuse other things beside, yet these most especially, the rest I ouer-passe to eschew tedious recitall, or to speake as malicious enuie may, for that in truth I ouersee them. If they be as harmelessely taken, as I meant them, it shall suffice to haue onely touched the cause of the title of the Dedications, and of the Notes, whereby emboldned to publish the residue, (these not being accounted in mens opinions relishlesse) I shall not lastly be afraid to beleeue and acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

M. D.

To M. Michael Drayton.

HOw can he write that broken hath his pen,
Hath rent his paper, throwne his incke away,
Deteſts the world, and company of men,
Becauſe they grow more hatefull day by day?
Yet with theſe broken reliques, mated minde,
And what a iuſtly-grieued thought can ſay:
I giue the world to know, I ne're could finde,
A worke more like to liue a longer day.
Goe Verſe, an obiect for the proudeſt eye;
Diſdaine thoſe, which diſdaine to reade thee ouer,
Tell them they know not how they ſhould deſcry
The ſecret paſſions of a wittie Louer.
For they are ſuch, as none but thoſe ſhall know,
VVhom Beautie ſchooles to hold the blinde Boyes bow.

Once I had vow'd, (O who can all vowes keepe?)
Henceforth to ſmother my vnlucky Muſe;
Yet for thy ſake ſhe ſtarted out of ſleepe,
Yet now ſhe dies: Then doe as kinsfolkes vſe;
Cloſe vp the eyes of my new dying ſtile,
As I haue opened my ſweet Babes ere-while.

E. St. Gent.

Durus decus omen.

To M. Michael Drayton.

LOng haue I wisht and hop'd my weaker Muse,
(In nothing strong but my vnhappy Loue)
Would giue me leaue my fortune to approue,
And view the world, as named, Poets vse;
But still her fruitlesse bosome doth refuse
To blesse me with indifferencie of praise,
Not daring (like to many) to abuse
That title which true worth should onely raise;
Thus bankerout, and despairing of mine owne,
I set my wish and hope (kinde friend) on thee,
Whose fruit approu'd and better fortune knowne,
Tells me, thy Muse my Loues sole heire must be,
So barren wombes embrace their neighbours yong,
So dumbe men speake by them that haue a tongue.

Thomas Hassel, Gent.

To M. Michael Drayton.

NOw I perceiue *Pythagoras* diuin'd,
When he that mocked *Maxim* did maintaine,
That spirits once spoil'd, reuested were againe,
Though chang'd in shape, remaining one in minde;
These loue-sicke Princes passionate estates;
Who feeling reades, he cannot but allow,
That *Ouids* soule reuiues in *Drayton* now,
Still learn'd in loue, still rich in rare conceits,
This prégnant spirit affecting further skill,
Oft alt'ring forme, from vulgar wits retir'd,
In diuers Idyoms mightily admir'd,
Did prosecute that sacred study still;
While to a full perfection now attain'd,
He sings so sweetly that himselfe is stain'd.

William Alexander, Scotus.

To the excellent Lady, Lvcy *Counteſſe of Bedford.*

MAdam, *after all the admired wits of this excellent age, which haue laboured in the ſad complaints of faire and vnfortunate* Roſamond, *and by the excellency of inuention, haue ſounded the depth of her ſundry paſſions, I preſent to your Ladiſhip this Epiſtle of hers to King* Henry, *whom I may rather call her louer, then beloued. Heere muſt your Ladiſhip behold variableneſſe in reſolution; woes conſtantly grounded, laments abruptly broken off, much confidence, no certaintie, words begetting teares, teares confounding matter, large complaints in little papers, and many deformed cares, in one vniformed Epiſtle. I ſtriue not to affect ſingularitie, yet would faine flie imitation, and proſtrate mine owne wants to other mens perfections. Your iudiciall eye muſt modell forth what my pen hath laid together, much would ſhe ſay to a King, much would I ſay to a Counteſſe, but that the method of my Epiſtle muſt conclude the modeſtie of hers, which I wiſh may recommend my euer vowed ſeruice to your Honor.*

Michael Drayton.

Such as doe thriue on *India's* parched face.
That morrow, when the bleſſed Sunne did riſe,
And ſhut the lids of all heauens leſſer eyes,
Forth from my Palace by a ſecret ſtaire,
I ſteale to Thames as though to take the aire;
And aske the gentle ſloud as it doth glide,
Or thou didſt paſſe or periſh by the tide?
If thou didſt periſh, I deſire the ſtreame,
To lay thee ſoftly on her ſiluer teame,
And bring thee to me, to the quiet ſhore,
That with her tears thou might'ſt haue ſome teares more.
When ſuddenly doth riſe a rougher gale,
With that (me thinkes) the troubled waues looke pale,
And ſighing with that little guſt that blowes,
With this remembrance ſeeme to knit their browes.
Euen as this ſudden paſſion doth affright me,
The cheerefull Sunne breakes from a cloud to light me;
Then doth the bottome euident appeare,
As it would ſhew me, that thou waſt not there,
When as the water flowing where I ſtand,
Doth ſeeme to tell me, thou art ſafe on land.
Did *Bulloyne* once a feſtiuall prepare,
For *England*, *Almaine*, *Cicill*, and *Nauerre*?
When *France* enui'd thoſe buildings (only bleſt)
Grac'd with the *Orgies* of my Bridall feaſt,
That Engliſh *Edward* ſhould refuſe my bed,
For that laſciuious ſhameleſſe *Ganimed*?
And in my place, vpon his regall throne,
To ſet that girle-boy, wanton *Gaueſton*.
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glaſſe aſſures me no ſuch difference is,

That a foule Wiches bastard should thereby
Be thought more worthy of his loue then I.
What doth auaile vs to be Princes heires,
When we can boast, our birth is onely theirs?
When base dissembling flatterers shall deceiue vs,
Of all our famous auncestors did leaue vs:
And of our Princely iewels and our dowres,
We but enioy the least of what is ours;
Whē Minions heads must weare our Monarchs crownes,
To raise vp dunghils with our famous townes;
When beggers-brats are wrapt in rich perfumes,
Their buzzard-wings impt with our Eagles plumes;
And matcht with the braue issue of our blood,
Alie the Kingdome to their crauand brood.
Did *Longshankes* purchase with his conquering hand,
Albania, Gascoyne, Cambria, Ireland?
That yong *Carnaruan* (his vnhappie sonne)
Should giue away all that his father wonne?
To backe a stranger, proudly bearing downe
The braue Alies and branches of the Crowne?
And did great *Edward* on his death-bed giue
This charge to them which afterwards should liue,
That, that proud *Gascoyne* banished the Land,
No more should treade vpon the English sand?
And haue these great Lords in the quarrell stood,
And seal'd his last will with their deerest blood,
That after all this fearefull massacre,
The fall of *Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaster,*
Another faithlesse fauorite should arise,
To cloud the Sunne of our Nobilities?
And gloried I in *Gauestons* great fall,

That

That now a *Spenser* should succeede in all?
And that his ashes should another breed,
Which in his place and Empire should succeed;
That wanting one a Kingdomes wealth to spend,
Of what that left, this now shall make an end;
To waste all that our father won before,
Nor leaue our sonne a sword to conquer more.
Thus but in vaine we fondly doe resist,
Where power can doe (euen) all things as it list,
And of our right with tyrants to debate,
Lendeth them meanes to weaken our estate.
Whilst Parlements must remedie their wrongs,
And we attend for what to vs belongs;
Our wealth but fewell to their fond excesse,
We fasting still to feast their wantonnesse.
Think'st thou our wrongs then insufficient are,
To moue our brother to religious warre?
And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detaine
Homage for *Pontiu*, *Guyne*, and *Aquitaine*;
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce,
Thus all accurre to put backe all excuse.
The sisters wrong ioyn'd with the brothers right,
Me thinkes might vrge him in this cause to fight.
Be all those people senseless of our harmes,
Which for our countrey oft haue manag'd armes?
Is the braue Normans courage now forgot,
Or the bold Britannes lost the vse of shot?
The big-bon'd Almaines, and stowt Brabanders,
Their warlike Pikes, and sharpe edg'd Semiters?
Or doe the Pickards let their Crosse bowes lie,
Once like the Centaurs of olde Thessalie?

Or if a valiant Leader be their lacke,
Where thou art present, who should driue them backe?
I doe coniure thee by what is most deere,
By that great name of famous *Mortimer*,
By auncient *Wigmores* honourable crest,
The tombes where all thy famous grand-sires rest;
Or if then these, what more may thee approue,
Euen by those vowes of thy vnfained loue,
That thy great hopes may moue the Christian King,
By forraigne armes some comfort yet to bring,
To curbe the power of traytors that rebell,
Against the right of Princely *Isabell*.
Vaine witlesse woman, why should I desire
To adde more heate to thy immortall fire?
To vrge thee by the violence of hate,
To shake the pillars of thine owne estate,
When whatsoeuer we intend to doe,
To our misfortune euer sorts vnto;
And nothing else remaines for vs beside,
But teares and coffins (onely) to prouide,
When still so long as Burrough beares that name,
Time shall not blot out our deserued shame:
And whilst cleare Trent her wonted course shall keepe,
For our sad fall she euermore shall weepe.
All see our ruine on our backes is throwne,
And we too weake to beare it out are growne,
Torlton that should our businesses direct,
The generall foe doth vehemently suspect,
For dangerous things get hardly to their end,
Whereon so many watchfully attend.
What should I say? My griefes doe still renew,

And

Aud but begin when I ſhould bid adiew,
Fewbe my words, but manifold my woe,
And ſtill I ſay, the more I ſtriue to goe.
Then till faire time ſome greater good affords,
Take my loues payment in theſe ayrie words.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

O how I fear'd that ſleepie drinke I ſent,
Might yet want power to further thine intent.

Mortimer being in the Tower, and ordayning a feaſt in honour of his birth-day, as he pretended, and inuiting there vnto Sir *Stephen Segraue*, Conſtable of the Tower, with the reſt of the officers belonging to the ſame, hee gaue them a ſleepie drinke, prouided him by the Queene, by which meanes he got liberty for his eſcape.

I ſteale to Thames, as though to take the ayre,
And aske the gentle ſtreame as it doth glide.

Mortimer being got out of the Tower, ſwamme the Riuer of Thames into Kent, whereof ſhe hauing intelligence, doubteth of his ſtrength to eſcape, by reaſon of his long impriſonment, being almoſt the ſpace of three yeares.

Did Bulloyne once a feſtiuall prepare,
For England, Almaine, Cicill and Nauarre?

Edward Carnaruan the firſt Prince of Wales of the Engliſh bloud, married *Iſabell*, daughter of *Philip* the Faire, at Bulloine, in the preſence of the Kings of Almaine, Nauarre, and Cicill, with the chiefe Nobilitie of France and England: which marriage was there ſolemnized with exceeding pompe and magnificence.

And in my place vpon his regall throne,
To ſet that girle-boy wanton Gaueſton.

Noting the effeminacie and luxurions wantonneſſe of *Gaueſton*, the Kings Minion, his behauiour and attire euer ſo womanlike, to pleaſe the eye of his laſciuious prince.

That a foule Witches baſtard ſhould thereby.

It was vrged by the Queene and the Nobilitie, in the diſgrace of *Pierce Gaueſton*, that his mother was conuicted of Witchcraft, and burned for the ſame, and that *Pierce* had bewitched the King.

Albania, Gaſcoine, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland, ſo called of *Albanact*, the ſecond ſonne of *Brutus*; and *Cambria*, Wales, ſo called of *Chamber* the third ſonne, the foure Realmes and Countries, brought in ſubiection by *Edward Longſhankes*.

When of our Princely Iewels and our dowers,
We but enioy the leaſt of what is ours.

A complaint of the prodigalitie of King *Edward*, giuing vnto *Gaueſton* the jewels and treaſure which was left him, by the ancient Kings of England, and enriching him with the goodly Manor of Wallingford, aſsigned as parcell of the dower, to the Queenes of this famous Ile.

And ioyn'd with the braue iſſue of our blood,
Alie our Kingdome to their crauand brood.

Edward the ſecond, gaue to *Piers Gaueſton* in marriage, the daughter of *Gilbert Clare*, Earle of Gloceſter, begot of the Kings ſiſter, *Ione* of Acres, married to the ſaid Earle of Gloceſter.

Should giue away all that his father won,
To backe a ſtranger.

King *Edward* offered his right in France to *Charles* his brother in law, and his right in Scotland to *Robert Bruiſe*, to be ayded againſt the Barons in the quarrell of *Piers Gaueſton*.

And dia great Edward *on his death bed giue.*

Edward Longſhankes on his death-bed at Carlile, commaunded yong *Edward* his ſonne, on his bleſsing not to call backe *Gaueſton*, which (for the miſ-guiding of the Princes youth) was before baniſhed by the whole counſell of the land.

That after all this fearefull maſſaker,
The fall of Beuchamp, Lacie, Lancaſter.

Thomas Earle of Lancaſter, *Guy* Earle of Warwiake, and *Henry* Earle of Lincolne, who had taken their oathes before the deceaſed King at his death, to withſtand his ſonne *Edward* if he ſhould call *Gaueſton* from exile, being a thing which he much feared, now ſeeing *Edward* to violate his fathers commaundement, riſe

in

in armes against the King, which was the cause of the ciuill warre, and the ruine of so many Princes.

And gloried I in Gaueſtons *great fall,*
That now a Spenſer *ſhould ſucceed in all?*

The two *Hugh Spenſers*, the father and the ſonne, after the death of *Gaueſton*, became the great fauourites of the King, the ſonne being created by him Lord Chamberlaine, and the father Earle of VVincheſter.

And if they were, yet Edward *doth detaine*
Homage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquitaine.

Edward Longſhanks did homage for thoſe Cities and Territories to the French King, which *Edward* the ſecond neglecting, moued the French King by the ſubornation of *Mortimer*, to ſeize thoſe countries into his hands.

By ancient Wigmores *honourable Creſt.*

Wigmore in the Marches of Wales, was the auncient houſe of the *Mortimers*, that noble and couragious family.

That ſtill ſo long as Borrough *beares that name:*

The Queene remembreth the great ouerthrow giuen to the Barons by *Andrew Herckley* Earle of Carlil, at Borrough-bridge, after the battaile at Burton.

And Torlton *now whoſe counſels ſhould direct.*

This was *Adam Torlton* Biſhop of Hertford, that great Polititian who ſo highly fauoured the faction of the Queene and *Mortimer* whoſe euill counſell afterward wrought the deſtruction of the King.

Mortimer to Queene *Iſabel.*

AS thy ſalutes my ſorrowes doe adiourne,
So backe to thee their int'reſt I returne;
Though not in ſo great bountie (I confeſſe)
As thy heroicke Princely lines expreſſe:
For how ſhould comfort iſſue from the breath,
Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death?
From murthers rage thou didſt me once depriue,

Now in exile my hopes thou dooſt reuiue;
Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to liue.
This double life of mine, your onely due,
You gaue to me; I giue it backe to you;
Ne're my eſcape had I aduentur'd thus,
As did the skie-attempting *Dædalus*;
And yet to giue more ſafety to my flight,
Had made a night of day, a day of night.
Nor had I backt the proude aſpiring wall,
Which held without my hopes, within my fall,
Leauing the cords to tell where I had gone,
For gazing eyes with feare to looke vpon;
But that thy beautie (by a power diuine)
Breath'd a new life into this ſpirit of mine.
Drawne by the Sunne of thy celeſtiall eyes,
With fierie wings made paſſage through the skies,
The heauens did ſeeme the charge of me to take,
And ſea and land befriend me for thy ſake;
Thames ſtopt his tide, to make me way to go,
As thou hadſt charg'd him that it ſhould be ſo;
The hollow murmuring windes their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the world, while all things ſlept;
One billow bore me, and another draue me,
This ſtroue to helpe me, and that ſtroue to ſaue me;
The briſling reeds moou'd with the ayre did chide me,
As they would tell me that they meant to hide me;
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heauy cheere,
And would not let one little ſtarre appeare,
But ouer all her ſmokie mantle hurl'd,
And in thicke vapours muffled vp the world;

And

And the pure ayre became so calme and still,
As he had beene obedient to my will;
And euery thing dispos'd vnto my rest,
As it the Seas when th' *Alcion* builds her nest.
When those rough waues which late with furie rusht
Slide smoothly on, and suddenly are husht;
Nor *Neptune* lets his surges out so long,
As nature is in bringing forth her yong.
Nor let the *Spensers* glorie in my chance,
That I should liue an exile here in France:
That I from England banished should be,
But England rather banished from me: (beare,
More were her want, France our great bloud should
Then Englands losse should be to *Mortimer*.
My Grandsire was the first since *Arthurs* raigne,
That the Round-table rectified againe;
To whose great Court at Kenelworth did come,
The peereles'se Knighthood of all Christendome:
Whose Princely order honoured England more,
Then all the Conquests she atchiu'd before.
Neuer durst Scot set foot on English ground,
Nor on his backe did English beare a wound,
Whilst *Wigmore* flourish'd in our Princely hopes,
And whilst our ensignes march'd with *Edwards* troops
Whilst famous *Long shanks* bones (in Fortunes scorne)
As sacred Reliques to the field were borne;
Nor euer did the valiant English doubt,
Whilst our braue battailes guarded them about,
Nor did our wiues and wofull mothers mourne,
The English bloud that stained *Banocksburne*,
Whilst with his Minions sporting in his Tent,

Who

Whole dayes and nights in banquetting were ſpent,
Vntill the Scots (which vnder ſafe-guard ſtood)
Made lauiſh hauocke of the Engliſh blood:
And battered helmes lay ſcattered on the ſhore,
Where they in conqueſt had beene borne before.
A thouſand Kingdomes will we ſeeke from farre,
As many Nations waſte with ciuill warre,
Where the diſheuel'd gaſtly Sea-nimph ſings,
Or well rig'd ſhips ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling wings,
And drag their anchors through the ſandie ſome,
About the world in euery clime to rome,
And thoſe vnchriſtned Countries call our owne,
Where ſcarce the name of England hath bin knowne;
And in the dead-ſea ſinke our houſes fame,
From whoſe ſterne waues we firſt deriu'd our name,
Before foule blacke-mouth'd infamie ſhall ſing,
That *Mortimer* e're ſtoop'd vnto a King.
And we will turne ſterne-viſag'd furie backe.
To ſeeke his ſpoyle, who ſought our vtter ſacke:
And come to beard him in our natiue Ile,
E're he march forth to follow our exile.
And after all theſe boiſtrous ſtormie ſhockes,
Yet will we grapple with the chaulkie rockes:
Nor will we ſteale like Pyrats, or like Theeues,
From Mountaines, Forreſts, or Sea-bordering Cleeues
But fright the ayre with terror (when we come)
Of the ſterne trumpet, and the bellowing drum:
And in the field aduance our plumie Creſt,
And march vpon faire Englands flowrie breſt;
And Thames which once we for our life did ſwim,
Shaking our dewie treſſes on his brim,

Shall

Shall beare my Nauie; vaunting in her pride,
Falling from *Tanet* with the powerfull tide;
VVhich fertile *Essex*, and faire *Kent* shall see,
Spreading her flags along the pleasant Lee,
VVhen on her stemming poope she proudly beares,
The famous ensignes of the Belgicke Peeres,
And for the hatefull sacrilegious sinne,
VVhich by the Pope he stands accursed in,
The Canon text shall haue a common glosse,
Receits in parcels, shall be paid in grosse.
This doctrine preach'd, *who from the Church doth take,*
At least shall treble restitution make.
For which Rome sends her curses out from farre,
Through the sterne throat of terror-breathing warre.
Till to th'vnpeopled shores she brings supplies,
Of those industrious Romane Colonies.
And for his homage, by the which of old,
Proud *Edward*, Guyne and Aquitaine doth hold,
Charles by inuasiue armes againe shall take,
And send the English forces o're the Lake.
VVhen *Edwards* fortune stands vpon this chance,
To lose in England, or expuls'd from France;
And all those townes great *Longshankes* left his sonne,
Now lost, which once he fortunately wonne.
VVithin their strong perculliz'd Ports shall lie,
And from their walles his sieges shall defie.
And by that firme and vndissolued knot,
Betwixt their neighbouring French, and bord'ring Stot,
Bruse now shall bring his Red-shankes from the Seas,
From th'Iled Orcad's, and the Hebrydes.
And to his VVesterne hauens giue free passe,

To land the *Kerne* and *Irish Galiglasse*,
Marching from *Tweede* to swelling *Humber* sands,
Vasting along the Northerne nether lands.
And wanting those which should his power sustaine,
Consum'd with slaughter in his bloudie raigne,
Our warlike sword shall driue him from his throne
Where he shall lie for vs to tread vpon;
And those great Lords now after their attaints,
Canonized amongst the English Saints;
And by the superstitious people thought,
That by their Reliques, miracles are wrought,
And thinke that flouds much vertue doth retaine,
Which tooke the bloud of famous *Bohun* slaine;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
To make the people more abhorre their King.
Nor shall a *Spenser* (be he ne're so great)
Possesse our *Wigmore*, our renowned seate.
To raze the ancient Trophies of our race,
With our deserts their monuments to grace;
Nor shall he leade our valiant marchers forth,
To make the *Spensers* famous in the North;
Nor be the Guardants of the Brittish pales,
Defending England, and preseruing Vvales.
At first our troubles easily reful'd;
But now growne head-strong hardly to be rul'd;
Deliberate counsell needs vs to direct,
Where not, (cuen) plainenesse frees vs from suspect.
By those mishaps our errors that attend,
Let vs our faults ingenuously amend.
Then (deere) represse all peremptory spleene,
Be more then women, as you are a Queene.

Smother

Smother those sparkes, too quickly else would burne,
Till time produce what now it doth reiourne.
Till when great Queene, I leaue you (though a while)
Liue you in rest, nor pitie my Exile.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death.

ROger *Mortimer* Lord of Wigmore, had stood publikely condemned, for his insurrection with *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster, and *Bohune* Earle of Herford, by the space of three months; and as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to haue beene shortly, which he preuented by his escape.

Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst giue.

At what time the two *Mortimers*, this *Roger* Lord of Wigmore, and his vncle *Roger Mortimer* the elder, were apprehended in the West, the Queene by meanes of *Torlton* Bishop of Hereford, and *Becke* Bishop of Duresme, and Patriarke of Ierusalem, being then both mightie in the state, vpon the submission of the *Mortimers*, somewhat pacified the King, and now secondly she wrought meanes for his escape.

Leauing the cords to tell where I had gone.

With strong Ladders made of cords prouided him for the purpose, he escaped out of the Tower, which when the same were found fastened to the walles, in such a desperate attempt, they bred astonishment to the beholders.

Nor let the Spensers *glory in my chance.*

The two *Hugh Spensers*, the father, and the sonne, then being so highly fauoured of the King, knew that their greatest safetie came by his Exile, whose high and turbulent spirit could neuer brooke any corriuall in greatnesse.

My Grandsire was the first stace Arthurs *raigne,*
That the Round-table rectified againe.

Roger Mortimer, called the great Lord *Mortimer*, Grand-father

to this *Roger*, which was afterward the first Earle of March, erected againe the Round-table at Kenelworth, after the ancient order of King *Arthurs* Table, with the retinue of an hundred Knights, and an hundred Ladies in his house, for the entertaining of such aduenturers as came thither from all parts of Christendome.

Whilest famous Longshankes *bones in Fortunes scorne.*

Edward Longshankes willed at his death that his body should bee boyled, the flesh from the bones, and that the bones should bee borne to the warres in Scotland, which he was perswaded vnto by a Prophecie, which tould that the English should still be fortunat in conquest, so long as his bones were carried in the field.

The English blood that stained Banocksburne.

In the great voyage *Edward* the second made against the Scots, at the battell at Striueling, neere vnto the riuer of Banocksburne in Scotland, where there was in the English campe such banqueting and excesse, such riot and misorder, that the Scots, (who in the meane time laboured for aduantage) gaue to the English a great ouerthrow.

And in the Dead-sea sinke our houses fame,
From whose, &c.

Mortimer, so called of *Mare mortuum*, and in French *Mortimer*, in English the *Dead-sea*, which is said to bee where Sodome and Gomorra once were, before they were destroyed with fire from heauen.

And for that hatefull sacrilegious sin,
Which by the Pope he stands accursed in.

Gaufridus Vlinus and *Lucas*, two Cardinals, sent into England, from Pope *Clement*, to appease the ancient hate betweene the King and *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster, to whose Embassie the King seemed to yeeld, but after their departure he went backe from his promises, for the which he was accursed at Rome.

Of those industrious Romane Colonies.

A Colony is a sort or number of people, that come to inhabite a place before not inhabited, whereby he seemes here to prophesie of the subuersion of the Land, the Pope ioyning with the power of other Princes against *Edward*, for the breach of his promise.

Charles *by inuasiue Armes againe shall take.*

Charles

Charles the French King, mooued by the wrong done vnto his ſiſter, ſeiſeth the Prouinces which belonged to the King of England into his hands, ſtirred the rather thereto by *Mortimer*, who ſolicited her cauſe in France, as is expreſſed before in the other Epiſtle, in the gloſſe vpon this point.

And thoſe great Lords now after their attaints,
Canonized among the Engliſh Saints.

After the death of *Thomas* Earle of Lancaſter at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles to be done by his reliques: as they did of the body of *Bohune* Earle of Hereford; ſlaine at Borough bridge.

FINIS.

P To

TO MY WORTHY AND HONORED FRIEND, Sir WALTER ACTON Knight of the Bath.

(***)

SIR, though without ſuſpition of flatterie I might in more ample and free termes, intimate my affection vnto you, yet hauing ſo ſenſible a taſte of your generous and noble diſpoſition, which without this habite of ceremonie can eſtimate my loue: I will rather affect breuitie, though it ſhould ſeeme my fault, then by my tedious complement, to trouble mine owne opinion ſetled in your iudgement and diſcretion. I make you the Patron of this Epiſtle of the Blacke Prince, *which I pray you accept, till more eaſie houres may offer vp from me ſome thing more worthy of your view, and my trauell.*

Yours truely deuoted,

Michael Drayton.

Edward

bin gained by her shame, had she bid drawne by filthy [illegible] satisfie his appetite, but by her most praise-worthy constancie conuerted that humor in him to an honorable purpose, and obtained the true reward of her admired vertues.

The rest vnto your Princely thoughts I leaue.

Lest any thing be left out which were worth the relation, it shall not be impertinent to annex the opinions that are vttered concerning her, whose name is said to haue beene *Arlips*, but that being reiected, as a name vnknowne among vs, *Froisard* is rather beleeued, who calleth her *Alice*. *Polydore* contrariwise, as before is declared, names her *Iane*, who by Prince *Edward* had issue, *Edward* dying yong, and *Richard* the second King of England, though (as he saith) she was diuorced afterwards, because within the degrees of consanguinitie prohibiting to marry: the truth whereof I omit to discusse. Her husband the Lord *Montague*, being sent ouer sea to Flanders by King *Edward*, was taken prisoner by the French, and not returning, left his Countesse a widow, in whose bed succeeded Prince *Edward*, to whose last ad lawfull request, the ioycefull Lady sends this louing answere.

FINIS.

To the right Honorable and my very good Lord, EDVVARD Earle of Bedford.

THrice Noble and my gracious Lord, the loue I haue euer borne to the illustrious house of Bedford, *and to the honorable family of the* Haringtons, *to the which by marriage your Lordship is happily vnited, hath long since denoted my true and zealous affection to your Honorable seruice, and my Poems to the protection of my Noble Lady, your Countesse; to whose seruice I was first bequeathed, by that learned and accomplished Gentle-man,* Sir Henry Goodere, *(not long since deceased) whose I was, whilest he was, whose patience pleased to beare with the imperfections of my heedlesse and vnstayed youth. That excellent and matchlesse Gentle-man, was the first cherisher of my Muse, which had keene by his death left a poore Orphan to the world, had he not before bequeathed it to that Lady, whom he so dearely loued. Vouchsafe then, my deare Lord, to accept this Epistle, which I dedicate as zealously, as (I hope) you will Patronize willingly, vntill some more acceptable seruice may be witnesse of my loue to your Honor.*

Your Lordships euer,

Michael Drayton.

Queene ISABEL to RICHARD the second.

THE ARGVMENT.

Queene Isabel *(the daughter of* Charles *King of France) being the second wife of* Richard *the second, the sonne of* Edward *the Blacke-Prince, the eldest sonne of King* Edward *the third. After the said* Richard *her husband was deposed from his Crowne and Kingly dignitie, by* Henry *Duke of Herford, the eldest sonne of* Iohn *of* Gaunt *Duke of Lancaster, the fourth sonne of* Edward *the third: this Lady being then very yong, was sent backe againe into France, without dowre, at what time the deposed King her husband was sent from the Tower of London (as a prisoner) vnto Pomfret Castle. Whether this poore Lady bewailing her husbands misfortunes, writeth this Epistle from France.*

AS doth the yeerely *Augure* of the Spring
In depth of woe, thus I my sorrow sing;
VVords tun'd with sighes, teares falling oft among,
A dolefull burthen to a heauy song:
VVords issue forth to finde my griefe some way,
Teares ouertake them, and doe bid them stay;
Thus whil'st one striues to keepe the other backe,
Both once too forward, now are both too slacke,
If fatall *Pomfret* hath in former time,
Nourisht the griefe of that vnnaturall clime.

Thither I send my sorrowes to be fed,
Then where first borne, where fitter to be bred?
They vnto France be aliens and vnknowne,
England from her doth challenge these her owne,
They say all mischiefe commeth from the North,
It is too true, my fall doth set it forth;
But why should I thus limit Griefe a place,
VVhen all the world is fill'd with our disgrace?
And we in bonds thus striuing to containe it,
The more resists, the more we doe restraine it.
Oh how euen yet I hate these wretched eyes,
And in my glasse oft call them faithlesse spies.
(Prepar'd for *Richard*) that vnwares did looke
Vpon that traytor *Henry Bullingbrooke*,
But that exceſſe of ioy my sense bereau'd
So much, my sight had neuer beene deceau'd.
Oh how vnlike to my lou'd Lord was hee
VVhom rashly I, sweet *Richard*, tooke for thee,
I might haue seene the Coursers selfe did lacke,
That Princely rider should bestride his backe,
He that (since Nature her great worke began)
Shee onely made the mirrour of a man,
That when she meant to forme some matchlesse lim,
Still for a paterne tooke some part of him,
And iealous of her cunning, brake the mould,
In his proportion done the best she could.
Oh let that day be guiltie of all sinne,
That is to come, or heretofore hath bin,
VVherein great *Norfolkes* forward course was staide,
To proue the treasons he to *Herford* laide,
VVhen (with sterne fury) both these Dukes enrag'd.

Their

Their warlike Gloues at Couentry engag'd,
When first thou didst repeale thy former grant,
Seal'd to braue *Mowbray* as thy Combatant,
From his vnnumbree houres let time deuide it,
Left in his minutes he should hap to hide it;
Yet on his brow continually to beare it,
That when it comes, all other houres may feare it,
And all ill-boding Planets by consent,
In it may hold their dreadfull Parlament,
Be it in heauens decrees enroled thus,
Blacke, dismall, fatall, inauspitious:
Proud *Herford* then in height of all his pride,
Vnder great *Mowbraies* valiant hand had dide;
Nor should not thus from banishment retire,
The fatall brand to set our Troy on fire.
O why did *Charles* relieue his needy state?
A vagabond and straggling runagate;
And in his Court, with grace did entertaine
This vagrant Exile, this abiected *Caine*,
Who with a thousand mothers curses went,
Mark'd with the brand of ten yeares banishment,
When thou to Ireland took'st thy last farewell,
Millions of knees vpon the pauements fell,
And euery where th' applauding Ecchoes ring,
The ioyfull showts that did salute a King;
Thy parting hence, what pompe did not adorne?
At thy returne, who laugh'd thee not to scorne?
Who to my Lord one looke vouchsafde to lend,
Then all too few on *Herford* to attend.
Princes (like Sunnes) be euermore in sight,
All see the cloudes betwixt them and their light;

Thither I ſend my ſorrowes to be ſed,
Then where firſt borne, where fitter to be bred?
They vnto France be aliens and vnknowne,
England from her doth challenge theſe her owne;
They ſay all miſchiefe commeth from the North,
It is too true, my fall doth ſet it forth;
But why ſhould I thus limit Griefe a place,
VVhen all the world is fill'd with our diſgrace?
And we in bonds thus ſtriuing to containe it,
The more reſiſts, the more we doe reſtraine it.
Oh how euen yet I hate theſe wretched eyes,
And in my glaſſe oft call them faithleſſe ſpies,
(Prepar'd for *Richard*) that vnwares did looke
Vpon that traytor *Henry Bullingbrooke*,
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So much, my ſight had neuer beene deceau'd.
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Thy parting hence, what pompe did not adorne?
At thy returne, who laugh'd thee not to scorne?
Who to my Lord one looke vouchsafde to lend,
Then all too few on *Herford* to attend.
Princes (like Sunnes) be euermore in sight,
All see the cloudes betwixt them and their light;

Yet they which lighten all downe from their skies,
See not the cloudes offending others eyes,
And deeme their noone-tyde is desir'd of all,
When all expect cleere changes by their fall.
What colour seemes to shadow *Herfords* claime,
When law and right his fathers hopes doe maime?
Affirm'd by Church-men (which should beare no hate)
That *Iohn* of *Gaunt* was illegitimate;
Whom his reputed mothers tongue did spot,
By a base Flemmish Boore to be begot,
Whom *Edwards* Eaglets mortally did shun,
Daring with them to gaze against the Sun.
VVhere lawfull right and conqueſt doth allow,
A triple Crowne on *Richards* Princely brow,
Three Kingly Lions beares his bloudie field,
No bastards marke doth blot his conquering shield,
Neuer durst he attempt our hapleſſe shore,
Nor set his foot on fatall Rauenspore;
Nor durst his slugging Hulkes approach the strand,
Nor stoope a Top as signall to the land,
Had not the *Percyes* promis'd ayde to bring,
Against their oath vnto their lawfull King,
Against their faith vnto our Crownes true heire,
Their valiant kinseman *Edmund Mortimer*;
VVhen I to England came, a world of eyes
Like starres attended on my faire ariſe,
At my decline like angry Planets frowne,
And all are set before my going downe;
The smooth-fac'd ayre did on my comming smile,
But with rough stormes are driuen to exile;
But *Bullingbroke* deuis'd we thus should part,

Fearing

Fearing two ſorrowes ſhould poſſeſſe our heart;
To make affliction ſtronger, doth denie,
That one poore comfort left our miſerie,
He had before diuorc'd thy Crowne and thee,
VVhich might ſuffice, and not to widdow mee,
But that to proue the vtmoſt of his hate,
To make our fall the greater by our ſtate.
Oh would *Aumerle* had ſunke when he betray'd
The complot, which that holy Abbot laid.
VVhen he infring'd the oath which he firſt tooke,
For thy reuenge on periur'd *Bullingbrooke*.
And beene the ranſome of our friends deere blood,
Vntimely loſt, and for the earth too good;
And we vntimely doe bewaile our ſtate,
They gone too ſoone, and we remaine too late.
And though with teares I from my Lord depart,
This curſe on *Herford* fall, to eaſe my heart:
If the foule breach of a chaſte nuptiall bed,
May bring a curſe, my curſe light on his head;
If murthers guilt with bloud may deeply ſtaine,
Greene, *Scroope*, and *Buſhie* dye his fault in graine;
If periurie may heauens pure gates debar,
Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter;
If the depoſing of a lawfull King,
Thy curſe condemne him, if no other thing;
If theſe diſioyn'd, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them vnited ſtrongly curſe him all.
And for the *Percyes* heauen may heare my prayer,
That *Bullingbrooke* now plac'd in *Richards* chayre;
Such cauſe of woe vnto their wiues may be,
As thoſe rebellious Lords haue beene to me.

And that proude Dame, which now controuleth all,
And in her pompe triumpheth in my fall,
For her great Lord may water her sad eyne,
With as salt teares as I haue done for mine,
And mourne for *Henry Hotspur*, her deare sonne,
As I for my sweet *Mortimer* haue done;
And as I am, so succourlesse be sent,
Lastly, to taste perpetuall banishment.
Then loose thy care, when first thy Crowne was lost,
Sell it so deerely, for it deerely cost.
And sith they did of libertie depriue thee,
Burying thy hope, let not thy care out-liue thee.
But hard (God knowes) with sorrow doth it goe,
When woe becomes a comforter to woe;
Yet much me thinkes of comfort I could say,
If from my heart some feares were rid away:
Something there is which tels me still of woe,
But what it is, that heauen aboue doth know;
Griefe to it selfe most dreadfull doth appeare:
And neuer yet was sorrow voyde of feare;
But yet in death doth sorrow hope the best,
And with this farewell wish thee happie rest.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

If fatall Pomfret hath in former time.

POmfret Castle, euer a fatall place to the Princes of England, and most ominous to the blood of *Plantagenet*.

Oh how euen yet I hate these wretched eyes,
And in my glasse, &c.

When *Bullingbrooke* returned to London from the VVest, bringing

ging *Richard* a prisoner with him, the Queene, who little knew of her husbands hard successe, staied to behold his comming in, little thinking to haue seene her husband thus ledde in triumph by his foe, and now seeming to hate her eyes, that so much had graced her mortall enemie.

Wherein great Norfolkes *forward course was staide.*

She remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes of Herford and Norfolke at Couentry, vrging the iustnesse of *Mowbrayes* quarrell against the Duke of Herford, and the faithfull assurance of his victorie.

O why did Charles *relieue his needie state?*
A vagabond, &c.

Charles the French King her father, receiued the Duke of Herford in his Court, and releeued him in France, being so neerely allied as cousin German to King *Richard* his sonne in law, which he did simplie, little thinking that he should after returne into England, and dispossesse King *Richard* of the Crowne.

When thou to Ireland took'st thy last farewell.

King *Richard* made a voyage with his armie into Ireland, against *Onell* and *Mackemur*, which rebelled, at what time *Henry* entred here at home, and rob'd him of all Kingly dignitie.

Affirm'd by Church-men (which should beare no hate)
That Iohn *of* Gaunt *was illegitimate.*

William Wickham in the great quarrell betwixt *Iohn* of *Gaunt* and the Clergie, of meere spite and malice (as it should seeme) reported, that the Queene confessed to him on her death-bed being then her Confessor, that *Iohn* of *Gaunt* was the sonne of a Flemming, and that she was brought to bedde of a woman-child at Gaunt, which was smothered in the Cradle by mischance, and that she obtained this childe of a poore woman, making the King beleeue it was her owne, greatly fearing his displeasure. *Fox ex Chron. Alban.*

No bastards marke doth blot my conquering shield.

Shewing the true & indubitate birth of *Richard*, his right vnto the Crowne of England, as carrying the Armes without blot or difference.

Against their faith vnto the Crownes true heire,
Their noble kinsman, &c.

Edmund

Edmund Mortimer Earle of March, ſonne of Earle *Roger Mortimer*, which was ſonne to Ladie *Philip*, daughter to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne to King *Edward* the third, which *Edmund* (King *Richard* going into Ireland) was proclaimed heire apparent to the Crowne, whoſe aunt called *Ellinor*, this Lord *Piercie* had married.

O would Aumerle *had ſunke when he betray'd*
The complot which that holy Abbot lay'd.

The Abbot of Weſtminſter had plotted the death of King *Henrie*, to haue beene done at a Tilt at Oxford: of which confederacie there was *Iohn Holland*, Duke of Exceſter, *Thomas Holland* Duke of Surrey, the Duke of Aumerle, *Mountacute* Earle of Salisburie, *Spenſer* Earle of Gloſter, the Biſhop of Carliſle, Sir *Thomas Blunt*, theſe all had bound themſelues one to another by Indenture to performe it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of Aumerle.

Scroope, Greene, *and* Buſhie *dye hã fault in graine.*

Henry going towards the Caſtle of Flint, where King *Richard* was, cauſed *Scroope*, *Greene* and *Buſhie* to be executed at Briſtow as vile perſons, which had ſeduced the King to this laſciuious and wicked life.

Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter.

After *Henries* exile, at his returne into England he tooke his oath at Doncaſter vpon the Sacrament, not to claime the crowne or Kingdome of England, but onely the Dukedome of Lancaſter, his owne proper right, and the right of his wife.

And mourne for Henry Hotſpur *her deere ſonne,*
As I for my, &c.

This was the braue couragious *Henrie Hotſpur* that obtained ſo manie victories againſt the Scots, which after falling out-right with the curſe of Queene *Iſſabell*, was ſlaine by *Henry* at the battaile at Shrews burie

Richard the second to Queene Ffsabell.

WHat may my Queen but hope for frō that hand,
Vnfit to write, vnskilfull to command?
A Kingdomes greatneſſe hardly can he ſway,
That wholſome counſaile neuer did obay;
Ill this rude hand did guide a Scepter then,
VVorſe now (I feare me) gouerneth a pen;
How ſhall I call my ſelfe, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence theſe letters came?
Not from thy husband, for my hatefull life
Hath made thee widdow, being yet a wife;
Nor from a King that title I haue loſt,
Now of that name proude *Bullingbrooke* may boaſt:
VVhat I haue beene, doth but this comfort bring,
That nō woe is to ſay, *I was a King*.
This lawleſſe life, which firſt procur'd my hate,
This tongue, which then denounc'd my regall ſtate,
This abiect minde, that did conſent vnto it,
This hand, that was the inſtrument to doe it;
All theſe be witneſſe, that I now denie
All paſſed hope, all former ſoueraigntie.
Didſt thou for my ſake leaue thy fathers Court,
Thy famous Country, and thy Princely port;
And vndertook'ſt to trauaile dangerous wayes,
Driuen by aukward windes and boiſt'rous ſeas?

And left'ſt great *Burbon* for thy loue to mee,
Who ſu'd in marriage to be linckt to thee,
Offring for dower the Countries neighbouring nie,
Of fruitfull Almaine, and rich Burgundie:
Didſt thou all this that England ſhould receiue thee,
To miſerable baniſhment to leaue thee?
And in my downefall and my fortunes wracke,
Forſaken thus, to France to ſend thee backe.
VVhen quiet ſleepe (the heauie hearts reliefe)
Hath reſted ſorrow, ſomewhat leſs'ned griefe,
My paſſed greatneſſe vnto minde I call,
And thinke this while I dreamed of my fall:
VVith this conceit my ſorrowes I beguile,
That my faire Queene is but withdrawne a while,
And my attendants in ſome chamber by,
As in the height of my proſperitie.
Calling alowd and asking who is there?
The Eccho anſwering, tels me woe is there;
And when mine armes would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold.
VVhich when my waking eyes preciſely view,
T is a true token, that it is too true.
As manie minutes as in the howers there be,
So many houres each minute ſeemes to me,
Each houre a day, morne, noone-tide, and a ſet,
Each day a yeare, with miſeries complete.
A winter, ſpring-time, ſommer and a fall,
All ſeaſons varying but vnſeaſoned all:
In endleſſe woe my threed of life thus weares,
By minutes, houres, daies, months, and lingring yeares,
They praiſe the Sommer that enioy the South,

Pomfret is closed in the Norths cold mouth:
There pleasant Sommer dwelleth all the yeere,
Frost-starued-Winter doth inhabit heere;
A place wherein despaire may fitly dwell,
Sorrow best suting with a cloudie Cell:
VVhen *Heford* had his iudgement of Exile,
Saw I the peoples murmuring the while;
Th'vncertaine Commons toucht with inward care,
As though his sorrowes mutually they bare:
Fond women, and scarse-speaking children mourne,
Bewaile his parting, wishing his returne:
Then being forc'd t'abridge his banisht yeares,
VVhen they bedew'd his footsteps with their teares:
Yet by example could not learne to know,
To what his greatnesse by his loue might grow,
VVhil'st *Henry* boasts of our atchieuements done,
Bearing the Trophies our great fathers wonne;
And all the storie of our famous warre,
Must grace the Annals of great *Lancaster*.
Seuen goodly Sons in their spring did flourish,
Which one selfe-root brought forth, one Stock did nou-
Edward the top-branch of that golden tree, (rish:
Nature in him her vtmost power did see,
VVho from the bud still blossomed so faire,
As all might iudge what fruit it meant to beare:
But I his graft of eu'ry weed o're-growne,
And from the kinde, as refuse forth am throwne,
From our braue Grandsire, both in one degree,
Yet after *Edward*, *Iohn* the young'st of three.
Might Princely *Wales* beget an Impe so base,
(That to *Gaunts* issue should giue Soueraigne place)

Tha

That leading Kings from France returned home,
As those great *Cæsars* brought their spoiles to Rome,
Whose name obtained by his fatall hand,
Was euer fearefull to that conquered Land;
His fame encreasing, purchas'd in those warres,
Can scarsely now be bounded with the starres,
With him is valour quite to heauen fled,
(Or else in me is it extinguished)
Who for his vertue, and his conquests sake
Posteritie a Demy-god shall make,
And iudge this vile and abiect spirit of mine,
Could not proceed from temper so diuine.
What earthly humor, or what vulgar eye
Can looke so low, as on our miserie?
When *Bullingbrooke* is mounted to our throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our owne:
Into our councels he himselfe intrudes,
And who but *Henry* with the multitudes,
His power disgrades, his dreadfull frowne disgraceth,
He throwes them downe, whom our aduancement pla-
As my disable, and vnworthy hand, (ceth:
Neuer had power belonging to command.
He treads our sacred tables in the dust,
And proues our acts of Parlament vniust;
As though he hated that it should be said,
That such a law by *Richard* once was made,
Whilst I depresst before his greatnesse, lie
Vnder the weight of hate and infamie.
My backe a foot-stoole *Bullingbrooke* to raise,
My looseneſſe mockt, and hatefull by his praise:
Out-liu'd mine honor, buried my estate,

And

And nothing left me but the peoples hate.
(Sweet Queene) ile take all counsell thou canst giue,
So that thou bidst me neither hope nor liue;
Succour that comes, when ill hath done his worst,
But sharpens griefe, to make vs more accurst.
Comfort is now vnpleasing to mine eare,
Past cure, past care, my Bed become my Beere.
Since now misfortune humbleth vs so long,
Till heauen be growne vnmindfull of our wrong.
Yet they forbid my wrongs shall euer die,
But still remembred to posteritie;
And let the Crowne be fatall that he weares,
And euer wet with wofull mothers teares.
Thy curse on *Percie* angry heauens preuent,
Who haue not one curse left, on him vnspent,
To scourge the world, now borrowing of my store,
As rich of woe, as I a King am poore.
Then cease (deere Queene) my sorrowes to bewaile,
My wounds too great for pitie now to heale,
Age stealeth on whil'st thou complaineſt thus,
My griefes be mortall and infectious;
Yet better fortunes thy faire youth may trie,
That follow thee, which still from me doth flie.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

This tongue which first denounc'd my Regall State.

Richard the second, at the resignation of the Crowne to the Duke of Herdford, in the Tower of London, deliuering the same with his owne hand, there confessed his disabilitie to gouerne, vtterly denouncing all Kingly authoritie.

And left it great Burbon *for thy loue to me.*

Before the Princesse *Isabel* was maried to the King, *Lewes* Duke of Burbon sued to haue had her in mariage, which was thought he had obtained, if this motion had not fallen out in the meane time. This Duke of Burbon sued againe to haue receiued her at her comming into France, after the imprisonment of King *Richard*, but King *Charles* her father then croſt him as before, and gaue her to *Charles*, sonne to the Duke of Orleans.

When Herford *had his iudgement of Exile.*

When the combate should haue beene at Couentry, betwixt *Henry* Duke of Herford, and *Thomas* Duke of Norfolke; where *Herford* was adiudged to banishment for ten yeares, the Commons exceedingly lamented, so greatly was he euer-fauoured of the people.

Then being forc'd t'abridge his banisht yeares.

When the Duke came to take his leaue of the King; being then at Eltham, the King to please the Commons, rather then for any Ioue he bare to *Herford*, repealed foure yeares of his banishment.

Whilest Henry *boasts of our atchieuements done.*

Henry the eldest sonne of *Iohn* Duke of Lancaster, at the first Earle of Darby, then created Duke of Herford, after the death of the Duke *Iohn* his father, was Duke of Lancaster and Herford, Earle of Darby, Leister, and Lincolne; and after he had obtained the Crowne, was called by the name of *Bullingbrooke*, which is a Towne in Lincolneshire, as vsually all the Kings of Englend bare the name of the place where they were borne.

Seuen goodly Stems in their spring did flourish.

Edward the third had seuen sonnes, *Edward* Prince of Wales, after called the *Blacke-Prince*, *William* of Hatfield the second, *Lionel* Duke of Clarence the third, *Iohn* of Gaunt Duke of Lancester the fourth, *Edmund* of Langley Duke of Yorke the fifth, *Thomas* of Woodstocke Duke of Gloster the sixth, *William* of Windsore the seuenth.

Edward *the top-branch of that golden tree.*

Truely boasting himselfe to be the eldest sonne of *Edward* the Blacke-Prince:

Yet

Yet after Edward, Iohn *the yong'st of three.*

As disabling *Henry Bullingbrooke*, being but the sonne of the fourth brother: *William* and *Lionel* being both before *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.

That leading Kings, from France, returned home.

Edward the Blacke-Prince, taking *Iohn* King of France prisoner, at the battell of Poictiers, brought him into England, where at the Sauoy he died.

Whose name atchieued by his fatall hand.

Called the Black-Prince, not so much of his complexion, as of the famous battels hee fought, as is shewed before, in the gloss vpon the Epistle of *Edward* to the Countesse of Salisburie.

And proues our Acts of Parlament vniust.

In the next Parliament, after *Richards* resignation of the Crowne, *Henry* caused to be annihilated all the lawes made in the Parliament, called the wicked Parliament, held in the twentieth yeare of King *Richards* raigne.

FINIS.

To Sir *John Swinerton* Knight,

and one of the Aldermen of the Citie of London.

(***)

Worthy Sir, so much mistrust I my owne abilitie, to doe the least right to your vertues, that I could gladly wish any thing that is truely mine, were worthy to beare your name, so much (Reuerend Sir) I esteeme you, and so ample interest haue you in my loue: To some honorable friends haue I dedicated these Poems; (with whom I ranke you: may I escape presumption.) Like not this Britaine *the worse, though after some former Impressions he be lastly to you consecrated; in this like an honest man that would partly approue his owne worth, before he would presume his friends Patronage, with whom you shall euer command my seruice, and haue my best wishes*

That loue you truely,

Michael Drayton.

Queene KATHARINE to OWVEN TVDOR.

THE ARGVMENT.

After the death of that victorious Henry *the fifth, Queene* Katharine, *the Dowager of England and France, daughter to* Charles *the French King, holding her estate with* Henrie *her sonne (then the sixth of that name) falleth in loue with* Owen Tudor, *a Welch-man, a braue and gallant Gentleman of the Wardrobe, to the yong King her sonne; yet greatly fearing if her loue should be discouered, the Nobilitie would crosse her purposed marriage; or fearing, that if her faire and Princely promises should not assure his good successe, this high and great attempt, might (perhaps) daunt the forwardnesse of his modest and shamefast youth; wherefore to breake thence to her intent, she writeth vnto him this Epistle following.*

IVdge not a Princesse worth impeach'd herebie,
That loue thus triumphes ouer Maiestie;
Nor thinke lesse vertue in this royall hand,
Which now entreats that wonted to command:
For in this sort, though humbly now it wooe,
The day hath beene thou would'st haue kneel'd vnto.
Nor thinke that this submission of my state,
Proceeds from frailtie, (rather iudge it Fate.)
Alcides ne're more fit for warres sterne shocke,
Then when with women spinning at the rocke;
Neuer lesse clouds did *Phœbus* glory dim,
Then in a Clownes shape when he couered him;

Ioues great command was neuer more obey'd,
Then when a Satyres anticke parts he play'd.
He was thy King that sued for loue to mee,
Shee is thy Queene that sues for loue to thee.
When *Henry* was, what's *Tudors* now, was his;
Whilst yet thou art, what's *Henries*, *Tudors* is;
My loue to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giueth,
My loue to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liueth;
Henry woo'd me whilst warres did yet encrease,
I wooe my *Tudor*, in sweet calmes of peace,
To force affection he did conquest proue,
I fight with gentle arguments of loue.
Incamp'd at *Melans*, in warres hot al'armes,
First saw I *Henry* clad in Princely armes.
At Pleasant *Windsore* first these eyes of mine,
My *Tudor* iudg'd for wit and shape diuine.
Henry abroad, with puissance and with force,
Tudor at home, with Courtship and discourse,
He then, thou now, I hardly can iudge whether
Did like me best, *Plantaginet* or *Tether*.
A march, a measure, battell, or a dance,
A courtly rapier, or a conquering launce.
His Princely bed hath strengthened my renowne,
And on my temples set a double Crowne;
Which glorious wreathe, (as *Henries* lawfull heire)
Henry the sixt vpon his brow doth beare.
At *Troy* in *Champaine* he did first enioy
My Bridall rites, to *England* brought from *Troy*
In *England* now that honor thou shalt haue,
Which once in *Champaine* famous *Henry* gaue,
I seeke not wealth, three Kingdomes in my power,

If these suffice not, where shall be my dower?
Sad discontent may euer follow her,
Which doth base pelfe before true loue prefer;
If titles still could our affections tye,
What is so great but maiestie might buy?
As I seeke thee, so Kings doe me desire,
To what they would, thou eas'ly may'st aspire,
That sacred fire, once warm'd my heart before,
The fuell fit, the flame is now the more,
And meanes to quench it I in vaine doe proue,
We may hide treasure, but not hide our loue;
And since it is thy fortune (thus) to gaine it,
It were too late, nor will I now restraine it.
Nor these great titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, sister to a King,
Of grandsire, father, husband, sonne and brother,
More thou alone to me then all the other,
Nor feare, my *Tudor*, that this loue of mine,
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne great Lancastrian line,
Nor stir the English bloud, the Sunne and Moone,
T'repine at *Loraine*, *Burbon*, *Alanson*;
Nor do I thinke there is such different ods,
They should alone be numbred with the Gods.
Of *Cadmus* earthly issue reckoning vs,
And they from *Ioue*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*,
Of great *Latonas* off-spring onely they,
And we the brats of wofull *Niobe*,
Our famous grandsires (as their owne) bestrid
That horse of fame, that God-begotten steede,
Whose bounding hoofe plow'd that Boetian spring,
Where those sweet maides of memory do sing,

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That horse of fame, that God-begotten steede,
Whose bounding hoofe plow'd that Boetian spring,
Where those sweet maides of memory do sing,

Not onely *Henries* Queene, but boast as well,
To be the childe of *Charles* and *Isabell*.
Nor doe I know from whence their griefe should grow,
They by this match should be disparag'd so;
When *Iohn* and *Longshankes* issue both affied,
And to the Kings of Wales in wedlocke tied,
Shewing the greatnesse of your bloud thereby,
Your race and royall consanguinitie.
And Wales as well as haughty England boasts,
Of *Camilot*, and all her Penticosts;
A Nephewes roome in great *Pendragons* race,
At *Arthurs* Table to haue equall place,
If by the often conquest of your land,
They boast the spoyles of their victorious hand,
If these our ancient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
When bloudie *Rufus* sought your vtter sacke,
Twice entring Wales yet twice was beaten backe;
When famous *Cambria* wash'd her in the flood,
Made by th'effusion of the English blood,
And oft return'd with glorious victorie,
From Worc'ster, Herford, Chester, Shrowesburie,
Whose power in euery conquest so preuailes,
As once expuls'd the English out of Wales.
Although my beautie made my Countries peace,
And at my Bridall former broyles did cease;
Yet more then power, had not his person beene,
I had not come to England as a Queene.
Nor tooke I *Henry* to supply my want,
Because in France that time my choyse was scant
When it had rob'd all Christendome of men,

And

And Englands flower remain'd amongst vs then;
Gloster, whose counsels (*Nestor*-like) assist,
Couragious *Bedford*, that great Martialist,
Clarence, for vertue honored of his foes,
And *Yorke*, whose fame yet daily greater growes,
Warwicke the pride of *Neuels* haughtie race,
Great *Salisburie*, so fear'd in euery place.
That valiant *Poole*, whom no atchieuement dares,
And *Vere*, so famous in the Irish warres,
Who though my selfe so great a Prince were borne,
The worst of these my equall neede not scorne:
But *Henries* rare perfections and his parts,
As conquering Kingdomes, so he conquer'd hearts.
As chaste was I to him, as Queene might bee,
But freed from him, my chaste loue vow'd to thee;
Beautie doth fetch all sauour from thy face,
All perfect Courtship resteth in thy grace:
If thou discourse, my lips such accents breake,
As Loue a spirit forth of thee seem'd to speake.
The Brittish language, which our vowels wants,
And iarres so much vpon harsh consonants,
Comes with such grace from thy mellifluous tongue,
As doe the sweet notes of a well-set song,
And runs as smoothly from those lips of thine,
As the poore *Tuskan* from the *Florentine*;
Leauing such seasoned sweetnesse in the eare,
As the voyce past, yet still the sound is there:
In *Nisus* Tower, as when *Apollo* lay,
And on his golden Violl vs'd to play,
Where senslesse stones were with such musicke drownd,
As many yeares they did retaine the sound,

Let not the beames that greatneſſe doth reflect,
Amaze thy hopes with timerous reſpect;
Aſſure thee *Tudor*, maieſtie can be
As kinde in loue, as can the mean'ſt degree;
And the imbraces of a Queene as true,
As theirs might iudge them, much aduanc'd by you,
When in our greatneſſe our affections craue,
Thoſe ſecret ioyes that other women haue:
So I (a Queene) be ſoueraigne in my choice,
Let others fawne vpon the publique voyce;
Or what (by this) can euer hap to thee,
Light in reſpect to be belou'd of mee.
Let peeuiſh worldlings prate of right and wrong,
Leaue plaints and pleas, to whom they doe belong,
Let olde men ſpeake of chances and euents,
And Lawyers talke of titles and diſcents,
Leaue fond reports to ſuch as ſtories tell,
And couenants to thoſe that buy and ſell;
Loue my ſweet *Tudor*, that becomes thee beſt,
And to our good ſucceſſe referre the reſt.

Notes

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Incamp'd at Melans in warres bote al armes,
First, &c.

NEere vnto Melans, vpon the Riuer of Seyne, was the appointed place of parley betweene the two Kings of England and France, to which place *Issabell* the Queene of Fraunce, and the Duke of Burgoyne, brought the young Princesse *Katherine*, where King *Henry* first saw her.

And on my temples set a double Crowne.

Henry the fift and Queene *Katherine*, were taken as King and Queene of Fraunce, and during the life of *Charles* the French King *Henry* was called King of England, and heire of Fraunce, and after the death of *Henrie* the fift, *Henrie* the sixt his sonne, then being very young, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawfull King of England and France.

At Troy in Champaine he did first enioy.

Troy in Champaine, was the place where that victorious King *Henry* the fift married the Princesse *Katherine*, in the presence of the chiefe Nobilitie of the Realmes of England and Frannce.

Nor these great titles vain'y will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, &c.

Few Queenes of England or France, were euer more Princely allied then this Queene, as it hath beene noted by Historiographers.

Nor thinke so Tudor *that this loue of mine,*
Should wrong the Gaunt borne, &c.

Noting the discent of *Henry* her husband, from *Iohn* Duke of Lancaster, the fourth sonne of *Edward* the third, which Duke *Iohn* was sirnamed Gaunt, of the Cittie of Gaunt in Flanders where he was borne.

Nor stirre the English blood, the Sunne and Moone,
T'repine, &c.

Alluding the greatnesse of the Englisn line, to *Phœbus* and *Phœbe*, fained to be the children of *Latona*, whose heauenly kind might scorne to be ioyned with any earthly progenie: yet with all, boasting the bloud of France, as not inferour to theirs. And

wit

with this alluſion followeth on the hiſtorie of the ſtrife betwixt *Iuno* and the race of *Cadmus*, whoſe iſſue was afflicted by the wrath of heauen. The children of *Niobe* ſlaine, for which the ruthfull mother became a rocke, guſhing forth continually a fountaine of teares.

And Iohn *and* Longſhankes *iſſue, both aſſied.*

Lhewellin or *Leolin ap Iorwith*, married *Ioane*, daughter to King *Iohn* a moſt beautifull Ladie. Some Authours affirme that ſhee was baſe borne, *Lhewellin ap Gryffith*, married *Elinor*, daughter to *Simon Monfort* Earle of Leiſter, and couſin to *Edward Longſhankes*, both which *Lhewellins* were Princes of Wales.

Of Camilot and all her Penticoſts,
A nephewes roome, &c.

Camilot the auncient Palace of King *Arthur*, to which place all the Knights of that famous order, yeerely repaired at Penticoſt, according to the law of the Table, and moſt of the famous home-borne Knights were of that Countrie, as to this day is perceiued by their ancient monuments.

When bloudy Rufus *ſought your vtter ſacke.*

Noting the ill ſucceſſe which that *William Rufus* had in two voyages he made into Wales: in which a number of his chiefe Nobilitie were ſlaine.

And oft return'd with glorious victorie.

Noting the diuers ſundry incurſions that the Welchmen made into England, in the time of *Rufus*, *Iohn*, *Henrie* the ſecond, and *Longſhankes*.

Owen Tudor to Queen *Katharine.*

WHen firſt mine eies beheld your Princely name,
And found from whence this friendly letter came,
As in exceſſe of ioy my ſelfe forgot,
Whether I ſaw it, or I ſaw it not;
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes proceede,

My

My dazeled eye, inuites my tongue to reade;
Mine eye should guide my tongue, amazed mist it,
My lips which now should speake, are dumb, and kist it:
And leaues the paper in my trembling hand;
When all my senses so amazed stand;
Euen as a mother comming to her childe,
Which from her presence hath beene long exil'd,
With tender armes her gentle necke doth straine,
Now kissing him, now clipping him againe;
And yet excessiue ioy deludes her so,
As still she doubts if this be hers or no;
At length awakened from this pleasing dreame,
When passion somewhat leaues to be extreame,
My longing eyes, with their faire obiect meete,
Where euery letter's pleasing, each word sweete.
It was not *Henries* conquests nor his Court,
That had the power to win me by report,
Nor was his dreadfulil terror-striking name,
The cause that I from Wales to England came;
For Christian *Rhodes*, and our religions truth,
To great atchieuement first had wonne my youth;
Before aduenture did my valor proue,
Before I yet knew what it was to loue:
Nor came I hither by some poore euent,
But by th' eternall Destinies consent,
Whose vncompriſed wisedome did fore-see,
That you in marriage should be linck'd to mee,
By our great *Merlin*, was it not foretolde,
(Amongst his holy prophecies enrold)
When first he did of *Tudors* name diuine,
That Kings and Queenes should follow in our line,

And

And that the Helme (the *Tudors* ancient Creſt)
Should with the golden Flower-deluce be dreſt;
And that the Leeke (our Countries chiefe renowne)
Should growe with Roſes in the Engliſh Crowne:
As *Charles* faire daughter, you the Lillie weare,
As *Henries* Queene the bluſhing Roſe you beare;
By France's conqueſt, and by Englands oath,
You are the true made Dowager of both;
Both in your Crowne, both in your cheeke together,
Ioyne *Tethers* loue to yours, and yours to *Tether*.
Then make no future doubts, nor feare no hate,
When it ſo long hath beene foretolde by Fate;
And by the all-diſpoſing doome of heauen,
Before our births vnto one bed were giuen.
No *Pallas* here, nor *Iuno* is at all,
When I to *Venus* giue the golden ball;
Nor when the Græcians wonder I enioy,
None in reuenge to kindle fire in Troy,
And haue not ſtrange euents diuin'd to vs,
That in our loue we ſhould be proſperous?
When in your preſence I was call'd to dance,
In leſtie tricks whilſt I my ſelfe aduance;
And in my turne, my footing fail'd by hap,
VVas 't not my chance to light into your lap?
VVho would not iudge it Fortunes greateſt grace,
Sith he muſt fall to fall in ſuch a place?
His birth from heauen, your *Tudor* not deriues,
Nor ſtands on tip-toes in ſuperlatiues,
Although the enuious Engliſh doe deuiſe,
A thouſand ieſts of our Hyperbolies;
Nor doe I claime that plot by ancient deedes,

VVhere

Where *Phœbus* pastures his fire-breathing steedes;
Nor doe I boast my God-made Grandsires scarres,
Nor Giants Trophies in the *Titans* warres;
Nor faine my birth (your Princely eares to please)
By three nights getting as was *Hercules*,
Nor doe I forge my long discent to runne
From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious Sunne,
And yet in *Wales*, with them most famous be,
Our learned *Bards* doe sing my pedigree,
And boast my birth from great *Cadwallader*,
From old *Caer-Septon*, in mount *Palador*,
And from *Eneons* line, the South-Wales King
By *Theodor* the *Tudors* name doe bring.
My royall mothers Princely stocke began,
From her great Grandam faire *Gwenellian*;
By true descent from *Leolin* the great,
As well from North-Wales as faire *Powslands* seat;
Though for our Princely Genealogie,
I doe not stand to make Apologie;
Yet who with iudgements true vnpartiall eyes,
Shall looke from whence our name at first did rise,
Shall finde that Fortune is to vs in debt;
And why not *Tudor* as *Plantaginet*?
Nor that terme *Croggen*, nick-name of disgrace,
Vs'd as a by-word now in euery place,
Shall blot our bloud, or wrong a Welch-mans name,
Which was at first begot with Englands shame.
Our valiant swords, our right did still maintaine,
Against that cruell, proud, vsurping *Dane*;
And buckl'd in so many dangerous fights,
With *Norwayes*, *Swethens*, and with *Muscouits*,

And keepe our native language now thus long,
And to this day yet neuer chang'd our tongue,
VVhen they which now our Nation faine would tame,
Subdu'd, haue loſt their country, and their name:
Nor euer could the *Saxons* ſwords prouoke,
Our Britaine neckes to beare their ſeruile yoke.
VVhere *Cambria's* pleaſant Countries bounded bee,
VVith ſwelling *Seuerne*, and the holy *Dee*,
And ſince great *Brutus* firſt arriu'd, haue ſtood,
The onely remnant of the *Troian* blood.
To euery man is not allotted chance,
To boaſt with *Henry* to haue conquer'd France;
Yet if my fortunes thus may raiſed be,
This may preſage a farther good to me.
And our Saint *Dauid*, in the Britaines right,
May ioyne with *George*, the Sainted Engliſh Knight,
And old *Caer-marden*, *Merlins* famous towne,
Not ſcorn'd by *London*, though of ſuch renowne.
Ah would to God, that houre, my hopes attend,
VVere with my wiſh brought to deſired end,
Blame me not Madame, though I thus deſire,
VVhen eyes with enuie doe my hap admire;
Till now your beautie in nights boſome ſlept,
VVhat eye durſt ſtirre, where awfull *Henry* kept?
VVho durſt attempt to ſaile but neere the bay,
VVhere that all-conquering great *Alcides* lay?
Thy beautie now is ſet a royall prize,
And King repaire to cheapen merchandize.
If thou but walke to take the breathing aire,
Orithia makes me that I *Boreas* feare;
If to the fire *Ione* once in lightning came,

And faire *Egina* makes me feare the flame;
If in the Sunne, then sad suspition dreames
Phœbus should spread *Lucothoe* in his beames;
If in a fountaine thou dost coole thy blood,
Neptune I feare, which once came in a flood;
If with thy maydes, I dread *Apolloes* rape,
VVho cous'ned *Chion* in an old wiues shape;
If thou dost banquet, *Bacchus* makes me dread,
VVho in a grape *Erigone* did feed;
And if my selfe your chamber doore should keepe,
Yet feare I *Hermes* comming in a sleepe.
Pardon (sweet Queene) if I offend in this,
In these delayes loue most impatient is;
And youth wants pow'r his hot spleene to suppresse,
VVhen Hope alreadie banquets in excesse.
Though *Henries* fame in me you shall not finde,
Yet that which better shall content your minde;
But onely in the title of a King
Was his aduantage, in no other thing:
If in his loue more pleasure you did take,
Neuer let Queene trust Britaine for my sake.
Yet iudge me not from modestie exempt,
That I another *Phaetons* charge attempt;
My minde that thus your fauours dare aspire,
Declare a temper of celestiall fire;
If loue a fault, the more is Beauties blame,
VVhen she her selfe is author of the same;
All men to some one qualitie incline,
Onely to loue is naturally mine.
Thou art by Beautie famous as by birth;
Ordain'd by heauen, to cheere the drouping earth,

Adde faithfull loue vnto your greater state,
And then alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promise more, I not deny,
But yet (by heauen) he lou'd not more then I.
And thus I leaue, till time my faith approue,
I cease to write, but neuer cease to loue.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

And that the Helme, the Tudors *ancient Crest.*

THe Armes of *Tudor* was three Helmets, whereof he speaket as a thing prophetically foretold of *Merlin.*

When in thy presence I was call'd to dance.

Owen Tudor, being a courtly and actiue Gentleman, comman ded once to dance before the Queene, in a turne (not being abl to recouer himselfe) fell into her lappe, as shee sate vpon a litt stoole, with many of her Ladies about her.

And yet with them in Wales most famous be,
Our learned Bards, &c.

This *Berdh*, as they call it in the Brittish tongue, or as we mo properly say *Bard*, or *Bardus*, be their Poets, which keepe the R cords of Pedigrees and discents, and sing in Odes and measur to their Harps, after the old manner of the Lirick Poets.

And boast my blood from great Cadwallader.

Cadwallader, the last King of the Britaines, descended of the N ble and ancient Race of the Troians, to whom an Angell appe red, commanding him to goe to Rome to Pope *Sergius*; where ended his life.

From old Caer-Septon in mount Palador.

Caer-Septon, now called Shaftsburie, at whose building it w said an Eagle prophecied (or rather one named *Aquila*) of t fame of that place, and of the recouery of the Ile by the Britain bringing backe with them the bones of *Cadwallader* from Rome

And from Eneons *line, the South-wales King,*
From Theodor, *&c.*

This *Eneon* was slaine by the Rebels of Gwentsland, hee was a notable and worthie Gentleman, who in his life did many noble actes, and was father to *Theodor*, or *Tudor Maur*, of whom descended the Princes of South-Wales.

From her great Grandam faire Guenellian.

Guenellian, the daughter of *Rees ap Griffeth ap Theodor*, Prince of South-Wales, married *Edniuet Vaghan*, ancestor to *Owen Tudor*.

By true discent from Leolin *the great.*

This is the *Lewhelin*, called *Leolinus Magnus*, Prince of North-Wales.

Nor that word Croggen, *nick-name of disgrace.*

In the voyage that *Henry* the second made against the Welchmen, as his Souldiers passed Offas ditch at Croggen Castle, they were ouerthrowne by the Welchmen: which word *Croggen*, hath since beene vsed to the Welchmens disgrace, which was at first begun with their honor.

And old Caer-Merdin, Merlins *famous towne.*

Caer-Merdin, or *Merlins* towne, so called of *Merlins* being found there. This was *Ambrose Merlin*, whose Prophecies we haue. There was another of that name, called *Merlin Siluestris*, borne in Scotland, sir-named *Calidonius*, of the Forrest Calidon, where he prophecied.

And kept our native language now thus long.

The Welchmen be those ancient Britaines, which when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons inuaded heere, were first driuen into those parts, where they haue kept their language euer since the first, without commixtion with any other language.

FINIS.

To my worthy and deerely esteemed friend; Master IAMES HVISH.

SIR your owne naturall inclination to vertue, and your loue to the Muses, assure me of your kinde acceptance of my dedication. It is seated by custome (from which we are now bold to assume authoritie) to beare the names of our friends vpon the fronts of our bookes, as Gentlemen vse to set their Armes ouer their gate. Some say this vse began by the Heroes *and braue spirits of the old world, which were desirous to be thought to patronize learning; and men in requitall honor the names of those braue Princes. But I thinke some after, put the names of great men in their Bookes, for that men should say there was some thing good, onely because indeed their names stood there. But for mine owne part (not to dissemble) I find no such vertue in any of their great titles to do so much for any thing of mine, and so let them passe. Take knowledge by this, I loue you, and in good faith, worthy of all loue I thinke you, which I pray you let supply the place of further complement,*

Yours euer,

Michael Drayton.

Elinor Cobham to Duke Humfrey.

The Argument.

Elinor Cobham, *daughter to the Lord* Cobham *of Sterborough, and wife to* Humfrey Plantaginet *Duke of Glocester, the sonne of* Henry *the fourth King of England, sir-named* Bullingbrooke. *This noble Duke for his great wisdome and instice, called the Good, was by King* Henry *the fift (brother to this Duke) at his death appointed Protector of the Land, during the nonage of* Henry *the sixt; this* Elinor *Dutches of Glocester, a proud and ambitious woman, knowing that if yong* Henry *died without issue, the Duke her husband was the neerest of the bloud, conspired with one* Bullingbrook, *(otherwise called* Onely, *a great Magitian)* Hun *a Priest, and* Iourdain *Witch of Eye, by sorcery to make away the King, and by coniuration to know who should succeed. Of this being iustly conuicted, shee was adiudged to doe penance three seuerall times openly in London, and then to perpetuall banishment in the Ile of* Man, *from whence she writeth this Epistle.*

ME thinkes, not knowing who these lines should
Thou straight turn'st ouer to the later end, (send,
Where thou thy name no sooner hast espi'd,
But in disdaine my letters casts aside;
Why if thou wilt, I will my selfe deny,
Nay, I'le affirme and sweare I am not I,

Or if in that thy shame thou dost perceiue,
Ile leaue that name; that name my selfe shall leaue;
And yet me thinkes amaz'd thou should'st not stand,
Nor seeme so much appalled at my hand,
For my misfortunes haue inur'd thine eye,
(Long before this) to sights of miserie;
No, no, reade on, tis I, the very same,
All thou canst reade, is but to reade my shame.
Be not dismay'd, nor let my name affright,
The worst it can, is but t'offend thy sight;
It cannot wound, nor doe thee deadly harme,
It is no dreadfull spell, nor Magicke charme;
If she that sent it loue Duke *Humfrey* so,
Is't possible her name should be his foe?
Yes, I am *El'nor*, I am very shee,
Who brought for dower a virgins bed to thee,
Though enuious *Benford* slander'd me before,
To be Duke *Humfreyes* wanton Paramoure,
And though indeed I can it not denie,
To Magicke once I did my selfe apply,
I wonne thee not, as there be many thinke,
With pois'ning *Philters*, and bewitching drinke,
Nor on thy person did I euer proue
Those wicked potions so procuring loue.
I cannot boast to be rich *Hollands* heire,
Nor of the bloud and greatnesse of *Baueire*;
Yet *El'nor* brought no forren Armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy *Iacomin*;
Nor clamorous husband followed me that fled,
Exclaiming *Humfrey* to defile his bed,
Nor wast thou forc'd the slander to suppresse,

To send me backe as an adultereſſe;
Brabant not Burgoyne, claimed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to Rome to haſten my deuorce;
Nor Belgia's pompe defac'd with Belgia's fire,
The iuſt reward of her vniuſt deſire;
Nor *Bedfords* ſpouſe, your noble ſiſter *Anne*,
That Princely-iſſued great Burgonian,
Should ſtand with me, to moue a womans ſtrife,
To yeeld the place to the Protectors wife.
If *Cobhams* name my birth can dignifie,
Or *Sterborough* renowne my family;
Where's Greenwich now, thy *Elnors* Court of late,
Where ſhe with *Humfrey* held a Princely ſtate?
That pleaſant Kent, when I abroad ſhould ride,
That to my pleaſure laide forth all her pride;
The Thames by water when I tooke the ayre,
Danc'd with my Barge in lanching from the ſtaire;
The anch'rinn ſhips that when I paſs'd the road,
Were wont to hang their chequ'red tops abroad;
How long it be thoſe that were wont to ſtand,
To ſee my pompe, ſo Goddeſſe-like to land,
Should after ſee me mayl'd vp in a ſheete,
Doe ſhamefull penance three times in the ſtreete?
Rung with a bell, a Taper in my hand,
Bare-foote to trudge before a Beadles wand;
That little babes, not hauing vſe of tongue,
Stood pointing at me as I came along.
Where's *Humfreys* power, where was his great com-(mand
Wait thou not Lord Protector of the land?
Or for thy iuſtice, who can thee denie,
The title of the good Duke *Humfrey*?

VVhat bloud extract from famous *Edwards* line,
Can boast it selfe to be so pure as thine?
VVho else next *Henry* should the Realme preferre,
If it allow of famous *Lancaster*?
But *Rayners* daughter must from France be fet,
And with a vengeance on our Throne be set;
Maunes, Maine, and Aniou, on that begger cast,
To bring her home to England in such haste,
And what for *Henry* thou had'st laboured there,
To ioyne the King with *Armmackes* rich heire,
Must all be dash'd, as no such thing had beene,
Poole needs must haue his darling made a Queene;
How should he with our Princes else be plac'd,
To haue his Earleship with a Dukedome grac'd?
And raise the off-spring of his blood so hie,
As Lords of vs and our posteritie.
O that by Sea when he to France was sent,
The ship had sunke wherein the Traytor went;
Or that the sands had swallowed her before
She e're set foot vpon the English shore.
But all is well, nay we haue store to giue,
VVhat neede we more, we by her lookes can liue:
All that great *Henry* by his conquests heapt,
And famous *Bedford* to his glorie kept,
Be giuen backe to *Rayner* all in post,
And by this meanes rich Normandie be lost;
Those which haue come as Mistresses of ours,
Haue into England brought their goodly dowers,
VVhich to our Coffers yeerely tribute brings,
The life of subiects and the strength of Kings;
The meanes whereby faire England euer might,

Raise

Raiſe power in France, to backe our ancient right;
But ſhe brings ruine here to make aboad,
And cancels all our lawfull claime abroad,
And ſhe muſt recapitulate my ſhame,
And giue a thouſand by-words to my name,
And call me Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Trot,
With all deſpite that may a woman ſpot:
O that I were a Witch but for her ſake!
Yfaith her Queeneſhip little reſt ſhould take;
I would ſcratch that face that may not feele the ayre,
And knit whole ropes of Witch knots in her haire;
O I would hag her nightly in her bed,
And on her breaſt ſit like a lump of lead,
And like a Fairy pinch that daintie skin,
Her wanton bloud is now ſo cocker'd in,
Or take me ſome ſuch knowne familiar ſhape,
As ſhe my vengeance neuer ſhould eſcape;
Were I a garment, none ſhould need the more
To ſprinckle me with *Neſſus* pois'ned gore,
It were enough if ſhe once put me on,
To teare both fleſh and ſinewes from the bone;
Were I a flower that might her ſmell delight,
Though I were not the pois'ning Aconite,
I would ſend ſuch a fume into her brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now;
They ſay the Druides once liu'd in this Ile,
This fatall Man, the place of my exile, (wrought,
VVhoſe powerfull charmes, ſuch dreadfull wonders
VVhich in the Gotiſh Iſland tongue were taught;
O that their ſpels to me they had reſign'd,
VVherewith they rais'd and calm'd both Sea and winde.

And made the Moone pawſe in her paled ſpheare,
Whilſt her grim Dragons drew them through the ayre,
Their helliſh power to kill the Plow-mans ſeede,
Or to fore-ſpeake the flockes as they did feede,
To nurſe a damned ſpirit with humane blood,
To carrie them through earth ayre, fire, and flood;
Had I this skill that time hath almoſt loſt,
How like a Goblin I would haunt her ghoſt.
O pardon, pardon my miſ-gouern'd tong,
A womans ſtrength cannot endure my wrong.
Did not the heauens her comming in withſtand,
As though affrighted when ſhe came to land?
The earth did quake her comming to abide,
The goodly Thames did twice keepe backe her tide;
Pauls ſhooke with tempeſts, and that mounting ſpire,
With lightning ſent from heauen was ſet on fire;
Our ſtately buildings to the ground were blowne,
Her pride by theſe prodigious ſignes were ſhowne;
More fearefull viſions on the Engliſh earth,
Then euer were at any death or birth.
Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, if I ſhould not ſpeake,
My breaſt would ſplit, my very heart would breake.
I that was wont ſo many to command,
Worſe now then with a clapdiſh in my hand;
A ſimple mantle couering me withall,
A very Leper of Cares Hoſpitall,
That from my ſtate a preſence held in awe,
Glad here to kennell in a pad of ſtraw;
And like an Owle by night to goe abroad,
Rooſted all day within an Iuy tod,
Among the Sea cliffes, in the dampie Caues,

In charnell houſes, fit to dwell in graues;
Saw'ſt thou thoſe eyes, in whoſe ſweet cheerfull looke,
Duke *Humfrey* once ſuch ioy and pleaſure tooke;
Sorrow hath ſo diſpoyl'd me of all grace,
Thou couldſt not ſay, this was my *El'nors* face;
Like a foule Gorgon, whoſe diſheuel'd haire,
With euery blaſt flies glaring in the ayre;
Some ſtanding vp like hornes vpon my head,
Euen like thoſe women that in *Coos* are bred:
My lanke breaſts hang like bladders left vnblowne
My skin with loathſome laundize ouer-growne;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'ſt to ſee
Ruines true picture, onely looke on mee;
Sometime in thinking of what I haue had,
Euen in a ſuddaine extaſie am mad;
Then like a Beldam, forth thy *El'nor* runnes,
Like one of *Bacchus* raging franticke Nunnes,
Or like a Tartar, when in ſtrange diſguiſe,
Prepar'd vnto a diſmall ſacrifice.
That Prelate *Beuford*, a foule ill befall him,
Prelate ſaid I! nay diuell I ſhould call him,
Ah God forgiue me if I thinke amiſſe,
His very name me thinkes my poyſon is;
Ah that vile *Iudas*, our profeſſed foe,
My curſe purſue him where ſoe're he goe;
That to my iudgement when I did appeare,
Laide to my charge thoſe things that neuer were,
I ſhould partake with *Bullingbrookes* intents,
The hallowing of his Magicke inſtruments;
That I procured *Southwell* to aſſiſt,
Which was by order conſecrate a Prieſt,

That it was I should couer all they did,
That but for him had to this day beene hid.
Ah that vile bastard, that himselfe dare vaunt,
To be the sonne of thy braue Grandsire *Gaunt*,
Whom he but fathered of meere charitie,
To rid his mother of that infamie,
VVho if report of elder times be true,
Vnto this day his father neuer knew.
He that by murthers blacke and odious crime,
To *Henries* Throne attempted once to clime?
Hauing procur'd by hope of golden gaine,
A fatall hand his soueraigne to haue slaine;
VVhom to his chamber closely he conuay'd,
And for that purpose fitly there had laide,
Vpon whose sword that famous Prince had dy'd,
If by a dogge he had not beene discry'd.
But now the Queene, her Minion *Poole* and he,
As it please them, so now must all things be;
England 's no place for any one beside,
All is too little to maintaine their pride:
VVhat of a King hath *Henry* but the name,
And now scarce that, so publike his defame?
And I pray God, I doe not liue the day,
To see thy ruine, and the Realmes decay;
And yet as sure as *Humfrey* seemes to stand,
He be preseru'd from that vile Traytors hand;
rom *Glosters* seat I would thou wert estrang'd,
r would to God that Dukedoms name were chang'd;
or it portends no goodnesse vnto vs,
h *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, it is ominous:
et rather then thy hap so hard should be,

I would thou wert here baniſhed with me:
Humfrey adiew, farewell true noble Lord,
My wiſh is all thy *El'nor* can afford.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

To Magicke once I did my ſelfe apply.

Elinor Cobham was accuſed by ſome that ſought to withſtand, and miſliked her marriage with Duke *Humfrey*, that ſhe practiſed to giue him Philters, and ſuch poiſoning potions, to make him loue her, as ſhe was ſlandered by Cardinall *Beuford*, to haue liued as the Dukes Lemman, againſt the which Cardinall ſhe exclaimeth in this Epiſtle in the verſe before.

Though enuious Beuford *ſlandered me before,*
Noting the extreame hate he euer bore her.

Nor Elnor *braught no forraine Armies in,*
To fetch her backe as did thy Iacomin.

This was the chiefe and onely thing that euer touched the reputation of this good Duke, that dotingly hee married *Iacomin*, or as ſome call her, *Iaquet*, daughter and heire to *William Bauier* Duke of Holland before married, and lawfull wife to *Iohn* Duke of Brabant, then liuing: which after as it is ſhewed in this verſe following.

Brabant nor Burgoyne claimed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to Rome to haſten my deuorce.

Cauſed great warres, by reaſon that the Duke of Burgoyne tooke part with Brabant, againſt the Duke of Gloceſter; which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Ladie was adiudged to be deliuered backe to her former husband.

Nor Bedfords *ſpouſe, your noble ſiſter* Anne,
That Princely iſſued great Burgonian.

Iohn Duke of Bedford, that ſcourge of France, and the glorie

of the Englishmen, married *Anne* sister to the Duke of Burgundie, a vertuous and beautifull Ladie: by which marriage, as also by his victories attained in France, he brought great strength to the English Nation.

Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nors *Court of late?*

That faire and goodly Pallace of Greenwich, was first builded by that famous Duke, whose rich and pleasant situation might remaine an assured monument of his wisedome, if there were no other memorie of the same.

They say the Druides once liued in this Ile.

It should seeme that there were two Ilands, both of them called *Mona*, though now distinguished the one by the name of Man, the other by the nams of Angelsey, both which were full of manie infernall ceremonies, as may appeare by *Agricolaes* voyage, made into the hithermost Man, described by his sonne in law *Cornelius Tacitus*. And as superstition, the daughter of barbarisme and ignorance: so amongst those Northerly Nations, like as in America Magicke was most esteemed. *Druidæ* were the publique Ministers of their Religion, as thoroughly taught in all rites thereof: their doctrine concerned the immortality of the soule, the contempt of death, and all other points which may conduce to resolution, fortitude, and magnanimitie: their aboade was in Groues and Woods, whereupon they haue their name: their power extended it selfe to master the soules of men deceased, and to conferre with ghosts and others spirits, about the successe of things. *Plutarch* in his profound and learned discourse of the defect of Oracles, reporteth that the outmost British Iles, were the prison of I wot not what Demi-gods; but it shall not neede to speake any farther of the *Druidæ*, then that which *Lucan* doth:

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremq; siniſtrum
Sacrorum, Druidæ positis repetistis ab armis.

Did not the heauens her comming in withstand?

Noting the prodigious and fearfull signes that were seene in England, a little before her comming in: which *Elinor* expresseth in this Epistle, as foreshewing the dangers which should ensue upon this vnluckie marriage.

The

The hallowing of the Magicke instruments.

The instruments which *Bullingbrooke* vsed in his coniurations, according to the diuellish ceremonies and customes of these vnlafull Artes, were dedicated at a Masse in the Lodge in Harnsey Parke, by *Southwell* Priest of Westminster.

Hauing procur'd by hope of golden gaine.

This was one of the articles that Duke *Humfrey* vrged against the Cardinall *Beuford*, that hee conspired the death of *Henry* the fift, by conuaying a villaine into his chamber, which in the night should haue murthered him: but what ground of truth he had for the same, I leaue to dispute.

Duke HVMFREY to ELINOR *Cobham*.

ME thinkes thou should'st not doubt, I could forgee
Her whom so many doe remember yet;
No, no, our ioyes away like shadowes slide,
But sorrowes firme, in memorie abide;
Nay I durst answere, thou do'st nothing lesse,
But mou'd with passion, vrg'd by thy distresse;
No *El'nor* no, thy woes, thy griefe, thy wrong,
Haue in my breast beene resident too long;
Oh when report in euery place hath spred,
My *El'nor* was to Sanctuary fled,
With cursed *Onley*, and the Witch of Eye,
As guiltie of their vile conspiracie;
The dreadfull spirits when they did inuocate,

For the succession, and the Realmes estate;
VVhen *Henries* Image they in waxe had wrought,
By which he should vnto his death be brought;
That as his picture did consume away,
His person so by sickneſſe should decay;
Griefe that before could ne're my thoughts controule,
That instant tooke possession of my soule.
Ah would to God I could forget thine ill,
As for mine owne, let that inflict me still;
But that before hath taken too sure hold,
Forget it said I? would to God I could.
Of any woe, if thou hast but one part,
I haue the whole remaining in my heart;
I haue no need of others cares to borrow,
For all I haue is nothing else but sorrow.
No my sweet *Nell*, thou took'st not all away,
Though thou went'st hence, heere still thy woes do stay,
Though from thy husband thou wert forc'd to go,
Those still remaine, they will not leaue me so;
No eye bewailes my ill, moanes thy distresse,
Our griefe is more, but yet our debt the lesse;
VVe owe no teares, no mourning dayes are kept;
For those that yet for vs haue neuer wept;
We hold no Obijts, no sad Exequies
Vpon the death-dayes of vnweeping eyes.
Alas good *Nell*, what should thy patience moue,
T'vpbraid thy kinde Lord with a forren loue?
Thou might'st haue bid all former ills adue,
Forgot the old, we haue such store of new.
Did I omit thy loue to entertaine,
With mutuall griefe to answere griefe againe?

Or

Thinkst thou I vnkindly did forbeare,
To bandie woe for woe, and teare for teare?
Did I omit, or careleſſely neglect
Thoſe ſhewes of loue, that Ladies ſo reſpect?
In mournefull blacke was I not ſeene to goe?
By outward ſhewes to tell my inward woe:
Nor drerie words were waſted in lament,
Nor cloudy brow bewray'd my diſcontent:
Is this the cauſe? if this be it, know then,
One griefe conceal'd, more grieuous is then ten:
If in my breaſt theſe ſorrowes ſometimes were,
And neuer vttered, ſtill they muſt be there,
And if thou know'ſt, they many were before,
By time encreaſing they muſt needs be more;
England to me, can challenge nothing lent,
Let her caſt vp, what is receiu'd, what ſpent,
If I her owne, can ſhe from blame be free,
If ſhe but proue a ſtepdam vnto mee?
That if I ſhould with that proud baſtard ſtriue;
To plead my birth-right and prerogatiue;
If birth allow, I ſhould not neede to feare it,
For then my true Nobilitie ſhould beare it;
If counſell aide, that France will tell (I know)
VVhoſe Townes lie waſte before the Engliſh foe;
VVhen thrice we gaue the conquer'd French the foile
At Agincourt, at Crauant, and Vernoile;
If faith auaile, theſe Armes did *Henry* hold,
To claime his Crowne, yet ſcarcely nine mon'ths old.
If Countries care haue leaue to ſpeake for me,
Gray haires in youth, my witneſſe then may be.
If peoples tongues giue ſplendor to my fame,

They adde a title to Duke *Humfreyes* name;
If toyle at home, French treason, English hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the State,
If forren trauell my succesſe may try,
In Flanders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundie,
That robe of Rome proud *Benford* now doth weare,
In euery place ſuch ſway ſhould neuer beare:
The Croſier ſtaffe in his Imperious hand,
To be the Scepter that controules the land;
That home to *England*, diſpenſations drawes,
Which are of power to abrogate our lawes,
And for thoſe ſummes the wealthy Church ſhould pay,
Vpon the needie Comm'nalty to lay;
His ghoſtly counſels onely doe aduiſe,
The meanes how *Langlies* Progenie may riſe,
Pathing yong *Henries* vnaduiſed waies,
A Duke of *Yorke* from *Cambridge* houſe to raiſe,
Which after may our title vndermine,
Grafted ſince *Edward* in *Gaunts* famous line:
Vs of ſucceſſion falſely to depriue,
Which they from *Clarence* fainedly deriue,
Knowing the will old *Cambridge* euer bore,
To catch the wreathe that famous *Henry* wore:
With *Gray* and *Scroope*, when firſt he laid the plot,
From vs and ours, the garland to haue got:
As from the *March*-borne *Mortimer* to raigne,
Whoſe title *Glendour* ſtoutly did maintaine,
When the proud *Percies*, haughtie *March*, and hee,
Had ſhar'd the Land by equall parts in three.
His Prieſthood now ſterne *Mowbray* doth reſtore,
To fume the fire that kindled was Before;

Againſt

inst the *Yorkists* shall their claime aduance,
To steele the point of *Norfolkes* sturdie lance,
Vpon the breast of *Herfords* issue bent,
In iust reuenge of ancient banishment.
He doth aduise to let our pris'ner goe,
And doth enlarge the faithlesse Scottish foe,
Giuing our heires in marriage, that their dowres
May bring inuasion vpon vs and ours.
Ambitious *Suffolke* so the helme doth guide,
VVith *Beufords* damned policies suppli'd;
He and the Queene in counsell still conferre,
How to raise him who hath aduanced her.
But my deare heart, how vainely doe I dreame,
And flie from thee, whose sorrowes are my theame?
My loue to thee, and England thus diuided,
VVhich the most part how hard to be decided?
Or thee, or that, to whether I am loath,
So neere are you, so deere vnto me both,
Twixt that and thee, for equall loue I finde
England ingratefull, and my *El'nor* kinde.
But though my Country iustly I reproue,
For Countries sake vnkinde vnto my loue,
Yet is thy *Humfrey* to his *El'nor*, now,
As when fresh beautie triumph'd on thy brow.
As when thy graces I admired most,
Or of thy fauours might the frankli'st boast,
Those beauties were so infinite before,
That in abundance I was onely poore.
Of which, though time hath taken some againe,
I aske no more but what doth yet remaine.
Be patient gentle heart in thy distresse,

Thou art a Princesse, not a whit lesse.
VVhilst in these breasts we beare about this life,
I am thy husband, and thou art my wife;
Cast not thine eye on such as mounted be,
But looke on those cast downe as low as we;
For some of them which proudly pearch so hie,
Ere long shall come as low as thou or I.
They weepe for ioy, and let vs laugh in woe,
We shall exchange, when heauen will haue it so.
We mourne, and they in after time may mourne,
Woe past may once laugh present woe to scorne,
And worse then hath beene we can neuer taste,
Worse cannot come then is alreadie past.
In all extreames, the onely depth of ill,
Is that which comforts the afflicted still;
Ah would to God thou could'st thy griefes denie,
And on my backe let all the burthen lie!
Or if thou canst resigne, make thine mine owne,
Both in one carriage to be vndergone,
Till we againe our former hopes recouer,
And prosp'rous times blow these misfortunes ouer,
For in the thought of those fore-passed yeares,
Some new resemblance of old ioy appeares.
Mutuall our care, so mutuall be our loue,
That our affliction neuer can remoue,
So rest in peace, where peace hath hope to liue,
Wishing thee more then I my selfe can giue.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

At Agincourt, at Crauant, and Vernoyle.

THE three famous battels fought by the Englishmen in France: Agin-court by *Henry* the fifth, against the whole power of France, Crauant fought by *Montacute* Earle of Salisbury, and the Duke of Burgoyne, against the Dolphine of France, and *William Stuart*, Constable of Scotland: Vernoyle, fought by *Iohn* Duke of Bedford, against the Duke of Alanson, and with him most of the Nobilitie of France, Duke *Humfrey* an especiall Counsellour in all these expeditions.

In Flanders, Almane, Bobeme, Burgundie.

Heere remembring the ancient amitie which in his ambassaes he concluded betwixt the King of England, and *Sigismund* Emperour of Almaine, drawing the Duke of Burgoyne into the same league, giuing himselfe as an hostage for the Duke of Saint *Omers*, while the Duke came to Calice to confirme the league. With his many other employments to forren Kingdomes.

That Crosier staffe in his imperious hand.

Henry Beuford, Cardinall of Winchester, that proud and haughtie Prelate, receiued the Cardinals Hat at Calice by the Popes Legate, which dignitie, *Henry* the fift his Nephew, forbad him to take vpon him, knowing his haughtie and malicious spirit, vnfit for that robe and calling.

The meanes how Langleis *progenie may rise.*

As willing to shew the house of Cambridge to be descended of *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke, a yonger brother to *Iohn* of *Gaunt* his Grand-father (as much as in him lay) to smother the title that the Yorkists made to the Crowne (from *Lionel* of Clarence, *Gaunt* elder brother) by the daughter of *Mortimer*.

His Priesthood now, sterne Mowbray *doth restore.*

Noting the ancient grudge betweene the house of Lancaster and Norfolke, euer since *Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke was banished for the accusation af *Henry* Duke of Herford, (after that King of England father to Duke *Humfrey*) which accusation he came as a Combatant, to haue made good in the Lists at Couentry.

And giues our heires in marriage that their dowers.

Iames Stuart King of Scots, hauing beene long prisoner in England, was released, and tooke to wife the daughter of *Iohn* Duke of Somerset, sister to *Iohn* Duke of Somerset, Neece to the Cardinall, and the Duke of Excester, and cousin-germane remoued to the King: this King broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemie to England.

FINIS.

To

To my honoured Mistris, Mistris *Elizabeth Tanfield*, the sole daughter and heire of that famous and learned Lawyer *Laurence Tanfield* Esquire.

FAire and vertuous Mistris, since first it was my good fortune to be a witnesse of the many rare perfections wherewith nature and education haue adorned you, I haue beene forced since that time, to attribute more admiration to your sexe, then euer Petrarch *could before perswade me to by the praises of his* Laura. *Sweet is the French tongue, more sweet the Italian; but most sweet are they both, if spoken by your admired selfe. If Poesie were praise-lesse, your vertues alone were a subiect sufficient to make it esteemed, though among the barbarous Getes: by how much the more your tender yeares giue scarcely warrant for your more then woman like wisedome, by so much is your iudgement and reading the more to be wondred at. The Graces shall haue one more sister by your selfe, and England to her selfe shall adde one Muse more to the Muses. I rest the humble deuoted seruant to my deere and modest Mistris, to whom I wish the happiest fortunes I can deuise*

Michael Drayton.

William de-la-Pole Duke of Suffolke to Queene Margaret.

THE ARGVMENT.

William de-la-Pole, *first Marquesse, and after created Duke of Suffolke, being sent into France by King* Henry *the sixt, concluded a marriage betweene the King his Master, and* Margaret *daughter to* Rayner *Duke of Anion, who onely had the title of the King of Cicilie and Ierusalem. This marriage being made, contrary to the liking of the Lords and Counsell of the Realme (by reason of the yeelding vp of Anion and Maine into the Dukes handes, which shortly after proued the losse of all Aquitaine) they euer after continually hated the Duke, and after (by meanes of the Commons) banished him at the Parliament at Berry; where, after he had the indgement of his Exile, being then readie to depart, he writeth backe to the Queene this Epistle.*

IN my disgrace (deere Queene) rest thy content,
And *Margarets* health from *Suffolkes* banishment,
Not one day seemes fiue yeares exile to mee,
But that so soone I must depart from thee;
VVhere thou not present, it is euer night,
All be exil'd that liue not in thy sight.
Those sauages which worship the Sunnes rise,
VVould hate their God, if they beheld thine eyes;
The worlds great light, mightst thou be seene abroad
VVould at our noone-stead euer make aboad;

And

And force the poore *Antipodes* to mourne,
Fearing leſt he would neuer more returne,
Were t not for thee, it were my great'ſt exile,
To liue within this Sea-inuiron'd Ile.
Poles courage brookes not limiting in bands,
By that (great Queene) thy ſoueraignty commands:
Our Falcons kinde cannot the Cage endure,
Nor Buzzard-like doth ſtoope to euery lure;
Their mounting brood in open ayre doth rouc,
Nor will with Crowes be coop'd within a groue;
We all doe breath vpon this earthly ball,
Likewiſe one heauen encompaſſeth vs all,
No baniſhment can be to him aſſign'd,
Who doth retaine a true reſolued minde.
Man in himſelfe a little world doth beare,
His ſoule the monarch, euer ruling there
Where euer then his bodie doth remaine,
He is a King that in himſelfe doth raigne,
And neuer feareth fortunes hot'ſt alarmes,
That beares againſt her *Patience* for his armes.
This was the meane proude *Warwicke* did inuent,
To my diſgrace at Leiſter Parlement,
That onely I, by yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the loſſe of fertile Aquitaine,
With the baſe vulgar ſort to winne him fame,
To be the heire of good Duke *Humfreyes* name;
And ſo by treaſon ſpotting my pure blood,
Make this a meane to raiſe the *Neuels* brood.
With *Salsbury* his vile ambitious Sire,
In *Yorkes* ſterne breaſt, kindling long hidden fire,
By *Clarence* title working to ſupplant,

The Eagle ayrie of great *Iohn* of Gaunt,
And to this end did my Exile conclude,
Thereby to please the rascall multitude;
Vrg'd by these enuious Lords to spend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death,
That since the olde decrepit Duke is dead,
By me of force he must be murthered.
If they would know who rob'd him of his life,
Let him call home Dame *Elinor* his wife,
Who with a Taper walked in a sheete,
To light her shame at noone through London street;
And let her bring her Necromanticke booke,
That foule Hag *Iordane*, *Hun*, and *Bullingbrooke*,
And let them call the spirits from hell againe,
To know how *Humfrey* died, and who shall raigne.
For twenty yeares, and haue I seru'd in France,
Against great *Charles*, and bastard *Orleance*?
And seene the slaughter of a world of men,
Victorious now, and conquered againe;
And haue I seene *Vernoylas* batefull fields,
Strew'd with ten thousand helms, ten thousand shields,
Where famous *Bedford* did our fortune try,
Or *France*, or *England*, for the victory?
The sad inuesting of so many Townes,
Scor'd on my breast in honourable wounds;
When *Mountacute* and *Talbot* of such name,
Vnder my Ensigne both first won their fame,
In heate and cold all fortunes haue endur'd,
To rowze the French, within their walls immur'd;
Through all my life, these perils haue I past,
And now to feare a banishment at last?

Thou-

Thou know'st how I (thy beautie to aduance)
For thee refus'd the infant Queene of *France*,
Brake the contract Duke *Humfrey* first did make
Twixt *Henry* and the Princesse *Armmacke*;
Onely (sweet Queene) thy presence I might gaine,
I gaue Duke *Rayner* Aniou, Mauns and Maine,
Thy peerelesse beauty for a dower to bring,
Being of it selfe sufficient for a King;
And from *Aumerle* withdrew my warlike powers,
And came my selfe in person first to Towers,
Th' Ambassadors for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary, and Spaine,
And to the King relating of thy storie,
My tongue flow'd with such plenteous Oratorie,
As the report in speaking did endite,
Begetting still more rauishing delight.
And when my speech did cease (as telling all)
My lookes shew'd more that was Angelicall,
And when I breath'd againe and pawsed next,
I left mine eyes dilating on the text;
Then comming of thy modestie to tell,
In Musicks numbers my voyce rose and fell:
And when I came to paint thy glorious stile,
My speech in greater Cadences to file,
By true descent to weare the Diadem,
Of Naples, Cicils, and Ierusalem,
And from the Gods thou didst deriue thy birth,
If heauenly kinde could ioyne with brood of earth;
Gracing each title that I did recite,
With some mellifluous pleasing Epethite;
Nor left him not, till he for loue was sicke,

Behol-

Beholding thee in my ſweet Rhetoricke.
A fifteenes taxe in France I freely ſpent
In triumphs at thy nuptiall tournament;
And ſolemniz'd thy marriage in a gowne,
Valu'd at more then was thy fathers Crowne;
And onely ſtriuing how to honour thee,
Gaue to my King, what thy loue gaue to mee.
Iudge if his kindneſſe haue not power to moue,
Who for his loues ſake gaue away his loue.
Had he, which once the prize to Greece did bring,
(Of whom olde Poets long agoe did ſing)
Seene thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deepe,
Would ouer-board haue caſt his golden ſheepe,
As too vnworthy ballaſt to be thought,
To peſter roome, with ſuch perfection fraught.
The briny Seas which ſaw the ſhip enfold thee,
Would vault vp to the Hatches to behold thee,
And falling backe, themſelues in thronging ſmother,
Breaking for griefe, enuying one another;
When the proude Barke, for ioy thy ſteps to feele,
Scorn'd the ſalt waues ſhould kiſſe her furrowing keele,
And trick'd in all her flags, her ſelfe ſhe braues,
Capring for ioy vpon the ſiluer waues;
When like a Bull from the Phenician ſtrand,
Ione with *Europa* tripping from the land,
Vpon the boſome of the Maine doth ſcud,
And with his Swanniſh breaſt cleauing the floud,
Row'd the faire fields, vpon the other ſide,
Beareth *Agenors* ioy, *Phenicia's* pride.
All heauenly beauties ioyne themſelues in one,
To ſhew their glorie in thine eye alone;

Which

Which when it turneth that celestiall ball,
A thousand sweet starres rise, a thousand fall,
Who iustly saith, mine banishment to bee,
When onely France for my recourse is free?
To view the Plaines where I haue seene so oft,
Englands victorious Engines rais'd aloft,
When this shall be a comfort in my way,
To see the place where I may boldly say,
Here mightie *Bedford* forth the vaward led,
Here *Talbot* charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled,
Here with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lie,
Here stood the Tents of famous *Willoughbie*;
Here *Mountacute* rang'd his vnconquered band,
Here forth we march'd, and here we make a stand.
What should we stand to mourne and grieue all day,
For that which time doth easily take away?
What fortune hurts let patience onely heale,
No wisedome with extreamities to deale.
To know our selues to come of humane birth,
These sad afflictions crosse vs here on earth.
A taxe impos'd by heauens eternall law,
To keepe our rude rebellious will in awe.
In vaine we prize that at so deare a rate,
Whose best assurance is a fickle state,
And we examine vainely our intent,
When not our care can heauens decree preuent;
When we our fals fore-seeing cannot shun,
That which before with destinie doth run,
Henry hath power, and may my life depose,
Mine honour mine, that none hath power to lose;
Then be as cheerefull (beauteous royall Queene)

As in the Court of *France* we erſt haue beene;
As when arriu'd in Porcheſters faire road,
(Where, for our comming *Henry* made aboad)
When in mine armes I brought thee ſafe to land,
And gaue my loue to *Henries* royall hand,
The happy howres we paſſed with the King,
At faire South-hampton, long in banquetting,
With ſuch content as lodg'd in *Henries* breaſt,
When he to London brought thee from the Weſt,
Through golden Cheape, when he in pompe did ride,
To Weſtminſter, to entertaine his Bride.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Our Falcons kinde cannot the Cage endure.

HEe alludes in theſe verſes to the Falcon, which was the aunci-ent deuiſe of the *Poles*, comparing the greatneſſe and hauti-neſſe of his ſpirit, to the nature of this bird.

This was the meane proud Warwicke *did inuent,*
To my diſgrace, &c.

The Commons at this Parliament through *Warwicks* meanes, accuſed *Suffolke* of treaſon, and vrged the accuſation ſo vehe-mently, that the King was forced to exile him for fiue yeares.

That onely I by yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the loſſe of fertile Aquitaine.

The Duke of Suffolke being ſent into Fraunce to conclude a peace, choſe Duke *Rayners* daughter, the Ladie *Margaret*, whom he eſpouſed for *Henry* the ſixt, deliuering for her to her father, the countries of Aniou and Maine, and the Cittie of Manus. Whereupon the Earle of Arminach (whoſe daughter was before promiſed to the King) ſeeing himſelfe to be deluded, cauſed all the Engliſhmen to be expulſed Aquitaine, Gaſcoine, and Guyne.

With

With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the heire of good Duke Humfrayes *name.*

This *Richard* that was called the great Earle of Warwicke, when Duke *Humfrey* was dead, grew into exceeding great fauour with the Commons.

With Salisburie, *his vile ambitious Sire,*
In Yorkes *sterne breast, kindling long hidden fire,*
By Clarence *title, working to supplant,*
The Eagle-Ayrie of great Iohn *of* Gaunt.

Richard Plantaginet, Duke of Yorke, in the time of *Henry* the sixt, claimed the Crowne (being assisted by this *Richard Neuell* Earle of Salisbury, and father to the great Earle of warwicke, who fauoured exceedingly the house of Yorke) in open Parliament, as heire to *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of *Edward* the third, making his title by *Anne* his mother, wife to *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, sonne to *Edmund* of Langley, Duke of Yorke: which *Anne* was daughter to *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March, which *Roger* was sonne and heire to *Edmund Mortimer*, that married the Lady *Philip*, daughter and heire to *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of King *Edward*, to whom the Crowne after King *Richard* the seconds death, lineally descended, he dying without issue. And not to the heires of the Duke of Lancaster, that was yonger brother to the Duke of Clarence. *Hall. cap. 1. Tit. Yor. & Lanc.*

Vrg'd by these enuious Lords to spend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death.

Humfrey Duke of Gloceſter, and Lord Protector in the fiue and twentith yeare of *Henry* the sixt, by the meanes of the Queene, and the Duke of Suffolke, was arrested by the Lord *Beumond*, at the Parliament holden at Berrie, and the same night after murthered in his bed.

If they would know who rob'd him, &c. To this verse.
To know how Humfrey *died, and who shall raigne.*

In these verses he iests at the Protectors wife, who (being accused and conuicted of treason, because with *Iohn Hun* a Priest, *Roger Bullingbrooke*, a Neacromancer, & *Margery Iordan*, called the Witch of *Eye*, she had consulted by sorcerie to kill the King) was adiudged to perpetuall prison in the Ile of *Man*, and to doe penance openly in three publike places in London.

For twentie yeares and haue I ferv'd in France.

In the sixt yeare of *Henry* the sixt, the Duke of Bedford being deceased, then Lieuetenant Generall, and Regent of France; this Duke of Suffolke was promoted to that dignitie, hauing the Lord *Talbot*, Lord *Scales*, and the Lord *Mountacute*, to assist him.

Against great Charles, *and bastard* Orleance?

This was *Charles* the seuenth, and after the death of *Henry* the fifth, obtained the Crowne of France, and recouered againe much of that his father had lost. Bastard *Orleance* was sonne to the Duke of Orleance, begotten of the Lord *Cawnies* wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because he being a most valiant Captaine, was a continuall enemie to the Englishmen, daily infesting them with diuers incursions.

And haue I seene Vernoyla's *batfull fields.*

Vernoyle is that noted place in France, where the great battell was fought in the beginning of *Henry* the sixt his raigne, where the most of the French Chiualrie were ouercome by the Duke of Bedford.

And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike powers.

Aumerle is that strong defenced Towne in France, which the Duke of Suffolke got after 24. great assaults giuen vnto it.

And came my selfe in person first to Towers,
Th' Embassadours for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungarie and Spaine.

Towers is a Citie in France, built by *Brutus* as he came into Britaine, where, in the one and twentith yeare of the raigne of *Henry* the sixt, was appointed a great Diet to be kept, whither came Embassadours of the Empire, Spaine, Hungarie, and Denmarke, to entreate for a perpetuall peace, to be made betweene the two Kings of England and France

By true discent to weare the Diadem
Of Naples, Cicily, and Ierusalem.

Rayner Duke of *Anion*, father to Queene *Margaret*, called himselfe King of Naples, Cicily and Ierusalem, hauing the title alone of the King of those Countries.

A fifteenth taxe in France I freely spent.

The Duke of Suffolke, after the marriage concluded betweene

King

King *Henry* and *Margaret*, daughter to Duke *Rayner*, asked in open Parliament a whole fifteenth to fetch her into England.

Seene thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deepe.

Deepe is a Towne in France, bordering vpon the sea, where the Duke of Suffolke with Queene *Margaret*, tooke ship for England.

As when arriu'd in Porchester faire Roade.

Porchester, a hauen Towne in the South-west part of England, where the King tarried, expecting the Queenes arriuall, whom from thence he conuayed to South-hampton.

Queene MARGARET to WILLIAM *de-la*-POLE *Duke of Suffolke.*

WHat newes (sweete *Poole*) look'st thou my line (should tell
But like the tolling of the dolefull bell?
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the graue,
Expect from me no other newes to haue;
My breast, which once was mirthes imperiall throne,
A vast and desert wilderneſſe is growne:
Like that cold Region, from the world remote,

...whose breeme Seas the Icie mountaines flote,
Where those poore creatures banish'd from the light,
Doe liue impris'ned in continuall night.
No obiect greets my soules internall eyes,
But diuinations of sad Tragedies,
And Care takes vp her solitarie Inne,
Where youth and ioy their Court did once beginne.
As in September when our yeare resignes,
The glorious Sunne vnto the watry signes,
Which through the clouds looks on the earth in scorne,
The little bird, yet to salute the morne,
Vpon the naked branches sets her foote,
The leaues now lying on the mossie roote;
And there a silly chiripping doth keepe,
As though she faine would sing, yet faine would weepe,
Praising faire Sommer that too soone is gone,
Or sad for Winter too fast comming on,
In this strange plight I mourne for thy depart,
Because that weeping cannot ease my heart.
Now to our aide, who stirres the neighbouring Kings?
Or who from France a puissant armie brings?
Who moues the *Norman* to abet our warre?
Or stirres vp *Burgoyne* to aide *Lancaster*?
Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To winne vs credit with our valiant friends?
To whom shall I my secret griefes impart?
Whose breast I made the closet of my heart.
The ancient *Heroes* fame thou didst reuiue,
And didst from them thy memorie deriue,
Nature by thee, both gaue and taketh all,
Done in *Poole* she was too prodigall;

Of

Of so diuine and rich a temper wrought,
As heauen for him perfections deep'th hath sought;
VVell knew King *Henry* what he pleaded for,
VVhen he chose thee to be his Orator;
VVhose Angell-eye by powerfull influence,
Doth vtter more than humane eloquence,
That when *Ioue* would his youthfull sports haue tri'd,
But in thy shape himselfe would neuer hide;
VVhich in his loue had beene of greater power,
Then was his Nimph, his flame, his swan, his flower;
To that allegeance *Yorke* was bound by oath,
To *Henries* heires, and safetie of vs both,
No longer now he meanes record shall beare it,
He will dispense with heauen, and will vnsweare it.
He that's in all the worlds blacke sinnes forlorne,
Is careless now how oft he be forsworne;
And now of late his title hath set downe,
By which he makes his claime vnto the Crowne.
And now I heare his hatefull Dutches chats,
And rips vp their discent vnto her brats,
And blesseth them as Englands lawfull heires,
And tells them that our Diademe is theirs.
And if such hap her goddesse Fortune bring,
If three sonnes faile, shee'le make the fourth a King.
He that's so like his Dam, her yongest *Dicke*,
That foule ill-fauour'd, crook-back'd stigmaticke,
That like a carcasse stolne out of a tombe,
Came the wrong way out of his mothers wombe;
VVith teeth in's head, his passage to haue torne,
As though begot an age e're he was borne.
VVho now will curbe proud *Yorke* when he shall rise?

Or armes our right against his enterprize,
To crop that bastard weed which daily growes,
To ouer-shadow our vermilian Rose?
Or who will muzzell that vnruly Beare
VVhose presence strikes our peoples hearts with feare?
Whilst on his knees this wretched King is downe,
To saue them labour, reaching at his Crowne,
Where like a mounting Cedar he should beare,
His plumed top aloft into the aire;
And let these shrubs sit vnderneath his shrowds,
Whilst in his armes he doth embrace the clowds;
O that he should his fathers right inherit,
Yet be an alien to that mightie spirit.
How were those powers dispers'd, or whither gone,
Should sympathize in generation,
Or what opposed influence had force,
So much t'abuse and alter Natures course?
All other creatures follow after kinde,
But man alone doth not beget the minde.
My Daisie-flower, which erst perfum'd the aire,
Which for my fauours Princes once did weare,
Now in the dust lies troden on the ground,
And with *Yorkes* garlands euery one is crown'd.
When now his rising waits on our decline,
And in our setting he begins to shine,
Now in the skies that dreadfull Comet waues,
And who be starres but *Warwicks* bearded staues?
And all those knees which bended once so low,
Grow stiffe, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none like them pursue me with despite,
Which most haue cri'd, God saue Queene *Margarite*.

When

When Fame ſhall brute thy baniſhment abroad,
The Yorkiſh faction then will lay on load;
And when it comes once to our Weſterne coaſt,
O how that Hag, Dame *Elinor*, will boaſt,
And labour ſtraight by all the meanes ſhe can,
To be call'd home out of the Ile of Man,
To which I know great *Warwicke* will conſent,
To haue it done by act of Parliament,
That to my teeth my birth ſhe may defie,
Slandering Duke *Rayner* with baſe beggerie;
The onely way ſhe could deuiſe to grieue me,
Wanting ſweet *Suffolke*, which ſhouldſt moſt relieue me,
And from that ſtocke doth ſprout another bloome,
A Kentiſh Rebell, a baſe vpſtart groome;
And this is he the White-Roſe muſt preferre,
By *Clarence* daughter, match'd with *Mortimer*;
Thus by *Yorkes* meanes, this raſcall Peſant *Cade*,
Muſt in all haſte *Plantaginet* be made;
Thus that ambitious Duke ſets all on worke,
To ſound what friends affects the claime of *Yorke*,
VVhilſt he abroad doth practiſe to command,
And makes vs weake by ſtrength'ning *Ireland*;
More his owne power ſtill ſeeking to encreaſe,
Then for King *Henries* good, or Englands peace.
Great *Wincheſter* vntimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my woes ſhould be increas'd,
Beuford, whoſe ſhoulders proudly bare vp all
The Churches prop, that famous Cardinall.
The Commons (bent to miſchiefe) neuer let,
VVith France t'vpbraid that valiant *Sommerſet*,
Rayling in tumults on his Souldiers loſſe,

Thus all goes backward, crosse comes after crosse,
And now of late Duke *Humfreyes* old allies,
VVith banish'd *Elnors* base accomplicies,
Attending their reuenge, grow wondrous crouse,
And threaten death and vengeance to our house;
And I alone the wofull remnant am,
T'endure these stormes with wofull *Buckingham*.
I pray thee *Poole*, haue care how thou dost passe.
Neuer the Sea yet halfe so dangerous was;
And one foretold by *Water* thou should'st die,
(Ah! foule befall that foule tongues prophecie)
And I by night am troubled in my dreames,
That I doe see thee tost in dangerous streames;
And oft-times shipwrack'd, cast vpon the land,
And lying breathlesse on the queachy sand;
And oft in visions see thee in the night,
VVhere thou at Sea maintain'st a dangerous fight;
And with thy proued target and thy sword,
Beat'st backe the Pyrate which would come aboord.
Yet be not angrie that I warne thee thus,
The truest loue is most suspitious,
Sorrow doth vtter what vs still doth grieue,
But hope forbids vs sorrow to beleiue;
And in my counsell yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I thinke amisse:
They liue in hope in triumph to returne,
VVhen clearer dayes shall leaue in clouds to mourne;
But so hath sorrow girt my soule about,
That that word *Hope* (me thinkes) comes slowly out;
The reason is, I know it heere would rest,
VVhere it would still behold thee in my breast.

Fare-

Farewell ſweet *Pole*, faine more I would indite,
But that my teares do blot as I doe write.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Or brings in Burgoyne to ayde Lancaſter.

Philip Duke of Burgoyne and his ſonne, were alwayes great fauorites of the houſe of Lancaſter, howbeit they often diſſembled both with Lancaſter and Yorke.

Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To win vs credite with our valiant friends.

The chiefe Lords of the North parts, in the time of *Henry* the ſixt, withſtood the Duke of Yorke at his riſing, giuing him two great ouerthrowes.

To that allegeance Yorke was bound by oath,
To Henries *heires, and ſafetie of vs both,*
No longer now he meanes Records ſhall beare it,
He will diſpence with heauen, and will vnſweare it.

The Duke of Yorke at the death of *Henry* the fift, and at this Kings coronation, tooke his oath to be true ſubiect to him and his heires for euer: but afterward diſpenſing therewith, claimed the crowne as his rightfull and proper inheritance.

If three ſonnes faile, ſhee'le make the fourth a King.

The Duke of Yorke had foure ſonnes, *Edward* Earle of March, that afterward was Duke of Yorke, and King of England, when he had depoſed *Henry* the ſixt, and *Edmund* Earle of Rutland, ſlaine by the Lord *Clifford* at the battell at Wakefield, and *George* Duke of Clarence, that was murthered in the Tower: and *Richard* Duke of Gloſter, who was (after he had murthered his brothers ſonnes) King by the name of *Richard* the third.

He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt Dicke,
That foule ill-fauored crook-back'd Stigmaticke, &c.
Till this verſe, *As though begot an age, &c.*

This *Richard* (whom ironically ſhee heere calls *Dicke*) that by

treason after his Nephewes murthered, obtained the Crowne, was a man low of stature, crooke-backed, the left shoulder much higher then the right, and of a very crabbed and sower countenance: his mother could not be deliuered of him, hee was borne toothd, & with his feet forward, contrarie to the course of nature,

To ouershadow our vermilian Rose.

The red Rose was the badge of the house of *Lancaster*, and the white Rose of *Yorke*, which by the marriage of *Henry* the seuenth, with *Elizabeth* indubitate heire of the house of Yorke, was happily vnited.

Or who will muzzell that vnruly Beare?

The Earle of Warwicke, the setter vp and puller downe of Kings, gaue for his armes the white Beare rampant, and the ragged staffe.

My Daisie flower which erst perfum'd the ayre,
Which for my fauour Princes once did weare, &c.

The Daisie in French is called *Margaret*, which was Queene *Margarets* badge, wherewithall the Nobilitie and chiualtie of the land, at her first arriuall were so delighted, that they wrote it in their Hats in token of honour.

And who be starres but Warwicks *bearded staues.*

The ragged or bearded staffe, was a part of the armes belonging to the Earldome of Warwicke.

Slandering Duke Rayner *with base beggerie.*

Rayner Duke of Aniou, called himselfe King of Naples, Cicile, and Ierusalem, hauing neither inheritance nor tribute from those parts, and was not able at the marriage of the Queene of his owne charges, to send her into England, though hee gaue no dower with her: which by the Dutchesse of Glocester was often in disgrace cast in her teeth.

A Kentish rebell, a base vpstart groome.

This was *Iacke Cade*, which caused the Kentish men to rebell in the 28. yeare of King *Henry* the sixt.

And this is he the white Rose must preser,
By Clarence *daughter match'd to* Mortimer.

This *Iacke Cade* instructed by the Duke of Yorke, pretended to be descended from *Mortimer*, which married Ladie *Philip* daughter to the Duke of Clarence.

And

And makes vs weake by strengthning Ireland.

The Duke of Yorke being made Deputie of Ireland, first there began to practise his long pretended purpose, strengthening himselfe by all meanes possible, that hee might at his returne into England by open war, claime that which so long he had priuily gone about to obtaine.

Great Winchester vntimely is deceas'd.

Henry Beuford, Bishop and Cardinall of Winchester, sonne to *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, begot in his age, was a proude and ambitious Prelate, fauouring mightily the Queene and the Duke of Suffolke, continually heaping vp innumerable treasure, in hope to haue beene Pope, as himselfe on his death bed confessed.

With France t' vpbraide the valiant Somerset.

Edmund Duke of Somerset in the 24. of *Huery* the sixth, was made Regent of France, and sent into Normandie to defend the English territories against the French inuasions, but in short time he lost all that King *Henry* the fift wonne, for which cause the Nobles and Commons euer after hated him.

T' endure these stormes with wofull Buckingham.

Humfrey Duke of Buckingham was a great fauourite of the Queenes faction, in the time of *Henry* the sixt.

And one fore-told by Water thou shouldst die.

The Witch of Eye, receiued answere from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolke should take heed of water: which the Queene forewarnes him of, as remembring the Witches prophecie, which afterwards came to passe.

To the right VVorshipfull Sir *Thomas Munson* Knight.

SIR, amongst many which most deseruedly loue you, though I the least, yet am loth to be the last, whose endeuours may make knowne, how highly they esteeme of your noble and kinde disposition. Let this Epistle Sir (I beseech you) which vnworthily wears the badge of your worthy name, acknowledge my zeale with the rest (though much lesse deseruing) which for your sake, doe honour the house of the Munsons. *I know true generosity accepteth what is zealously offered, though not euer deseruingly excellent, yet for loue of the arte, from whence it receiueth resemblance. The light Phrygian harmonie stirreth delight, as well as the melancholy Doricke moueth passion; both haue their motion in the spirit, as the liking of the soule moueth the affection. Your kinde acceptance of my labour, shall giue some life to my Muse, which yet houers in the vncertainty of the generall censure.*

Michael Drayton.

EDWARD the fourth to SHORES *wife*.

THE ARGVMENT.

This Mistris Shore, *King* Edward *the fourths beauteous Paramour, was so called of her husband a Gold-smith, dwelling in Lombard-streete.* Edward *the fourth, sonne to* Richard *Duke of Yorke, after hee had obtained the crowne by deposing* Henry *the sixth, (which* Henry *was after murthered in the Tower by* Richard Crook-back*) and after the battell fought at Barnet, where the famous Earle of Warwicke was slaine, and that King* Edward *quietly possessed the Crowne, hearing (by report of manie) the rare and wonderfull beautie of the aforesaid* Shores *wife, commeth himselfe disguised to London to see her: where after he had once beheld her, he was so surprised with her admirable beautie, as not long after he robbed her husband of his deerest iewell; but first by this Epistle he writeth vnto her.*

VNto the fair'st that euer breath'd this ayre,
From English *Edward* to that fairest faire,
Ah would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remaine of *Shore*,
To countermand a Monarchs high desire,
And bar mine eyes of what they most admire.
O why should Fortune make the Cittie prowd,
To giue that more then is the Court allow'd?

Wher

VVhere they like (wretches) hoord it vp to ſpare,
And doe engroſſe it as they doe their ware.
VVhen fame firſt blaz'd thy beautie here in Court,
Mine eares repuls'd it as a light report:
But when mine eyes ſaw what mine eare had heard,
They thought report too niggardly had ſpar'd;
And ſtrucken dumbe with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiuing more then ſhe had words to vtter.
Then thinke of what thy husband is poſſeſt,
VVhen I enuie that *Shore* ſhould be ſo bleſt;
VVhen much abundance makes the needie mad,
And hauing all, yet knowes not what is had.
Into fooles boſomes this good fortune creepes,
And wealth comes in whilſt the baſe miſer ſleepes.
If now thy beautie be of ſuch eſteeme,
VVhich all of ſo rare excellencie deeme,
VVhat would it be, and prized at what rate,
VVere it adorned with a Kingly ſtate?
VVhich being now but in ſo meane a bed,
Is like an vncut Diamond in Lead,
E're it be ſet in ſome high-prized ring,
Or garniſhed with rich enamiling;
VVe ſee the beautie of the ſtone is ſpilt,
VVanting the gratious ornament of guilt.
VVhen firſt attracted by thy heauenly eyes,
I came to ſee thee in a ſtrange diſguiſe,
Paſſing thy ſhop, thy husband call'd me backe,
Demanding what rare iewell I did lacke:
I want (thought I) one that I dare not craue,
And one (I feare) thou wilt not let me haue;
He cals for Caskets forth, and ſhewes me ſtore,

But yet I knew he had one iewell more;
And deadly curst him that he did denie it,
That I might not for loue or money buy it.
O might I come a Diamond to buy,
That had but such a lustre as thine eye.
VVould not my treasure serue, my Crowne should go,
If any iewell could be prized so;
An Agat, branched with thy blushing straines,
A Saphire, but so azur'd as thy veines;
My Kingly Scepter onely should redeeme it,
At such a price if iudgement could esteeme it.
How fond and senseleſſe be those strangers then,
VVho bring in toyes to please the Englishmen?
I smile to thinke how fond th' Italians are,
To iudge their artificiall gardens rare,
VVhen London in thy cheekes can shew them heere,
Roses and Lillies growing all the yeere:
The Portugall that onely hopes to win,
By bringing stones from farthest India in,
VVhen happie *Shore* can bring them forth a girle,
VVhose lips be Rubies, and her teeth be Pearle.
How silly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring vs Cryſtall from the frozen Maine?
VVhen thy cleere skins transparence doth surpasse,
Their Cryſtall as the Diamond doth glasse.
The foolish French which bring in trash and toyes,
To turne our women men, our girles to boyes,
VVhen with what tire thou dooſt thy selfe adorne,
That for a fashion onely shall be worne;
VVhich though it were a garment but of haire,
More rich then robe that euer Empresse ware.

Me thinkes thy husband takes his marke awry,
To set his plate to sale when thou art by;
When they which doe thy Angel-locks behold,
Like baseſt drosse doe but respect his gold,
And wish one haire before that massie heape,
And but one locke before the wealth of Cheape;
And for no cause else, holde we golde so deare,
But that it is so like vnto thy haire:
And sure I thinke *Shore* cannot chuse but flout,
Such as would finde the great Elixar out,
And laugh to see the Alchymists that choke,
Themselues with fumes, & waste their wealth in smoke,
When if thy hand but touch the grosseſt molde,
It is conuerted to refined golde,
When theirs is chaffred at an easie rate,
Well knowne to all to be adulterate;
And is no more when it by thine is set,
Then paltry Beugle, or light-prizsd Ieat.
Let others weare perfumes, for thee vnmeete,
If there were none, thou could'ſt make all things sweet,
Thou comfort'ſt sense, and yet all sense doſt waste,
To heare, to see, to smell, to feele, to taste;
Like a rich ship, whose very refuse ware,
Aromaticks, and pretious odors are,
If thou but please to walke into the Pawne,
To buy thee Cambricke, Callico, or Lawne,
If thou the whiteneſse of the same would'ſt proue,
From thy more whiter hand plucke off thy gloue;
And those which buy, as the beholders stand,
Will take thy hand for Lawne, Lawne for thy hand;
A thousand eyes, clos'd vp by enuious night,

Doe wish for day, but to enioy thy sight;
And when they once haue blest their eyes with thee,
Scorne euery obiect else, what ere they see,
So like a Goddesse beautie still controules,
And hath such powerfull working in our soules.
The Merchant which in traffique spends his life,
Yet loues at home to haue a daintie wife,
The blunt-spoke Cynicke poring on his booke,
Sometimes (aside) at beautie loues to looke;
The Church-man, by whose teaching we are led,
Allowes what keepes loue in the marriage bed;
The bloudy Souldier spent in armes and broiles,
VVith beautie yet content to share his spoiles;
The busie Lawyer wrangling in his pleas;
Findeth that Beautie giues his labour ease;
The toyling Trades-man, and the sweating Clowne,
VVould haue his Wench faire, though his bread bee browne,
So much is Beautie pleasing vnto all,
That Prince and Peasant equally doth call;
Nor neuer yet did any man despise it,
Except too deare, and that he could not prize it,
Vnlearn'd is learning, artlesse be all Arts,
If not imploy'd to praise thy seuerall parts;
Poore plodding Schoole-men they are farre too low,
VVhich by probations, rules, and axiomes goe;
He must be still familiar with the skies,
VVhich notes the reuolutions of thine eies:
And by that skill which measures sea and land,
See beauties *All*, thy waste, thy foote, thy hand,
VVhere he may finde, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights as are both strange and new;

And

And other worlds of beautie more and more,
VVhich neuer were discouered before;
And to thy rare proportion to apply,
The lines and circles in Geometry,
Vsing alone Arithmetickes strong ground,
Numbring the vertues that in thee are found.
And when these all haue done what they can doo,
For thy perfections all too little too.
VVhen from the East the dawne hath broken out,
And gone to seeke thee all the world about,
VVithin thy chamber hath she fixt her light,
VVhere but that place the world hath all beene night;
Then is it fit that euery vulgar eye,
Should see Loue banquet in her Maiestie?
VVe deeme those things our sight doth most frequent,
To be but meane, although most excellent;
For strangers still the streets are swept and strowd,
Few looke on such as daily come abroad;
Things much restrain'd, doe make vs much desire them,
And beauties seldome seene, make vs admire them.
Nor is it fit a Citie shop should hide,
The worlds delight and natures onely pride,
But in a Princes sumptuous gallery,
Hung all with tissue, stoor'd with tapestry,
VVhere thou shalt sit, and from thy state shalt see,
The tilts and triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the difference (if thou list to proue)
Betwixt a vulgar, and a Kingly loue;
And when thou find'st, as now thou doubt'st the troth,
Be thou thy selfe vnpartiall Iudge of both.
VVhere hearts be knit, what helps if not enioy?

Delayes

elayes breed doubts, no cunning to be coy,
Vhilſt lazis Time his turne by tariance ſerues,
oue ſtill growes ſickly, and hope daily ſterues;
leane while receiue that warrant by theſe lines,
Vhich Princely rule and ſoueraigntie reſignes:
ill when theſe papers by their Lords command,
y me ſhall kiſſe thy ſweet and dainty hand.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

THis Epiſtle of *Edward* to *Shores* wife, and of hers to him, being of vnlawfull affection, miniſtereth ſmall occaſion of hiſtoricall notes, for had he mentioned the many battels betwixt the Lancaſtrian faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had beene more like to *Plautus* boaſting Souldier, then a Kingly Courtier. Notwithſtanding, it ſhall not be amiſſe to annex a line or two.

From Engliſh Edward *to the faireſt faire,*

Edward the fourth was by nature very chiualrous, and very amorous, applying his ſweet and amiable aſpect to attaine his wanton appetite the rather, which was ſo well knowne to *Lewes* the French King, who at their interuiew inuited him to Paris, that as *Comineus* reports, being taken at his word, he notwithſtãding brake off the matter, fearing the Pariſian Dames with their wittie conuerſation, would detaine him longer then ſhould be for his benefit, by which meanes *Edward* was diſappointed of his iourney: and albeit Princes whileſt they liue, haue nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not miſtruſt the flattery of the Court in thoſe times: for certaine it is, that his ſhape was excellent, his haire drew neere to a blacke, making his faces fauour to ſeeme more delectable. Though the ſmaleneſſe of his eyes full of a ſhining moiſture, as it tooke away ſome comlineſſe; ſo it argued much ſharpeneſſe of vnderſtanding, and crueltie mingled together. And indeed *George Buchanan* (that imperious Scot) chargeth him and other

ther Princes of those times, with affection of tyrannie, as *Richard* the third manifestly did.

When first attrafted by thy heauenly eyes.

Edwards intemperate desires, with which he was wholly ouercome, how tragically they in his off-spring were punished, is vniuersally knowne. A mirrour representing their ouer-sight, that rather leaue their children what to possesse, then what to imitate.

How silly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring vs Cristall from the frozen maine?

Alluding to their opinions, who imagine Cristall to be a kinde of Ice, and therefore it is likely, they who come from the frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent stone, which is thought to be congealed with extreame cold. Whether Crystall be Ice, or some other liquor, I omit to dispute, yet by the examples of Amber and Corall, there may be such an induration; for *Solinus* out of *Pliny* mentioneth, that in the Northerly Region, a yellow jelly is taken vp out of the sea at low tides, which he calls *Succinum*, we Amber; so likewise out of the Ligustick deepe, a part of the Mediterranean Sea, a greenish stalke is gathered, which hardened in the aire, comes to be Corall, either white, or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to droppe out of trees, as appeares by *Martials* Epigram.

Et latet, & lucet, Phaetontide condita gutta,
Vt videatur apis nectare clausa suo.
Dignum tantarum pretium tulit ille laborum;
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

To behold a Bee enclosed in *Electrum*, is not so rare, as that a boyes throat should be cut with the fall of an Ice-sicle, the which Epigram is excellent, the 18. li. 4. He calls it *Phaetontis Gutta*, because of that fable which *Ouid* rehearseth, concerning the *Heliades* or *Phaetons* sisters, metamorphosed into those trees, whose Gum is Amber, where Flies alighting, are oftentimes tralucently imprisoned.

The Epistle of SHORES wife to *King* EDWARD *the fourth.*

AS the weake childe, that from the mothers wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At euery strings soft touch, is mou'd with feare,
Noting his Matters curious listning eare;
Whose trembling hand, at euery straine bewrayes,
In what doubt he his new set lesson playes:
As this poore childe, so sit I to indite,
At euery word still quaking as I write.
Would I had led an humble shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of *Shores* admired wife;
And liu'd with them in Country fields that range,
Nor seene the golden Cheape, nor glittering Change,
To stand a Comet gaz'd at in the skies,
Subiect to all tongues, obiect to all eyes;
Oft haue I heard my beautie prais'd of many,
But neuer yet so much admir'd of any;
A Princes Eagle-eye to finde out that,
VVhich vulgar sights doe seldome wonder at,
Makes me to thinke affection flatters sight,
Or in the obiect some thing exquisite.
To housed beautie seldome stoop's report,
Fame must attend on that which liues in Court.
VVhat Swan of great *Apollo's* brood doth sing,

To vulgar loue, in courtly Soneting?
Or what immortall Poets sugred pen,
Attends the glory of a Citizen?
Oft haue I wondred what should blinde your eye,
Or what so farre seduced Maiestie,
That hauing choise of beauties so diuine,
Amongst the most to chuse this least of mine?
More glorious Sunnes adorne faire Londons pride,
Then all rich Englands continent beside:
That who t'account their multitudes would wish,
Might number *Rosamondes* flowers, or *Isis* fish;
Who doth frequent our Temples, walkes, and streetes,
Noting the sundry beauties that he meetes,
Thinkes not that Nature left the wide world poore,
And made this place the Chequer of her store?
As heauen and earth were lately falne at iarres,
And growne to vying wonders, dropping starres.
That if but some one beautie should incite,
Some sacred Muse, some rauish'd spirit to write,
Heere might he fetch that true *Promethian* fire,
As after ages should his lines admire;
Gathering the hony from the choisest flowers,
Strowing the wither'd weeds in Country bowers.
Heere in this garden (onely) springs the Rose,
In euery common hedge the Bramble growes:
Nor are we so turn'd *Neapolitans*,
That might incite some foule-mouth'd *Mantuan*,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And haue iust cause to raile vpon our sex;
To prancke old wrinkles vp in new attire,
To alter Natures course, proue Time a lier,

Abusing

Abusing Fa[illegible] and heauens iust doome reuerse,
Or beauties [illegible]raue to set a crimson hearse,
With a deceitfull foile to lay a ground,
To make a glasse to seeme a Diamond:
Nor cannot without hazard of our name,
In fashion follow the Venetian Dame,
Nor the fantasticke French to imitate,
Attir'd halfe Spanish, halfe Italionate;
Nor waste, nor curle, body, nor [illegible]aw adorne,
That is in Florence, or in Genoa borne.
But with vaine boasts how witlesse fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine owne indignitie?
And what though married when I was but yong,
Before I knew what did to loue belong,
Yet he which now's possessed of the roome,
Crop'd beauties flower when it was in the bloome,
And goes away inriched with the store,
Whilst others gleane, where he hath reap'd before;
And he dare's sweare that I am true and iust,
And shall I then deceiue his honest trust?
Or what strange hope should make you to assaile,
Where strongest battery neuer could preuaile?
Belike you thinke that I repuls'd the rest,
To leaue a King the conquest of my breast.
Or haue thus long preseru'd my selfe from all,
A Monarch now should glory in my fall.
Yet rather let me die the vildest death,
Then liue to draw that sinne-polluted breath;
But our kinde hearts mens teares cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chide;
Too well know men what our creation made vs,

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Yet rather let me die the vildest death,
Then liue to draw that sinne-polluted breath;
But our kinde hearts mens teares cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chide;
Too well know men what our creation made vs,

And Nature too well taught them to inuade vs.
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to speake, to sue, and to forbeare
By signes, by sighes, by motions, and by teares. (praiers,
When vowes should serue, when oaths, when sinnes, whē
What one delight our humours most doth moue,
Onely in that you make vs nourish loue.
If any naturall blemish blot our face,
You doe protest it giues our beautie grace,
And what attire, we most are vs'd to weare,
That of all other excellent'st you sweare.
And if we walke or sit, or stand, or lie,
It must resemble some one Deitie,
And what you know we take delight to heare,
That are you euer sounding in our eare;
And yet so shamelesse when you tempt vs thus,
To lay the fault on Beautie and on vs.
Romes wanton *Ouid* did those rules inpart,
O that your nature should be help'd with Art.
VVho would haue thought, a King that cares to raigne,
Inforc'd by loue, so Poet-like should faine?
To say that Beautie, Times sterne rage to shunne,
In my cheekes (Lillies) hid her from the Sunne;
And when she meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her East, and heere she broke her day,
And sweare that Sommer still is in my sight,
And but were I am, all the world is night;
As though the fair'st ere since the world began,
To me a Sunne-burnt base Egyptian;
But yet I know more then I meane to tell,
(O would to God you knew it not too well.)

That

That women oft their most admirers raise,
Though publiquely, not flattering their owne praise.
Our churlish husbands which our youth enioy'd,
Who with our dainties haue their stomacks cloy'd,
Do loathe our smooth hands with their lips to feele,
T'enrich our fauours, by our beds to kneele;
At our command to waite, to send, to goe,
As euery houre our amorous seruants doe;
Which makes a stolne kisse often we bestow,
In earnest of a greater good we owe;
When he all day torments vs with a frowne,
Yet sports with *Venus* in a bed of Downe;
Whose rude embracement, but too ill beseemes
Her span-broad waste, her white and dainty limmes,
And yet still preaching abstinence of meate,
When he himselfe of euery dish will eate.
Blame you our husbands then if they denie
Our publique walking, or loose libertie?
If with exception still they vs debarre,
The circuite of the publique Theater;
To heare the Poet in a comicke straine,
Able t'infect with his lasciuious Scene.
And the young wanton wits, when they applaud
The slie perswasions of some subtile Bawd,
Or passionate Tragedian in his rage,
Acting a loue-sicke passion on the stage:
When though abroad restraining vs to rome,
They verie hardly keepe vs safe at home,
And oft are touch'd with feare and inward griefe,
Knowing rich prizes soonest tempt a thiefe.
What sports haue we whereon our mindes to set?

Our Dogge, our Parrat, or our Murmuzet;
Or once a weeke to walke into the field,
Small is the pleasure that those toyes doe yeeld,
But to this griefe a medicine you apply,
To cure restraint with that sweet libertie;
And soueraigntie (O that bewitching thing)
Yet made more great, by promise of a King;
And more, that honour which doth most intice
The holi'st Nunne, and sho that 's ne're so nice.
Thus still we striue, yet ouercome at length,
For men want mercie, and poore women strength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men resist,
When Kings once come, they conquer as they list.
Thou art the cause *Shore* pleaseth not my sight,
That his embraces giue me no delight;
Thou art the cause I to my selfe am strange,
Thy comming is my Full, thy Set my Change.
Long Winter nights be minutes, if thou heere,
Short minutes if thou absent be a yeere.
And thus by strength thou art become my fate,
And mak'st me loue euen in the midst of hate.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of Shores *admired wife.*

TWo or three Poems written by sundry men, hauing magnified this womans beautie; whom, that ornament of England and Londons more particular glorie, Sir *Thomas Moore* verie highly hath praised for her beautie, she being aliue in his time, though being poore and aged. Her stature was meane, her haire of darke yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate

harmony

harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, and each proportions colour, her bodie fat, white, and ſmoothe, her countenance cheerefull, and like to her condition. That picture which I haue ſeene of hers, was ſuch as ſhe roſe out of her bedde in the morning, hauing nothing on but a rich Mantle, caſt vnder one arme ouer her ſhoulder, and ſitting in a chaire, on which her naked arme did lie. What her fathers name was, or where ſhe was borne, is not certainly knowne: but *Shore*, a young man of right good perſon, wealth, and behauiour, abandoned her bed after the King had made her his Concubine. *Richard* the third cauſing her to doe open penance in Pauls Church-yard, commaunded that no man ſhould relieue her, which the tyrant did not ſo much for his hatred to ſinne, but that by making his brothers life odious, he might couer his horrible treaſon the more cunningly.

May number Rumneyes *flowers, or* Iſis *fiſh.*

Rumney is that famous Marſh in Kent, at whoſe ſide *Rie* a Hauen towne dooth ſtand. Hereof the excellent Engliſh Antiquarie Maſter *Camden*, and Maſter *Lambert* in his perambulation doe make mention. And Mariſhes are commonly called thoſe lowe grounds which abut vpon the Sea, and from the Latine word are ſo denominated. *Iſis* is here vſed for *Thameſis* by a Synecdochicall kinde of ſpeech, or by a Poeticall libertie, in vſing one for another: for it is ſaid that *Thameſis* is compounded of *Tame* and *Iſis*, making when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a Citie much more renowned then that water: which beeing plentifull of fiſh, is the cauſe alſo why all things elſe are plentifull therein. Moreouer, I am perſwaded that there is no Riuer in the world, beholds more ſtately buildings on eyther ſide cleane through, then the Thames. Much is reported of the Graund Canale in Venice, for that the fronts on either ſide are ſo gorgeous.

That might intice ſome foule-mouth'd Mantuan.

Mantuan a paſtoral Poet, in one of his Eglogs bitterly inueyeth againſt woman-kinde, ſome of the which by the way of an Appendix, might be heere inſerted, ſeeing the fantaſticke and inſolent humours of many of that ſexe, deſerue much ſharper Phyſicke, were it not that they are growne wiſer then to amend, ſe-

such an idle Poets speech as *Mantuan*, yea, or for *Euripides* himselfe, or *Seneca's* inflexible *Hippolitus*.

The circuite of the publique Theater.

Ouid, a most fit Author for so dissolute a Sectarie, calls that place Chastities shipwracke, for though *Shores* wife wantonly plead for libertie, which is the true humour of a Curtizan, yet much more is the praise of modestie, then of such libertie. Howbeit the Vestall Nunnes had seats assigned them in the Romane Theater, whereby it should appeare, it was counted no impeachment to modestie: those they offending, [illegible], were buried quicke: a sharpe law [illegible] who may [illegible] *Shores* wife doth.

When though [illegible] restraining [illegible]
They very [illegible] keepe vs safe [illegible]

FINIS.

To the right Worshipfull, Sir HENRY GOODERE of Powlsworth, Knight.

SIR, this Poeme of mine, which I imparted to you, at my being with you at your lodging at London, in May last, brought at length to perfection (emboldened by your wonted fauours) I aduenture to make you Patron of. Thus Sir, you see I haue aduentured to the world, with what like or dislike, I know not: if it please (which I much doubt of) I pray you then be partaker of that which I shall esteeme not my least good; if dislike, it shall lesson some part of my griefe, if it please you to allow but of my loue: howsoeuer, I pray you accept it as kindly as I offer it, which though without many protestations, yet (I assure you) with much desire of your honour. Thus vntill such time as I may in some more larger measure, make knowne my loue to the happie and generous familie of the Gooderes (*to which I confesse my selfe to be beholding, for the most part of my education*) *I wish you all happinesse.*

Michael Drayton.

Mary the French Queene, to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolke.

The Argvment.

Marie, *the daughter of that renowned Prince King* Henry *the seuenth, being very young at her fathers death, after by her brother King* Henry *the eight, was giuen in marriage to* Lewes *King of France, being a man olde and decrepit: this faire and beautifull Ladie, long afore had placed her affection on* Charles Brandon, *Duke of Suffolke, a braue and courageous young Gentleman, and an especiall fauorite of the King her brother, and a man raised vp by him. King* Lewes *the husband of this beautifull Queene, lined not long after hee was married; and* Charles Brandon *hauing commission from the King to bring her backe into England, but being delayed by some sinister meanes, the French Queene writeth this Epistle, to hasten the Duke forward on his intended voyage to France.*

SVch health from heauen my selfe may wish to mee,
Such health from France Queen *Mary* sends to thee,
Brandon how long mak'st thou excuse to stay,
And know'st how ill we women brooke delay?
If one poore channell thus can part vs two,
Tell me (vnkinde) what would an Ocean do?

Leander

Leander had an *Hellespont* to swim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him;
His Barke (poore soule) his breast, his armes, his oares,
But thou a ship, to land thee on our shoares;
And opposite to famous Kent doth lie,
The pleasant fields of flowrie Picardie,
Whereon our faire Callice wall'd in her sands,
In kenning of the cliffie Douer stands.
Here is no Beldam Nurse to powt or lower,
When wantoning, we reuell in my Tower;
Nor neede I top my Turret with a light,
To guide thee to me as thou swim'st by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but halfe so kinde,
Thy sighs should stuffe thy sailes, though wanting wind;
But thy breast is becalm'd, thy sighes be slacke,
And mine too stiffe, and blow thy broad sailes backe.
But thou wilt say that I should blame the flood,
Because the winde so full against thee stood,
Nay, blame it not, it did so roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, for thou wast so slow;
For it came not to keepe thee in the Bay,
But came from me to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainely let'st occasion slide,
Thou might'st haue wafted hither with the tide.
If when thou com'st, I knit mine angrie brow,
Blame me not *Brandon*, thou hast broke thy vow;
Yet if I meant to frowne I might be dombe,
For this may make thee stand in doubt to come:
Nay come sweet *Charles*, haue care thy ship to guide,
Come my sweet heart, in faith I will not chide.
When as my brother and his louely Queene,

In sad attire for my depart were seene,
The vtmost date expired of my stay,
When I from Douer did depart away,
Thou know'st what woe I suff'red for thy sake,
How oft I fain'd of thee my leaue to take;
God and thou know'st with what a heauie hart,
I tooke my farewell when I should depart;
And being ship'd, gaue signall with my hand,
Vp to the cliffe where I did see thee stand,
Nor could refraine in all the peoples view,
But cried to thee, sweet *Charles* adiew, adiew.
Looke how a little Infant that hath lost,
The thing wherewith it is delighted most,
Wearie with seeking to some corner creepes,
And there (poore soule) it sits it downe and weepes;
And when the Nurse would faine content the mind,
Yet still it mournes for that it cannot finde:
Thus in my carefull Cabin did I lie,
When as the ship out of the road did flie.
Think'st thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
When yong *Castile* to England su'd for mee?
Be iudge thy selfe, if it were not of power,
When I refus'an Empire for my dower.
To Englands Court, when once report did bring,
How thou in France didst reuell with the King,
VVhen he in triumph of his victorie,
Vnder a rich imbrodered Canopie,
Entred proude *Tournay*, which did trembling stand,
To beg for mercie at his conquering hand;
To heare of his enderements, how I ioy'd?
But see, this calme was suddenly destroy'd.

When *Charles* of Castile there to banquet came,
VVith him his sister, that ambitious Dame,
Sauoyes proud Dutches, knowing how long she,
By her loue sought to winne my loue from me;
Fearing my absence might thy vowes acquite,
To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*,
VVhen in King *Henries* Tent of cloath of gold,
She often did thee in her armes enfold;
VVhere you were feasted more deliciously,
Then *Cleopatra* did *Marke Anthonie*,
VVhere sports all day did entertaine your sight,
And then in Maskes you pass'd away the night.
But thou wilt say, t'is proper vnto vs,
That we by nature all are iealous:
I must confesse t'is oft found in our sex,
But who not loue, not any thing suspects:
True loue doth looke with pale suspitious eye,
Take away loue, if you take iealousie.
Turwin and *Turney* when King *Henry* tooke,
For this great change who then did euer looke?
VVhen *Maximilian* to those warres addrest,
VVare Englands Crosse on his Imperiall brest,
And in our armie let his Eagle flie,
That view'd our Ensignes with a wondring eye,
Little thought I when Bullen first was won,
Wedlocke should end, what angry warre begun.
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
But this alone by *Wolseies* wit was wrought.
To his aduice the King gaue free consent;
That will I, nill I, I must be content.
My virgins right, thy state could not aduance,

But now enriched with the dower of France;
Then, but poore *Suffolkes* Dutches had I beene,
Now, the great Dowager, the most Christian Queene.
But I perceiue where all thy griefe dothlie,
Lewes of France had my virginitie;
He had indeed, but shall I tell thee what,
Beleeue me *Brandon* he had scarsely that;
Good feeble King, he could not doe much harme,
But age must needes haue something that is warme;
Small drops (God knowes) do quench that heatlesse fire,
When all the strength is onely in desire.
And I could tell (if modestie might tell)
There's somewhat else that pleaseth Louers well,
To rest his cheeke, vpon my softer cheeke,
Was all he had, and more he did not seeke.
So might the little Baby clip the nurse,
And it content, she neuer a whit the worse;
Then thinke this *Brandon*, if that makes thee frowne,
For maydenhead, he gaue my head a Crowne,
VVho would exchange a Kingdome for a kisse?
Hard were the heart that would not yeeld him this;
And time yet halfe so swiftly doth not passe,
Not full fiue months yet elder then I was,
VVhen thou to France conducted wast by Fame,
VVith many Knights which from all Countries came,
Installed at Saint *Dennis* in my Throne,
VVhere *Lewes* held my coronation;
VVhere the proud Dolphin, for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at Tilt his Princely part to take;
VVhen as the staues vpon thy caske did light,
Grieued therewith, I turn'd away my sight;

And ſpake alowd, when I my ſelfe forgot,
T'is my ſweet *Charles* my *Brandon* hurt him not:
But when I fear'd the King perceiued this,
Good ſeely man, I pleas'd him with a kiſſe;
And to extoll his valiant ſonne began,
That *Europe* neuer bred a brauer man;
And when (poore King) he ſimply praiſed thee,
Of all the reſt I ask'd which thou ſhouldſt bee?
Thus I with him diſſembled for thy ſake,
Open confeſſion now amends muſt make.
Whilſt this old King vpon a pallet lies,
And onely holds a combat with mine eyes;
Mine eyes from his, by thy ſight ſtolne away,
VVhich might too well their Miſtres thought bewray.
But when I ſaw thy proud vnconquered Launce,
To beare the prize from all the flower of France,
To ſee what pleaſure did my ſoule embrace,
Might eaſily be diſcerned in my face.
Looke as the dew vpon a damaske Roſe,
How through that liquid pearle his bluſhing ſhowes,
And when the ſoft aire breathes vpon his top,
From the ſweet leaues falles eaſily drop by drop;
Thus by my cheeke, diſtilling from mine eyes,
One teare for ioy, another roome ſupplies.
Before mine eye (like touch) thy ſhape did proue,
My eye condemn'd my too too partiall loue;
But ſince by others I the ſame doe trie,
My loue condemnes my too too partiall eye.
The pretious ſtone moſt beautifull and rare,
When with it ſelfe we onely doe compare,
We deeme all other of that kinde to be,

As excellent as that we onely see;
But when we iudge of that with others by,
Too credulous we doe condemne our eye,
Which then appeares more orient and more bright,
As from their dimneſſe borrowing greater light.
Alanſoon, a fine timbered man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou art adorn'd withall;
Vandon good cariage, and a pleaſing eye,
Yet hath not *Suffolkes* Princely Maieſtie;
Couragious *Burbon* a ſweete manly face,
But yet he wants my *Brandons* courtly grace.
Proud *Longauile*, our Court iudg'd hath no Peere,
A man ſcarce made (was thought) whilſt thou waſt here,
County Saint *Paul*, brau'ſt man at armes in France,
VVould yeeld himſelfe a Squire to beare thy Lance;
Galleas and *Bounearme*, matchleſſe for their might,
Vnder thy towring blade haue cowch'd in fight.
If with our loue, my brother angrie be,
I'le ſay to pleaſe him, I firſt fancied thee,
And but to frame my liking to his minde,
Neuer to thee had I beene halfe ſo kinde.
Worthy my loue the vulgar iudge no man,
Except a Yorkiſt, or Lancaſtrian:
Nor thinke that my affection ſhould be ſet,
But in the line of great *Plantaginet*.
I paſſe not what the idle Commons ſay,
I pray thee *Charles* make haſte and come away.
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is France, if thou not here?
Thy abſence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy preſence I muſt needſly ſmile,

When

When last of me his leaue my *Brandon* tooke,
He swore an oath, (and made my lips the booke)
He would make haſt, which now thou doſt denie;
Thou art forſworne, O wilfull periurie.
Sooner would I with greater ſinnes diſpence,
Then by intreatie pardon this offence.
But yet I thinke, if I ſhould come to ſhriue thee;
Great were the fault that I ſhould not forgiue thee;
Yet wert thou heere, I ſhould reuenged be,
But it ſh ould be with too much louing thee.
I, that is all that thou ſhalt feare to taſt,
I pray thee *Brandon* come, ſweet *Charles* make haſt.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I for Douer did depart away.

KIng *Henry* the eight, with the Queene and Nobles, in the ſixt yeare of his raigne, in the moneth of September, brought this Ladie to Douer, where ſhe tooke ſhipping for France.

Think'ſt thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
When yong Caſtile *to England ſu'd for mee.*

It was agreed and concluded betwixt *Henry* the ſeuenth, and *Philip* King of Caſtile, ſonne to *Maximillian* the Emperour, that *Charles* eldeſt ſonne of the ſaid *Philip*, ſhould marrie the Ladie *Marie*, daughter to King *Henry*, when they came to age: which agreement was afterward in the eight yeare of *Henry* the eight annihilated.

When he in triumph of his victorie,
Vnder a rich embroydered Canopie,
Entred proud Turney, which did trembling ſtand, &c.

Henry the eight after the long siege of Turnay, which was deliuered to him vpon composition, entred the Citie in triumph, vnder a Canopie of cloth of gold, borne by foure of the chiefe and most noble Citizens; the King himselfe mounted vpon a gallant courser barbed with the Armes of England, France, and Ireland.

When Charles *of Castile there to banquet came,*
With him his sister, that ambitious Dame,
Sauoys *proud Dutches.*

The King being at Turnay, there came to him the Prince of Castile, and the Ladie *Margaret* Dutches of Sauoy his sister, to whom King *Henry* gaue great entertainment.

Sauoys *proud Dutches, knowing how long she*
By her loue sought to winne my loue from me.

At this time there was speech of a marriage to bee concluded, betweene *Charles Brandon*, then Lord Lisle, and the Dutches of Sauoy, the Lord *Lisle* being highly fauoured, and exceedingly beloued of the Dutches.

When in King Henries *Tent of cloath of gold.*

The King caused a rich Tent of cloath of gold to be erected, where he feasted the Prince of Castile, and the Dutches, and entertained them with sumptuous maskes and banquets during their abode.

When Maximillian *to those warres addrest,*
Wore Englands Crosse on his Imperiall brest.

Maximillian the Emperour with all his Souldiers, which serued vnder King *Henry*, wore the Crosse of Saint *George* with the Rose on their breasts.

And in our Armie let his Eagle flie.

The blacke Eagle is the badge Imperiall, which heere is vsed for the displaying of his ensigne or standard.

And had his pay from Henries *treasurie.*

Henry the eight at his warres in France, retained the Emperour and all his Souldiers, in wages, which serued vnder him during those warres.

But this alone by Wolseys *wit was wrought.*

Thomas Wolsey, the Kings Almoner, then Bishop of Lincolne, a man of great authoritie with the King, and afterward Cardinall, was the chiefe cause that this Lady *Mary* was married to the olde

French

French King, with whom the French had dealt vnder-hand to befriend him in that match.

When the proud Dolphin for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at tilt his Princely part to take.

Francis Duke of Valoyes, and Dolphin of France, at the marriage of the Ladie *Mary*, in honour thereof proclaimed a Iusts, where he chose the Duke of Suffolke, and the Marques *Dorset* for his aides, at all martiall exercises.

Galeas *and* Bounarme, *matchlesse for their might.*

This Countie *Galeas* at the Iusts ranne a course with a speare, which was at the head fiue inches square on euery side, and at the But nine inches square, whereby he shewed his wondrous force and strength. This *Bounarme* a Gentleman of France, at the same time came into the field armed at all points with ten Speares about him: in each stirrop three, vnder each thigh one, one vnder his left arme, and one in his hand, and putting his horse to the Careere, neuer stopped him till he had broken euery staffe. *Hall.*

CHARLES BRANDON, Duke *of Suffolke, to* MARY *the French Queene.*

BVt that by faith commands me to forbeare,
The fault thine owne, if I impatient were;
Were my dispatch such as should be my speed,
I should want time thy louing lines to reade,
Heere in the Court, Camelion-like I fare,
And as that creature, onely feede on ayre,
All day I waite, and all the night I watch,
And starue mine eares to heare of my dispatch;
If Douer were th' *Abydos* of my rest,

Or pleasant Callice were my *Maries* Ceſt,
Thou ſhould'ſt not need, faire Queene, to blame me ſo,
Did not the diſtance to deſire ſay no:
No tedious night from trauell ſhould be free,
Till through the waues, with ſwimming vnto thee,
A ſnowie path I made vnto thy Bay,
So bright as is that *Nectar*-ſtained way.
The reſtleſſe Sunne by trauelling doth weare,
Paſſing his courſe to finiſh vp the yeare.
But Paris lockes my loue within the maine,
And London yet thy *Brandon* doth detaine,
Of thy firme loue thou put'ſt me ſtill in minde,
But of my faith, not one word can I finde.
When *Longauile* to *Mary* was affied,
And thou by him was made King *Lewes* bride,
How oft I wiſh'd that thou a prize might'ſt bee,
That I in armes might combate him for thee,
And in the madneſſe of my loue diſtraught,
A thouſand times his murther haue fore-thought:
But that th'all-ſeeing powers which ſit aboue,
Regard not mad-mens oathes, nor faults in loue,
And haue confirm'd it by the grant of heauen,
That louers ſinnes on earth ſhould be forgiuen;
For neuer man is halfe ſo much diſtreſs'd,
As he that loues to ſee his loue poſſeſs'd,
Comming to *Richmond* after thy depart,
(*Richmond* where firſt thou ſtol'ſt away my heart)
Me thought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorne and deſolate,
In whoſe faire walkes thou often haſt beene ſeene,
To ſport with *Katharine*, *Henries* beautious Queene,

Astonishing sad Winter with thy sight,
As for thy sake, the day hath put backe night;
That the small birds, as in the pleasant spring,
Forgot themselues, and haue begun to sing:
So oft I goe by Thames, so oft returne,
Me thinkes for thee the Riuer yet doth mourne,
Whom I haue seene to let his streame at large,
VVhich like a hand-maide waited on thy Barge;
And if thou hap'st against the floud to row,
VVhich way it eb'd, it presently would flow,
Weeping in drops vpon thy labouring oares,
For ioy that it had got thee from the shoares.
The Swans with musicke that the Roothers make,
Ruffing their plumes come gliding on the lake,
As the fleet Dolphins by *Arions* strings,
Were brought to land with their sweet rauishings;
The flockes and heards that pasture neere the flood,
To gaze vpon thee, haue forborne their food,
And sat downe sadly mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to swim.
VVhen as the Post to Englands royall Court,
Of thy hard passage brought the true report,
How in a storme thy well-rigg'd ships were tost,
And thou thy selfe in danger to be lost,
I knew't was *Venus* loath'd that aged bed,
VVhere beautie so should be dishonoured;
Or fear'd the Sea-Nymphs haunting of the lake,
If thou but seene, their Goddesse should forsake.
And whirling round her Doue-drawne Coach about,
To view the Nauie now in lanching out,
Her ayrie mantle loosely doth vnbinde.

Which fanning forth a rougher gale of winde,
Wafted thy sayles with speed vnto the land,
And runnes thy ship on Bullins harboring strand.
How should I ioy of thy arriue to heare?
But as a poore Sea-faring passenger,
After long trauaile, tempest-torne and wrack'd,
By some vnpitty'ng Pyrat that is sack'd;
Heares the false robber that hath stolne his wealth,
Landed in some safe harbour, and in health,
Inrich'd with the inualuable store,
For which he long had trauailed before.
When thou to Abuile held'st th'appointed day,
We heard how *Lewes* met thee on the way;
Where thou in glittering Tissue strangely dight,
Appeard'st vnto him like the Queene of light,
In cloth of siluer all thy Virgin traine,
In beautie sumptuous as the Northerne waine;
And thou alone the formost glorious star,
Which lead'st the teame of that great *Wagoner*.
What could thy thought be, but as I doe thinke,
When thine eyes tasted what mine eares did drinke?
A cripple King laid bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy comming crep'd out of the dore,
'T was well he rid, he had no legs to goe,
But this thy beautie forc't his bodie to;
For whom a Cullice had more fitter beene,
Then in a golden bed a gallant Queene.
To vse thy beautie as the miser gold,
Which hoards it vp but onely to behold,
Still looking on it with a iealous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet louing vsurie;

O sacriledge (if beautie be diuine)
The prophane hand should touch the hallowed shrine,
To surfet sickenesse on the sound mans diet,
To rob content, yet still to liue vnquiet;
And hauing all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet still longing like a little childe.
When Marques *Dorset* and the valiant *Graies*,
To purchase fame first crost the narrow Seas,
With all the Knights that my associates went,
In honour of thy nuptiall Tournament;
Think'st thou I ioy'd not in thy beauties pride,
When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride?
Where all the streets as thou didst pace along,
With Arras, Bisse, and Tapestrie were hung;
Ten thousand gallant Cittizens prepar'd,
In rich attire thy Princely selfe to guard;
Next them, three thousand choise religious men,
In golden vestments followed on agen;
And in procession as they came along,
VVith *Hymenæus* sang thy marriage song,
Then fiue great Dukes as did their places fall,
To each of these a Princely Cardinall,
Then thou on thy imperiall Chariot set,
Crown'd with a rich impearled Coronet,
Whilst the Parisian dames, as thy traine past,
Their pretious Incense in abundance cast.
As *Cinthia* from the waue-embatteld shrowds,
Opening the West, coms streaming through the clowds,
VVith shining troups of siluer-tressed stars,
Attending on her as her Torch bearers;
And all the lesser lights about her Throne,

With admiration ſtand as lookers on;
Whilſt ſhe alone in height of all her pride,
The Queene of light along her ſpheare doth glide,
When on the Tilt my horſe like thunder came,
No other ſignall had I but thy name;
Thy voyce my trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beautie, I eſteem'd no prize.
That large limm'd Almaine of the Giants race,
Which bare ſtrength on his breaſt, feare in his face,
Whoſe ſinewed armes, with his ſteele-temper'd blade,
Through plate and male ſuch open paſſage made,
Vpon whoſe might the French-mens glorie lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day;
Thou ſaw'ſt thy *Brandon* beat him on his knee,
Offring his ſhield a conquered ſpoyle to thee.
But thou wilt ſay perhaps I vainely boaſt,
And tell thee that which thou alreadie know'ſt.
No, ſacred Queene my valour I denie,
It was thy beautie, not my chiualrie;
One of thy treſſed curles which falling downe,
As loath to be impriſoned in thy crowne,
I ſaw the ſoft ayre ſportiuely to take it,
To diuers ſhapes and ſundrie formes to make it,
Now parting it to foure, to three, to twaine,
Now twiſting it, and then vntwiſt againe;
Then make the threeds to dallie with thine eye,
A ſunnie candle for a golden flie.
At length from thence one little teare it got,
Which falling downe as though a ſtarre had ſhot,
My vp-turn'd eye purſues it with my ſight,
The which againe redoubleth all my might.

'T is but in vaine of my descent to boast,
When heauens lampe shines, all other lights be lost,
Faulcons gaze not, the Eagle sitting by,
Whose brood suruayes the Sunne with open eye;
Else might my bloud finde issue from his force,
In Bosworth plaine beate *Richard* from his horse,
Whose puissant armes, great *Richmond* chose to weild,
His glorious colours in that conquering field;
And with his sword in his deere Soueraignes fight,
To his last breath, stood fast in *Henries* right;
Then beauteous Empresse, thinke this safe delay,
Shall be the Euen to a ioyfull day;
Fore-sight doth still on all aduantage lie,
Wise-men must giue place to necessitie;
To put backe ill, our good we must forbeare,
Better first feare, then after still to feare.
'T were ouer-sight in that at which, we aime,
To put the hazard on an after game;
VVith patience then let vs our hopes attend,
And till I come, receiue these lines I send.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

When Longauile *to* Mary *was affi'd,*

THe Duke of Longauile, which was prisoner in England vpon the peace to be concluded betweene England and Fraunce, was deliuered, and married the Princesse *Marie*, for *Lewes* the French King his maister.

How in a storme thy well-rigg'd ships were tost,
And thou, &c.

As the Queene sailed for France, a mightie storme arose at sea, so that the Nauie was in great danger, and was seuered, some driuen vpon the coast of Flanders, some on Britaine: the Ship wherein

wherein the Queene was, was driuen into the hauen at Bullen with very great danger.

When thou to Abuile heldſt th' appointed day.

King *Lewes* met her by Abuile, neere to the Forreſt of Arders, and brought her into Abuile with great ſolemnitie.

Appeard'ſt vnto him like the Queene of light.

Expreſsing the ſumptuous attire of the Queen & her train, attended by the chiefe of the Nobilitie of England, with 36. Ladies, all in cloth of ſiluer, their horſes trapped with crimſon Veluet.

A cripple King laid bed-rid long before.

King *Lewes* was a man of great yeares, troubled much with the gowt, ſo that he had long time before little vſe of his legs.

When Marques Dorſet, *and the valiant* Grayes.

The Duke of Suffolke when the Proclamation came into England, of luſts to be holden in France at Paris, he for the Queenes ſake his Miſtris, obtained of the King to goe thither: with whom went the Marques *Dorſet* and his foure brothers, the Lord *Clinton*, Sir *Edward Neuell*, Sir *Giles Capell*, *Thomas Cheyney*, which went all ouer with the Duke as his aſsiſtants.

When thou in triumph didſt through Paris ride.

A true deſcription of the Queenes entring into Paris, after her coronation performed at S. *Denis*

Then fiue great Dukes as did their places fall.

The Dukes of Alanſoon, Burbon, Vandome, Longauile, Suffolk, with fiue Cardinals.

That large-limm'd Almaine of the Giants race.

Francis Valoys, the Dolphin of France, enuying the glorie that the Engliſhmen had obtained at the Tilt, brought in an Almaine ſecretly, a man thought almoſt of incomparable ſtrength, which encountred *Charles Brandon* at the Barriers, but the Duke grapling with him, ſo beate him about the head with the pummell of his ſword, that the blood came out of the ſight of his Caske,

Elſe might my blood finde iſſue from his force,
In Boſworth, &c.

Sir *William Brandon* Standard bearer to the Earle of Richmond, (after *Henry* the ſeuenth) at Boſworth fielde, a braue and gallant Gentleman, who was ſlaine by *Richard* there; this was father to this *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke.

FINIS.

To my most deere friend Master HENRY LVCAS, *sonne to* EDVVARD LVCAS Esquire.

SIR, to none haue I been more beholding, then to your kinde Parents, farre (I must truely confesse) aboue the measure of my deserts. Many there be in England, of whom for some particularity I might iustly challenge greater merit, had I not beene borne in so euill an hower, as to be poisoned with that gall of ingratitude: to your selfe am I ingaged for many more courteſies then I imagined could euer haue beene found in one of so few yeares: nothing doe I more desire, then that those hopes of your toward and vertuous youth, may proue so pure in the fruit, as they are faire in the bloome. Long may you liue to their comfort that loue you most, and may I euer wish you the increase of all good fortunes.

Yours euer,

Michael Drayton.

HENRY HOWARD Earle of Surrey to GERALDINE.

THE ARGVMENT.

Henry Howard *that true noble Earle of Surrey, and excellent Poet, falling in loue with* Geraldine, *descended of the noble familie of the* Fitzgeralds *of Ireland, a faire and modest Ladie, and one of the honorable maidens to Queen* Katharine Dowager. *eternizeth her praises in many excellent Poems, of rare and sundry inuentions: and after som few years being determined to see that famous Italie, the source and* Helicon *of all excellent arts; first visiteth that renounced Florence, frõ whence the* Geraldi *challeng their descent, from the auncient familie of the* Geraldi; *there in honour of his Mistresse he aduanceth her picture, and challengeth to maintaine her beautie by deedes of armes, against all that durst appeare in the lists; where after the proofe of his braue and incomparable valor, whose arme crowned her beautie with eternall memorie, he writeth this Epistle to his deerest Mistresse.*

FRom learned Florence (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy race thy noble grandsires came,
O famous England that kinde Nurse of mine,
Thy *Surrey* sends to heauenly *Geraldine*;
Yet let not *Thuscan* thinke I doe her wrong,

That

That I from thence write in my native tongue,
That in these harsh-tun'd cadences I sing,
Sitting so neare the Muses sacred spring;
But rather thinke her selfe adorn'd thereby,
That England reades the praise of Italy.
Though to the *Thuscans*, I the smoothnesse grant,
Our dialect no Maiestie doth want,
To set thy praises in as high a key,
As France, or Spaine, or Germanie, or they.
That day I quit the Fore-land of faire Kent,
And that my ship her course for Flanders bent,
Yet thinke I with how many a heauy looke,
My leaue of England and of thee I tooke,
And did entreate the tide (if it might be)
But to conuey me one sigh backe to thee,
Vp to the decke a billow lightly skips,
Taking my sigh, and downe againe it slips;
Into the gulfe it selfe, it headlong throwes,
And as a Post to England-ward it goes.
As I sit wondring how the rough seas stird,
I might farre off perceiue a little bird,
Which as she faine from shore to shore would flie,
Had lost her selfe in the broad vastie skie,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceiue her,
The seas of life still gaping to bereaue her;
Vnto the ship she makes which she discouers,
And there (poore foole) a while for refuge houers,
And when at length her flagging pinion failes,
Panting she hangs vpon the ratling sailes,
And being forc'd to loose her hold with paine,
Yet beaten off, she straight lights on againe,

And toss'd with flawes, with stormes, with winde, with weather
Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither:
Now with the poope, now with the prow doth beare,
Now on this side, now that, now heere, now there,
Me thinkes these stormes should be my sad depart,
The silly helpelesse bird is my poore heart,
The ship, to which for succour it repaires,
That is your selfe regardlesse of my cares.
Of euery surge doth fall, or waue doth rise,
To some one thing I sit and moralize.
VVhen for thy loue I left the Belgicke shore,
Diuine *Erasmus*, and our famous *Moore*,
VVhose happie presence gaue me such delight,
As made a minute of a Winters night;
With whom a while I staid at Roterdame,
Now so renowned by *Erasmus* name.
Yet euery houre did seeme a world of time,
Till I had seene that soule-reuiuing clime,
And thought the foggie Netherlands vnfit,
A watry soyle to clogge a fiery wit;
And as that wealthy Germany I past,
Comming vnto the Emperours Court at last,
Great learn'd *Agrippa*, so profound in Art,
VVho the infernall secrets doth impart,
VVhen of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a glasse my *Geraldine* did show,
Sicke in thy bed, and for thou could'st not sleepe,
By a waxe Taper set thy light to keepe;
I doe remember thou did'st reade that Ode,
Sent backe whil'st I in Thanet made abode,
VVhere as thou cam'st vnto the word of loue,

Euen

Euen in thine eyes I saw how passion stroue;
That snowie lawne which couered thy bed,
Me thought look'd white, to see thy cheeke so red,
Thy rosie cheeke oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the lawne so white;
The little Taper which should giue thee light,
Me thought wax'd dimme, to see thy eye so bright;
Thine eye againe supplies the Tapers turne,
And with his beames more brightly makes it burne,
The shrugging ayre about thy Temples hurles,
And wraps thy breath in little clowded curles,
And as it doth ascend, it straight doth ceaze it,
And as it sinkes, it presently doth raise it;
Canst thou by sickneſſe banish beautie so?
VVhich if put from thee knowes not where to go,
To make her shift, and for her succour seeke,
To euery riuel'd face, each bankrupt cheeke,
If health preseru'd, thou beautie still do'st cherish,
If that neglected, beautie soone doth perish.
Care drawes on care, woe comforts woe againe,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one griefe brings forth twaine,
If liue or die, as thou do'st, so doe I,
If liue, I liue, and if thou die, I die,
One heart, one loue, one ioy, one griefe, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.
If *Howards* blood, thou hold'st as but too vile,
Or not esteem'st of *Norfolkes* Princely stile,
If *Scotlands* coate no marke of fame can lend,
That Lion plac'd in our bright siluer bend,
VVhich as a Trophy beautifies our shield,
Since Scotrish blood discoloured Floden field;

When the proud *Cheuiot* our braue Ensigne bare,
As a rich Iewell in a Ladies haire,
And did faire *Bramstons* neighbouring vallies choke;
With clouds of Canons, fire-disgorged smoke,,
Or *Surreys* Earledome insufficient be,
And not a dower so well contenting thee;
Yet am I one of great *Apollos* heires,
The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs.
By Princes my immortall lines are song,
My flowing verses grac'd with euery tong;
The little children when they learne to go,
By painfull mothers dadled to and fro,
Are taught my sugred numbers to rehearse,
And haue their sweet lips season'd with my verse:
When heauen would striue to doe the best it can,
And put an Angels spirit into a man,
The vtmost power in that great worke doth spend,
When to the world a Poet it doth intend,
That little difference 'twixt the gods and vs,
(By them confirm'd) distinguish'd onely thus;
Whom they in birth, ordaine to happie dayes,
The gods [illegible] their glorie to our praise,
To eternall life [illegible] they dissolue their breath,
[illegible] like wise [illegible] second power by death:
When time shall turne those Amber lockes to gray,
My verse againe shall glide and make them gay,
And tricke them vp in knotted curles anew,
And in the Autumne giue a Sommers hew;
That sacred power, that in my Inke remaines,
Shall put fresh blood into thy wither'd vaines,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whiteneſſe dead,

Shall

Shall set a white, more white, a red, more red;
VVhen thy dimme sight thy glasse cannot descry,
Thy crazed mirrour nor discerne thine eye;
My verse to tell th'one what the other was,
Shall represent them both, thine eye and glasse,
Where both thy mirrour and thine eye shall see,
VVhat once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee,
And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
What that in pureneſſe was, what thou in youth.
If Florence once should lose her old renowne,
As famous Athens, now a fisher towne,
My lines for thee a Florence shall erect,
VVhich great *Apollo* euer shall protect,
And with the numbers from my pen that falls,
Bring Marble mines to re-erect those walls;
Nor beauteous *Stanhope*, whom all tongues report,
To be the glory of the English Court,
Shall by our Nation be so much admir'd,
If euer *Surrey* truely were inspir'd.
And famous *Wyat*, who in numbers sings,
To that enchanting Thracian harpers strings,
To whom *Phœbus* (the Poets God) did drinke,
A bowle of *Nectar* fill'd vnto the brinke;
And sweet-tongu'd *Bryan*, (whom the Muses kept,
And in his cradle rockt him whilst he slept,)
In sacred verses (so diuinely pend)
Vpon thy prayses euer shall attend.
VVhat time I came vnto this famous towne,
And made the cause of my arriuall knowne,
Great *Medices* a list (for triumphs) built,
VVithin the which vpon a tree of guilt,

(With thousand sundry rare deuises set,)
I did erect thy louely counterset,
To answere those Italian dames desire,
Which daily came thy beautie to admire.
By which my Lion in his gaping iawes,
Holdeth my lance, and in his dreadfull pawes,
Reacheth my gauntlet vnto him that dare
A beautie with my *Geraldines* compare.
Which when each manly valiant arme assayes,
After so many braue triumphant dayes,
The glorious prize vpon my launce I bare,
By Heralds voice proclaim'd to be thy share;
The shiuered staues heere for thy beautie broke,
VVith fierce encounters past at euery shocke,
VVhen stormie courses answered cuffe for cuffe,
Denting proud Beuers with the counter-buffe,
Vpon an Altar burnt with holy flame,
And sacrific'd as Incense to thy fame.
VVhere, as the *Phœnix* from her spiced fume,
Renues her selfe in that she doth consume;
So from these sacred ashes liue we both,
Euen as that one Arabian wonder doth.
When to my chamber I my selfe retire,
Burnt with the sparkes that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England which my hope containes,
The happie Ile where *Geraldine* remaines,
Of *Hunsdon*, where those sweet celestiall eyne,
At first did pierce this tender brest of mine;
Of Hampton Court, and Windsor, where abound
All pleasures that in Paradise were found;
Neere that faire Castle is a little Groue,

With

With hanging rockes all couered from aboue,
VVhich on the bancke of louely Thames doth ſtand,
Clipt by the water from the other land,
VVhoſe buſhie top doth bid the Sunne forbeare,
And checkes thoſe proud beames that would enter there
VVhoſe leaues ſtill muttering as the ayre doth breath,
VVith the ſweet bubling of the ſtreame beneath,
Doth rocke the ſenſes (whilſt the ſmall birds ſing,)
Lulled aſleepe with gentle murmuring,
VVhere light-foot Fairies ſport at priſon baſe,
No doubt there is ſome power frequents the place,
There the ſoft Poplar and ſmooth Beech doe beare
Our names together carued euery where,
And Gordian knots doe curiouſly entwine
The names of *Henry* and of *Geraldine*.
O let this Groue in happy time to come,
Be call'd, *The Louers bleſs'd Elizium*,
VVhither my Miſtris wonted to reſort,
In Sommers heate in pleaſant ſhades to ſport,
A thouſand ſundrie names I haue it giuen,
And call'd it Wonder-hider, Couer-heauen,
The roofe where beautie her rich Court doth keepe,
Vnder whoſe compaſſe all the ſtarres doe ſleepe.
There is one tree which now I call to minde,
Doth beare theſe verſes carued in his rinde:
When Geraldine *ſhall ſit in thy faire ſhade,*
Fanne her ſweet treſſes with perfumed aire,
Let thy large boughes a Canopie be made,
To keepe the Sunne from gazing on my faire,
And when thy ſpredding branched armes be ſuncke,
And thou no ſap nor pith ſhalt more retaine,

Euen from the dust of thy vnweldy Truncke,
I will renue thee Phœnix-like againe,
And from thy dry decayed root will bring,
A new-borne Stem, another Æsons spring.
I finde no cause, nor iudge I reason why
My Country should giue place to *Lombardy*,
As goodly flowers on *Thamesis* doe grow,
As beautifie the bankes of wanton *Po*;
As many Nymphs as haunt rich *Arnus* strand,
By siluer *Sabrine* tripping hand in hand;
Our shades as sweet, though not to vs so deere,
Because the Sunne hath greater power heere.
This distant place doth giue me greater woe,
Farre off, my sighes the farther hath to goe.
Ah absence! why thus shouldst thou seeme so long?
Or wherefore should'st thou offer Time such wrong?
Sommer so soone, should steale on Winters cold,
Or Winters blasts, so soone make Sommer old?
Loue did vs both with one selfe arrow strike,
Our wounds both one, our cure should be the like,
Except thou hast found out some meane by Art,
Some powerfull med'cine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixt, and absents physicke proued,
It stickes too fast, it cannot be remoued.
Adiew, adiew, from Florence when I goe,
By my next letters *Geraldine* shall know,
VVhich if good fortune shall by course direct,
From Venice by some messenger expect,
Till when, I leaue thee to thy hearts desire,
By him that liues thy vertues to admire.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

From learned Florence, *long time rich in fame.*

FLorence a Citie of Tuscan, standing vpon the riuer Arnus (celebrated by *Dante*, *Petrarch*, and other the most noble wits of Italie) was the originall of the family, out of which this *Geraldine* did spring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by these Verses of the Earle of Surrrey.

From Tuscan came my Ladies worthy race,
Faire Florence was sometimes her ancient seate,
The Westerne Ile, whose pleasant shore doth face,
Wilde Cambers cliffes, did giue her liuely heate,
Great learn'd Agrippa, *so profound in Art.*

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time so famous for Magicke (which the bookes published by him, concerning that argument, do partly proue) as in this place needs no further remembrance. Howbeit, as those abstruse and gloomie arts are but illusions: so in the honour of so rare a Gentleman as this Earle (and therewithall so noble a Poet) (a qualitie, by which his other titles receiue their greatest lustre) inuention may make somewhat more bolde with *Agrippa* aboue the barren truth.

That Lion set in our bright siluer bend.

The blazon of the *Howards* honourable armour, was *Gules betweene sixe crosselets Fitchy a bend Argent*, to which afterwards was added by atchieuement, *In the Canton point of the bend an escutcheon*, or *within the Scottish tressure*, *a Demi-lion-rampant Gules*, *&c.* as Master *Camden* now *Clerenceaux* from authoritie noteth. Neuer shall time or bitter enuie be able to obscure the brightnesse of so great a victorie as that, for which this addition was obtained. The Historian of Scotland *George Buchanan* reporteth, that the Earle of Surrey gaue for his badge a *Siluer Lion* (which from antiquitie belonged to that name, tearing in pieces *A Lion prostrate Gules*; and withall, that this which he termes insolence, was punished in him and his posteritie, as if it were fatall to the Con-

querour, to doe his Soueraigne such loyall seruice as a thousand such seuere censurers were neuer able to performe.

Since Scottish bloud dilcoloured Floden field.

The battell was fought at Bramston neere Floden hill, being a part of the Cheuiot, a mountaine that exceedeth all the mountaines in the North of England for bigneſſe, in which the wilfull periurie of *Iames* the fifth was punished from heauen by the Earle of Surrey, being left by King *Henry* the eight (then in France before Turwin) for the defence of his Realme.

Nor beauteous Stanhope, *whom all tongues report*
To be the glory, &c.

Of the beautie of that Ladie, he himselfe testifies in an Elegie which he writ of her, refusing to dance with him, which he seemeth to allegorize vnder a Lion and a Wolfe. And of himselfe hee saith:

A Lion saw I late, as white as any Snow.

And of her

I might perceiue a Wolfe, as white as a Whales bone,
A fairer beast, of fresher hue, beheld I neuer none,
But that her lookes were coy, and froward was her grace.
And famous Wyat *who in numbers sings.*

Sir *Thomas Wyat* the elder, a most excellent Poet, as his Poems extant doe witnesse, besides certaine Encomions, written by the Earle of Surrey, vpon some of *Dauids* Psalmes, by him translated.

What holy graue, what worthy Sepulchre,
To Wyats *Psalmes shall Christians purchase then.*

And afterward vpon his death the said Earle writeth thus:

What vertues rare were tempered in thy breast?
Honour that England such a iewell bred,
And kisse the ground whereas thy corps did rest.
At Hunsdon, where those sweet celestiall eyne,

It is manifest by a Sonnet, written by this noble Earle, that the first time he beheld his Ladie was at Hunsdon.

Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne.

Which Sonnet being altogether a description of his loue, I doe alleadge in diuers places of this Gloſſe, as proofes of what I write.

Of Hampton Court, and Windsor, where abound
All pleasures, &c.

That he enioyed the presence of his faire and vertuous Mistris in those two places, by reason of Queene *Katharines* vsuall aboad there (on whom this Ladie *Geraldine* was attending) I proue by these verses of his;

Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
Windsor alas doth chase me from her sight.

And in another Sonnet following:

When Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arme,
My hand, my chin, to ease my restlesse head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Windsor to Paradise, an Elegie may proue, where he remembreth his youthfull pleasures in that place.

With a Kings sonne my childish yeares I past'd,
In greater feasts then Priams *sonne of Troy.*

And againe in the same Elegie:

Those large greene Courts where we were wont to roue,
With eyes cast vp vnto the maidens Tower,
With easie sighes, such as men draw in loue.

And againe in the same:

The stately seates, the Ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of sweet delight.

And for the pleasantnesse of the place, these Verses of his may testifie in the same Elegie before recited.

The secret Groues which we haue made resound,
With siluer drops the Meads yet spread for ruth.

As goodly flowers from Thamesis *do grow, &c.*

I had thought in this place not to haue spoken of Thames, being so oft remembred by me before, in sundry other places on this occasion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which as I iudge, eyther to be done by the said Earle, or Sir *Francis Brian*: for the worthinesse thereof I will heere insert, which, as it seemes to me, was compyled at the authors being in Spaine.

Tagus farewell, which Westward with thy streames,
Turn'st vp the graines of gold already tride,
For I with sprit and saile goe seeke the Thames,
Against the Sunne that shewes his wealthy pride,
And to the towne that Brutus sought by dreames,
Like bended Moone that leaues his lustie side,
To seeke my country now, for whom I liue,
O mightie Ioue, for this the windes me giue.

FINIS.

GERALDINE to HENRY HOWARD *Earle of Surrey.*

SVch greeting as the Noble *Surrey* sends,
The same to thee thy *Geraldine* commends;
A maydens thoughts do checke my trembling hand,
On other termes, or complements to stand,
Which (might my speech be as my heart affords)
Should come attired in farre richer words;
But all is one, my faith as firme shall proue,
As hers that makes the greatest shew of loue.
In *Cupids* Schoole I neuer read those bookes,
Whose Lectures oft we practise in our lookes,
Nor euer did suspicious riuall eye,
Yet lie in waite my fauours to espie,
My Virgine thoughts are innocent and meeke,
As the chaste blushes sitting on my cheeke:

As in a feauer I doe ſhiuer yet,
Since firſt my pen was to the paper ſet.
If I doe erre, you know my ſexe is weake,
Feare proues a fault, where maides are forc't to ſpeake;
Doe I not ill? Ah ſooth me not herein,
O, if I doe, reproue me of my ſin,
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach my ſelfe, my ſelfe to chide.
Nay noble *Surrey*, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldneſſe ſhould returne my guilt;
For that ſhould be euen from our ſelues conceal'd,
Which is diſclos'd, if to our thoughts reueal'd,
For the leaſt motion, more the ſmalleſt breath,
That may impeach our modeſtie, is death;
The Page that brought thy letters to my hand,
(Me thinkes) ſhould meruaile at my ſtrange demand,
For till he bluſh'd, I did not yet eſpie,
The nakednеſſe of my immodeſtie,
Which in my face he greater might haue ſeene,
But that my fanne I quickly put betweene;
Yet ſcarcely that my inward guilt could hide,
Feare ſeeing all, feares it of all eſpi'd.
Like to a Taper lately burning bright,
Now wanting matter to maintaine his light.
The blaze aſcending forced by the ſmoke,
Liuing by that which ſeekes the ſame to choke;
The flame ſtill hanging in the ayre, doth burne,
Vntill drawne downe, it backe againe returne.
Then cleare, then dim, then ſpreadeth, and then cloſeth,
Now getteth ſtrength, and now his brightneſſe loſeth,
As well the beſt diſcerning eye may doubt,

Whether it yet be in, or whether out:
Thus in my cheeke my ſundry paſſions ſhew'd,
Now aſhie pale, and now againe it glow'd;
If in your Verſe there be a power to moue,
It 's you alone, who are the cauſe I loue,
It 's you bewitch my boſome by mine eare,
Vnto that end I did not place you there.
Ayres to aſſwage the bloudy Souldiers minde,
Poore women, we are naturally kinde.
Perhaps you'le thinke that I theſe termes enforce,
For that in Court this kindneſſe is of courſe,
Or that it is that hony-ſteeped gall,
We oft are ſaid to bait our loues withall,
That in one eye we carrie ſtrong deſire,
The other drops, which quickly quench that fire;
Ah, what ſo falſe can Enuie ſpeake of vs,
But ſhall finde ſome too vainly credulous?
I doe not ſo, and to adde proofe thereto,
I loue in faith, in faith ſweet Lord I do;
Nor let the enuie of enuenom'd tongues,
Which ſtill is grounded on poore Ladies wrongs,
Thy noble breaſt diſaſterly poſſeſſe,
By any doubt to make my loue the leſſe;
My houſe from Florence I doe not pretend,
Nor from Geraldi claime I to deſcend,
Nor holde thoſe honours inſufficient are,
That I receiue from Deſmond or Kildare;
Nor adde I greater worth vnto my blood,
Then Iriſh milke to giue me infant food,
Nor better ayre will euer boaſt to breath,
Then that of Lemſter, Munſter, or of Meath,

Nor

Nor craue I other forraine farre allies,
Then Windſor or *Pitz-geralds* families,
It is enough to leaue vnto my heires,
If they but pleaſe t'acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place euer did the Court remoue,
But that the houſe giues matter to my loue?
At Windſor ſtill I ſee thee ſit and walke,
There mount thy Courſer, there deuiſe, there talke:
The robes, the Garter, and the ſtate of Kings,
Into my thoughts thy hoped greatneſſe brings;
None ſuch, the name imports (me thinkes) ſo much,
None ſuch as it, nor as my Lord, none ſuch,
In Hamptons great magnificence I finde,
The liuely image of thy Princely minde;
Faire Richmonds Towers like goodly pillars ſtand,
Rear'd by the power of thy victorious hand;
White-halls triumphing galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich deuiſes of thy wit,
In Greenwich yet as in a glaſſe I view,
Where laſt thou badſt thy *Geraldine* adiew:
With euery little gentle breath that blowes,
How are my thoughts confus'd with ioyes and woes,
As through a gate, ſo through my longing eares,
Paſſe to my heart whole multitudes of feares;
O in a map that I might ſee thee ſhow,
The place where now in danger thou dooſt go!
Whilſt we diſcourſe to trauaile with our eye,
Romania, Tuſcaine, and faire Lumbardy,
Or with thy pen exactly to ſet downe,
The modell of that Temple, or that Towne,
And to relate at large where thou haſt beene,

And there, and there, and what thou there hast seene:
Or to describe by figure of thy hand,
There Naples lies, and there doth Florence stand;
Or as the Grecians finger dip'd in wine,
Drawing a Riuer in a little line,
And with a drop, a gulfe to figure out,
To modell Venice moted round about;
Then adding more, to counterfet a Sea,
And draw the front of stately Genoa.
These from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
Which now doe sound like *Mandrakes* dreadful grones.
Some trauell hence t'enrich their mindes with skill,
Leaue here their good, and bring home others ill?
Which seeme to like all Countries but their owne,
Affecting most where they the least are knowne.
Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their head,
As they had beene in seuerall Countries bred;
In their attire, their gesture, and their gate,
Found in each one, in all Italionate.
So well in all deformitie in fashion,
Borrowing a limbe of euerie seuerall Nation.
And nothing more then England hold in scorne,
So liue as strangers whereas they were borne.
But thy returne in this I doe not reade,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeede;
O God forbid that *Howards* Noble line,
From ancient vertue should so farre decline,
The Muses traine (whereof your selfe are chiefe)
Onely with me participate their griefe:
To sooth their humors, I doe lend them eares,
He giues a Poet, that his Verses heares,

Till thy returne, by hope they only liue;
Yet had they all, they all away would giue:
The world and they, so ill according be,
That wealth and Poets neuer can agree.
Few liue in Court that of their good haue care,
The Muses friends are euery where so rare;
Some praise thy worth (that it did neuer know,)
Onely because the better sort doe so,
Whose iudgement neuer further doth extend,
Then it doth please the greatest to commend;
So great an ill vpon desert doth chance,
VVhen it doth passe by beastly ignorance.
Why art thou slacke, while no man puts his hand
To raise the mount where *Surreyes* towers must stand?
Or who the groundsill of that worke doth lay,
VVhilst like a wandrer thou abroad dost stray?
Clip'd in the armes of some lasciuious dame,
VVhen thou shouldst reare an *Ilion* to thy name.
VVhen shall the Muses by faire *Norwich* dwell,
To be the Citie of the learned Well?
Or *Phœbus* Altars there with Incense heap'd,
As once in *Cyrrha*, or in *Thebe* kept?
Or when shall that faire hoofe-plowd spring distill
From great mount *Surrey*, out of *Leonards* hill?
Till thou returne, the Court I will exchange
For some poore Cottage, or some Country Grange,
VVhere to our Distaues as we sit and spin,
My maide and I will tell of things haue bin,
Our Lutes vnstrung shall hang vpon the wall,
Our lessons serue to wrap our Towe withall,
And passe the night, whiles Winter tales we tell,

Of many things that long agoe befell;
Or tune such homely Carrols as were sung
In Country sports, when we our selues were yong.
In pretty Riddles to bewray our loues,
In questions, purpose, or in drawing Gloues.
The noblest spirits to vertue most enclin'd,
These heere in Court thy greatest want doe finde.
Other there be, on which we feede our eye,
Like Arras worke, or such like Imagerie;
Many of vs desire Queene *Katherines* state,
But very few her vertues imitate;
Then, as *Vlysses* wife write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thy selfe to mee.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Then Windsors *or* Fitz-geralds *families.*

THE cost of many Kings, which from time to time haue adorned the Castle at Windsor with their Princely magnificence, hath made it more noble, then that it need to be spoken of now, as though obscure; and I hold it more meet to referre you to our vulgar monuments for the founders and finishers thereof, then to meddle with matter nothing neere the purpose. As for the family of the *Fitz geralds*, of whence this excellent Lady was lineally descended, the originall was English, though the branches did spread themselues into distant places, and names nothing consonant, as in former times it was vsuall to denominate themselues of their Manours or Fore-names: as may partly appeare in that which ensueth, the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthy friend, Master *Francis Thynne*. *Walter* of VVindsor the sonne of *Otetus*, had to issue *William*, of whom *Henry*, now Lord *Windsor* is descended, and *Robert* of Windsor,

Windſor, of whom *Robert* the now Earle of Eſſex, and *Gerald* of Windſor his third ſonne, who married the daughter of *Rees* the great Prince of VVales, of whom came *Neſta*, paramour to *Henry* the firſt. VVhich *Gerald* had iſſue *Maurice Fitz-gerald*, anceſtor to *Thomas Fitz-maurice*, Iuſtice of Ireland buried at Trayly; leauing iſſue *Iohn* his eldeſt ſonne, firſt Earle of Kildare, anceſtor to *Geraldine*, and *Maurice* his ſecond ſonne, firſt Earle of Deſmond.

To raiſe the mount where Surreys *Towers muſt ſtand.*

Alluding to the ſumptuous houſe which was afterward builded by him vpon *Leonards* hill right againſt Norwich, which in the rebellion of Norfolke vnder *Ket*, in King *Edward* the ſixt time, was much defaced by that impure rabble. Betwixt the hill and the Citie, as *Alexander Neuel* deſcribes it, the riuer of Yarmouth runnes, hauing Weſt and South thereof a wood, and a little Village called *Thrope*, and on the North the paſtures of Mouſholl, which containes about ſix miles in length and breadth. So that beſides the ſtately greatneſſe of *Mount-Surrey*, which was the houſes name, the proſpect and ſight thereof was paſſing pleaſant and commodious; and no where elſe did that encreaſing euill of the Norfolke furie enkenell it ſelfe then but there, as it were for a manifeſt token of their intent, to debaſe all high things, and to prophane all holy.

Like Arras worke, or other imagerie.

Such was he whom *Iuuenal* taxeth in this manner:

truncoque ſimilimus Herme
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua viuit imago.

Being to be borne for nothing elſe but apparell, and the outward appearance, intituled Complement, with whom the ridiculous fable of the Ape in *Æſope* ſorteth fitly, who comming into a Caruers houſe, and viewing many Marble workes, tooke vp the head of a man verie cunningly wrought, who greatly in praiſing did ſeeme to pitie it, that hauing ſo comely an outſide, it had nothing within; like emptie figures walke and talke in euery place, at whom the noble *Geraldine* modeſtly glanceth.

FINIS.

To

To the vertuous Ladie, the Lady FRANCIS GOODERE,

wife to Sir HENRY GOODERE, Knight.

MY very gracious and good Mistris, the loue and duetie I bare vnto your Father whilest he liued, now after his decease is to you hereditarie; to whom by the blessing of your birth hee left his vertues. Who bequeathed you those which were his, gaue you whatsoeuer good is mine, as deuoted to his, hee being gone, whom I honoured so much whilest he liued; which you may iustly challenge by all lawes of thankefulnesse. My selfe hauing beene a witnesse of your excellent education, and milde disposition (as I may say) euer from your Cradle, dedicate this Epistle of this vertuous and godly Lady to your selfe; so like her in all perfection, both of wisdome and learning, which I pray you accept, till time shall enable me to leaue you some greater monument of my loue.

Michael Drayton.

The Lady Iane Gray to the Lord Gilford Dvdley.

The Argvment.

After the death of that vertuous yong Prince King Edward *the sixt, the sonne of that famous King* Henry *the eight,* Iane *the daughter of* Henry Gray, *Duke of Suffolke, by the consent of* Iohn Dudley *Duke of Northumberland, was proclaimed Queene of England, being married to* Gilford Dudley, *the fourth sonne of the foresaid Duke of Northumberland; which match was concluded by their ambitious fathers, who went about by this meanes, to bring the Crowne vnto their children, and to dispossesse the Princesse* Mary, *eldest daughter to King* Henry *the eight, heire to King* Edward *her brother. Queene* Mary *rising in Armes to claime her rightfull Crowne, taketh the said* Iane Gray, *and the Lord* Gilford *her husband, being lodged in the Tower for their more safetie, which place being lastly their Palace, by this meanes became their prison, where being seuered in sundry prisons, they write these Epistles one to another.*

MIne own deere Lord, sith thou art lock'd from me,
In this disguise my loue must steale to thee,
Since to renue all loues, all kindnesse past,
This refuge scarsely left, yet this the last.

My Keeper comming, I of thee enquire,
VVho with thy greeting answeres my desire,
VVhich my tongue willing to returne againe,
Griefe stops my words, and I but striue in vaine;
VVherewith amaz'd, away in haste he goes,
VVhen through my lips my heart thrust forth my woes;
But then the dores that make a dolefull sound,
Driue backe my words that in the noyse are drown'd,
VVhich somewhat hush'd, the Eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word;
VVhen like an aduerse winde in *Isis* course,
Against the tide bending his boistrous force;
But when the floud hath wrought it selfe about,
He following on, doth head-long thrust it out;
Thus striue my sighes with teares e're they begin,
And breaking out, againe sighes driue them in.
A thousand formes present my troubled thought,
Yet proue abortiue e're they forth are brought,
The depth of woe with words we hardly sound,
Sorrow is so insensibly profound:
As teares doe fall and rise, sighes come and goe,
So doe these numbers ebbe, so doe they flow.
These briny teares doe make my incke looke pale,
My incke clothes teares in this sad mourning vale,
The letters mourners, weepe with my dim eye,
The paper pale, grieu'd at my miserie.
Yet miserable our selues why should we deeme,
Sith none are so, but in their owne esteeme?
VVho in distresse from resolution flies,
Is rightly said, to yeeld to miseries;
They which begot vs, did beget this sinne,

They

They first begun, what did our griefe beginne,
VVe tasted not, t'was they which did rebell,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell;
They which a Crowne would to my Lord haue linck'd
All hope of life and libertie extinct;
A subiect borne, a Soueraigne to haue beene,
Hath made me now, nor subiect, nor a Queene.
Ah vile Ambition, how dost thou deceiue vs,
VVhich shew'st vs heau'n, and yet in hell dost leaue vs?
Seldome vntouch'd doth innocence escape,
VVhen errour commeth in good counsels shape,
A lawfull title countercheckes proud might,
The weakest things become strong props to right.
Then my deere Lord, although affliction grieue vs,
Yet let our spotlesse innocence relieue vs,
Death but an acted passion doth appeare,
Where truth giues courage, and the conscience cleare;
And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,
That I beare part of whatsoe're is thine;
As when we liu'd vntouch'd with these disgraces,
When as our Kingdome was our deare embraces;
At Durham-Palace, where sweet *Hymen* sang,
Whose buildings with our nuptiall musicke rang:
When *Prothalamions* prais'd that happy day,
Wherein great *Dudley* match'd with noble *Gray*,
When they deuis'd to lincke by wedlocke band,
The house of *Suffolke* to *Northumberland*;
Our fatall Dukedome to your Dukedome bound,
To frame this building on so weake a ground.
For what auailes a lawlesse vsurpation,
Which giues a Scepter, but not rules a Nation?

Onely the surfet of a vaine opinion,
What giues content, giues what exceeds dominion.
When first mine eares were pierced with the fame
Of *Iane* proclaimed by a Princes name,
A sudden fright my trembling heart appals,
The feare of conscience entreth iron wals.
Thrice happy for our Fathers had it beene,
If what we fear'd they wisely had fore-seene,
And kept a meane gate, in an humble path,
To haue escap'd the heauens impetuous wrath:
The true-bred Eagle strongly beares the winde,
And not each bird that's neere vnto their kinde,
And like a King, doth from the clouds command,
The fearefull fowle that moue but neere the land.
Though *Mary* be from mightie Kings descended,
My bloud not from *Plantaginet* pretended;
My Grandsire *Brandon* did our house aduance,
By Princely *Mary*, Dowager of France;
The fruit of that faire stocke which did combine,
And *Yorkes* sweet branch with *Lancasters* entwine;
And in one stalke did happily vnite,
The pure vermilion Rose, and purer white;
I the vntimely slip of that rich stem,
Whose golden bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh forgiue me Lord, it is not I,
Nor doe I boast of this, but learne to die.
VVhilst we were as our selues enjoyned then,
Nature to nature, now an alien.
The purest bloud, polluted is in blood,
Neerenesse contemn'd, if Soueraignetie withstood;
A Diademonce dazeling the eye,

The day too darke to ſee affinitie;
And where the arme is ſtretch'd to reach a Crowne,
Friendſhip is broke, the deereſt thing throwne downe;
For what great *Henry* moſt ſtroue to auoyde,
The heauēs haue built, where earth would haue deſtroid,
And ſeating *Edward* on his regall Throne,
He giues to *Mary* all that was his owne,
By death aſſuring what by life is theirs,
The lawfull claime of *Henries* lawfull heires.
By mortall lawes the bond may be diuorc'd,
But heauens decree by no meanes can be forc'd:
That rules the caſe, when men haue all decreed,
Who tooke him hence foreſaw who ſhould ſucceed,
For we in vaine relie on humane lawes,
When heauen ſtands forth to pleade the righteous cauſe,
Thus rule the heauens in their continuall courſe,
That yeelds to fate that doth not yeeld to force.
Mans wit doth build for time but to deuoure,
But vertue 's free from time and fortunes powre.
Then my kinde Lord, ſweet *Gilford* be not grieu'd,
The ſoule is heauenly, and from heauen relieu'd;
And as we once haue plighted troth together,
Now let vs make exchange of mindes to eyther;
To thy faire breaſt take my reſolued minde,
Arm'd againſt blacke deſpaire, and all her kinde,
And to my boſome breathe that ſoule of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine;
So ſhall our faith as firmely be approued,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloued.
This life no life, wert thou not deere to mee,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.

Thou my deere husband, and my Lord before,
But truely learne to die, thou shalt be more.
Now liue by prayer, on heauen fixe all thy thought,
And surely finde, what e're by zeale is sought;
For each good motion that the soule awakes,
A heauenly figure sees, from whence it takes
That sweet resemblance, which by power of kinde,
Formes (like it selfe) an image in the minde,
And in our faith the operations bee,
Of that diuineneſſe which through that we see;
Which neuer erres, but accidentally,
By our fraile fleshes imbecillity;
By each temptation ouer-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodies guide;
For as these Towers our bodies doe enclose,
Their prisons, so vnto our soules suppose,
Our bodies, stopping that celestiall light,
As these doe hinder our exterior sight;
Whereon death seasing, doth discharge the debt,
And vs at blessed libertie doth set.
Then draw thy forces all vnto thy heart,
The strongest fortresse of this earthly part,
And on these three let thy assurance lie,
On faith, repentance, and humilitie;
By which to heauen ascending by degrees,
Persist in prayer upon your bended knees;
Whereon if you assuredly be stay'd,
You need in perrill not to be dismay'd,
Which still shall keepe you that you shall not fall,
For any perill that you can appall;
The key of heauen thus with you, you shall beare,

And

And grace you guiding, get you entrance there,
And you of thoſe celeſtiall ioyes poſſeſſe,
Which mortall tongue 's vnable to expreſſe.
Then thanke the heauen, preparing vs this roome,
Crowning our heads with glorious Martyrdome,
Before the blacke and diſmall dayes beginne,
The daies of all idolatrie and ſinne,
Not ſuffering vs to ſee that wicked age,
When perſecution vehemently ſhall rage,
When tyrannie new tortures ſhall inuent,
Inflicting vengeance on the innocent.
Yet heauen forbids, that *Maries* wombe ſhall bring,
Englands faire Scepter to a forraine King;
But vnto faire *Elizabeth* ſhall leaue it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded ſhall receiue it;
And on her Temples hauing plac'd the Crowne,
Roote out the dregges Idolatry hath ſowne;
And *Sions* glorie ſhall againe reſtore,
Laid ruine, waſte, and deſolate before;
And from blacke ſinders, and rude heapes of ſtones,
Shall gather vp the Martyrs ſacred bones,
And ſhall extirpe the power of Rome againe,
And caſt aſide the heauie yoake of Spaine.
Farewell ſweet *Gilford*, know our end is neere,
Heauen is our home, we are but ſtrangers heere.
Let vs make haſte to goe vnto the bleſt,
Which from theſe wearie worldly labours reſt:
And with theſe lines my deereſt Lord I greet thee,
Vntill in heauen thy *Iane* againe ſhall meet thee.

Thou my deere husband, and my Lord before,
But truely learne to die, thou shalt be more.
Now liue by prayer, on heauen fixe all thy thought,
And surely finde, what e're by zeale is sought;
For each good motion that the soule awakes,
A heauenly figure sees, from whence it takes
That sweet resemblance, which by power of kinde,
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Of that diuineneſſe which through that we see;
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By each temptation ouer-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodies guide;
For as these Towers our bodies doe enclose,
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Our bodies, stopping that celestiall light,
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Crowning our heads with glorious Martyrdome,
Before the blacke and dismall dayes beginne,
The daies of all idolatrie and sinne,
Not suffering vs to see that wicked age,
When persecution vehemently shall rage,
When tyrannie new tortures shall inuent,
Inflicting vengeance on the innocent.
Yet heauen forbids, that *Maries* wombe shall bring,
Englands faire Scepter to a forraine King;
But vnto faire *Elizabeth* shall leaue it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded shall receiue it;
And on her Temples hauing plac'd the Crowne,
Roote out the dregges Idolatry hath sowne;
And *Sions* glorie shall againe restore,
Laid ruine, waste, and desolate before;
And from blacke sinders, and rude heapes of stones,
Shall gather vp the Martyrs sacred bones,
And shall extirpe the power of Rome againe,
And cast aside the heauie yoake of Spaine.
Farewell sweet *Gilford*, know our end is neere,
Heauen is our home, we are but strangers heere.
Let vs make haste to goe vnto the blest,
Which from these wearie worldly labours rest:
And with these lines my deerest Lord I greet thee,
Vntill in heauen thy *Iane* againe shall meet thee.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

They which begot vs did beget this sinne.

SHewing the ambition of the two Dukes their fathers, whose pride was the cause of the vtter ouerthrow of their children.

At Durham Pallace where sweet Hymen *sang,*
The buildings, &c.

The Lord *Gilford Dudley*, fourth sonne to *Iohn Dudley*, Duke of Northumberland, married the Ladie *Iane Gray*, daughter to the Duke of Suffolke at Durham house in the Strand.

When first mine eares were pierced with the same,
Of Iane *proclaimed by a Princesse name.*

Presently vpon the death of King *Edward*, the Ladie *Iane* was taken as Queene, conuayed by water to the Tower of London for her safetie, and after proclaimed in diuers parts of the Realme, as so ordained by King *Edwards* Letters Patents, and his Will.

My Grandsire Brandon *did our house aduance,*
By Princely Mary, *Dowager of France.*

Henry Gray Duke of Suffolke, married *Francis* the eldest daughter of *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke, by the French Queene, by which *Francis* he had this Ladie *Iane*: this *Marie* the French Queene, was daughter to King *Henry* the seuenth, by *Elizabeth* his Queen, which happie marriage conioyned the two noble families of Lancaster and Yorke.

For what great Henry *most strooe to auoyde.*

Noting the distrust that King *Henry* the eighth euer had in the Princesse *Mary* his daughter, fearing she should alter the state of Religion in the land, by matching with a stranger, confessing the right that King *Henries* issue had to the crowne.

And vnto faire Elizabeth *shall leaue it.*

A prophesie of Queene *Maries* barrennesse, and of the happie and glorious raigne of Queene *Elizabeth*, her restoring of Religion, the abolishing of the Romish seruitude, and casting aside the yoke of Spaine.

Gilford

GILFORD DVDLEY to IANE GRAY.

AS the Swan singing at his dying howre,
So I reply from my impris'ning Towre:
O could there be that powre but in my Verse,
T' expresse the griefe my wounded heart doth pierce!
The very wals that straightly thee enclose,
Would surely weepe at reading of my woes;
Let your eyes lend, Ile pay you euerie teare,
And giue you int'rest, if you doe forbeare,
Drop for a drop, and if you 'll needs haue lone,
I will repay you frankly, two for one.
Perhaps you 'll thinke (your sorrowes to appease)
That words of comfort fitter were then these:
True, and in you when such perfection liueth,
As in most griefe most comfort alwayes giueth:
But thinke not (*Iane*) that cowardly I faint,
To begge mans mercie by my sad complaint,
That death so much my courage can controule,
At the departing of my liuing soule.
For if one life a thousand liues could bee,
All those too few to consummate with thee,
When thou this crosse so patiently doost beare,
As if thou wert incapable of feare.
And doost no more this dissolution flie,
Then if long age constrained thee to die:

Yet it is ſtrange thou art become my ſoe
And onely now add'ſt moſt vnto my woe,
Not that I loath that moſt did me delight,
But that ſo long depriued of thy ſight:
For when I ſpeake and would complaine my wrong,
Straight-wayes thy name poſſeſſeth all my tong,
As thou before me euermore didſt lie
The preſent obiect to my longing eie.
No ominous ſtarre did at thy birth-tide ſhine
That might of thy ſad deſtinie diuine;
'T is onely I that did thy fall perſwade,
And thou by me a ſacrifice art made,
As in thoſe countries where the louing wiues
With their kinde husbands end their happy liues,
And crown'd with garlands in their brides attire,
Burne with his bodie in the funerall fire;
And ſhe the worthieſt reckned is of all,
Whom leaſt the perill ſeemeth to appall.
I boaſt not of Northumberlands great name,
Nor of *Ket* conquered, adding to our fame,
When he to Norfolke with his armies ſped,
And thence in chaines the rebels captiue led,
And brought ſafe peace returning to our dores,
Yet ſpread his glorie on the Eaſterne ſhores;
Nor of my brothers, from whoſe naturall grace,
Vertue may ſpring to beautifie our Race;
Nor of *Grayes* match my children borne by thee,
Of the great bloud vndoubtedly to bee;
But of thy vertue onely doe I boaſt,
That wherein I may iuſtly glorie moſt:
I crau'd no Kingdomes, though I thee did craue,

It might ſuffice thy onely ſelfe to haue;
Yet let me ſay how euer it befell,
Me thinkes a Crowne ſhould haue become thee well:
For ſure thy wiſedome merited (or none)
To haue beene heard with wonder from a Throne.
When from thy lips the counſell to each deed,
Doth as from ſome wiſe Oracle proceede,
And more eſteem'd thy vertues were to mee,
Then all that elſe might euer come by thee;
So chaſte thy loue, ſo innocent thy life,
As being a Virgine when thou wert a wife,
So great a gift the heauen on me beſtow'd,
As giuing that, it nothing could haue ow'd;
Such was the good I did poſſeſſe of late,
Ere worldly care diſturb'd our quiet ſtate,
Ere trouble did in euery place abound,
And angrie warre our former peace did wound.
This is all that ambition vs affords,
One Crowne is guarded with a thouſand ſwords,
To meane eſtates, meane ſorrowes are but ſhowne,
But crownes haue cares whoſe workings be vnknowne.
When *Dudley* led his armies to the Eaſt,
Of our whole forces generally poſſeſt,
What then was thought his enterpriſe could let,
Whom a graue counſell freely did abet,
That had the iudgement of the powerfull lawes,
In euery point to iuſtifie the cauſe?
The holy Church a helping hand that laide, (ſwaide?
Who would haue thought that theſe could not haue
But what alas can Parlaments auaile,
Where *Maries* right muſt *Edwards* acts repeale?

When

When *Suffolkes* power doth *Suffolkes* hopes withſtand,
Northumberland doth leaue *Northumberland*;
And they that ſhould our greatneſſe vndergoe,
Vs, and our actions onely ouerthrow.
Ere greatneſſe gain'd we giue it all our hart,
But being once come, could wiſh it would depart,
And indiſcreetly follow that ſo faſt,
Which ouertaken puniſheth our haſt;
If any one doe pittie our offence,
I [illegible] him be ſure that he be farre from hence:
[illegible]re is no place for any one that ſhall
So much as (once) commiſerate our fall:
And we of mercie vainly ſhould but thinke,
Our timeleſſe teares th' inſatiate earth doth drinke.
All lamentations vtterly forlorne,
Dying before they fully can be borne.
Mothers that ſhould their wofull children rue,
Fathers in death too kindly bid adue,
Friends their deere farewell louingly to take,
The faithfull ſeruant weeping for our ſake;
Brothers and ſiſters waiting on our Beere,
Mourners to tell what we were liuing heere:
But we (alas) depriued are of all,
So fatall is our miſerable fall.
And where at firſt for ſafetie we were ſhut
Now in darke priſon wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious ſtate,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy perſwaſion thus I then reply;
Hold on thy courſe reſolued ſtill to die,
And when we ſhall ſo happily be gone,

Leaue

Leaue it to heauen to giue the rightfull throne,
And with that health regreet I thee againe.
VVhich I of late did gladly entertaine.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

Nor of Ket *conquered adding to our fame.*

IOhn Duke of Northumberland, when before he was Earle of Warwicke, in his expedition against *Ket*, ouerthrew the rebels of Norfolke and Suffolke, encamped at Mount Surrey in Norfolke.

Nor of my brothers from whose naturall grace.

Gilford Dudley as remembring in this place the towardnesse of his brothers, which were all likely indeed to haue raised that house of the *Dudleyes*, of which he was a fourth brother, if not suppressed by their fathers ouerthrow.

Nor of Grayes *match my children borne by thee.*

Noting in this place the alliance of the Lady *Iane Gray*, by her mother, which was *Francis* the daughter of *Charles Brandon*, by *Marie* the French Queene, daughter to *Henry* the seuenth, and sister to *Henry* the eight.

To haue beene heard with wonder from a Throne.

Seldome hath it euer beene knowne of any woman endued with such wonderfull gifts, as was this Lady, both for her wisdome and learning, of whose skill in the tongues one reporteth by this Epigram.

Miraris Ianam Graio *sermone valere?*
Quo primùm nata est tempore Graia *fuit.*
When Dudley *led his Armie to the East.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London for his expedition against the Rebels in Norfolke, and making haste away, appointed the rest of his forces to meete him at

New-

New-market Heath: of whom this saying is reported, that passing through Shore-ditch, the Lord *Gray* in his company, seeing the people in great numbers came to see him, hee said; the people presse to see vs, but none bid God speed vs.

Whom a graue Counsell freely did abet.

Iohn Dudley Duke of Northumberland, when he went out against Queene *Mary*, had his commission sealed for the generalship of the Armie, by the consent of the whole Counsell of the Land; in so much that passing thorow the Counsell chamber at his departure, the Earle of Arundell wished that hee might haue gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his blood in the quarrell.

When Suffolkes power doth Suffolkes *hopes withstand,*
Northumberland doth leaue Northumberland

The Suffolke men were the first that euer resorted to Queene *Mary* in her distresse, repairing to her succours, whilst shee remained both at Keningall, and at Fermingham Castell, still encreasing her aides, vntill the Duke of Northumberland was left forsaken at Cambridge.

FINIS.

The



THE worlds faire Roſe, and *Henries* froſtie fire,
Iohns tyrannie, and chaſte *Matilda's* wrong,
Th'inraged Queene, and furious *Mortimer*,
The ſcourge of France, and his chaſte loue I ſung,
Depoſed *Richard*, *Iſabel* exil'd.
The gallant *Tudor* and faire *Katherine*,
Duke *Humfrey*, and old *Cobhams* hapleſſe child,
Couragious *Poole*, and that braue ſpiritfull Queene,
Edward and the delicious London Dame,
Brandon, and that rich Dowager of France,
Surrey, with his faire Paragon of fame,
Dudleys miſhap, and vertuous *Grayes* miſchance;
Their ſeuerall loues ſince I before haue ſhowne,
Now giue me leaue, at laſt to ſing mine owne.

SONNET 1.

INto these loues who but for passion lookes,
At this first sight, heere let him lay them by,
And seeke elsewhere in turning other bookes,
Which better may his labour satisfie,
No far-fetch'd sigh shall euer wound my breast,
Loue from mine eye, a teare shall neuer wring,
Nor in ah-mees my whyning Sonnets dreit,
(A Libertine) fantastickely I sing:
My verse is the true image of my minde,
Euer in motion, still desiring change,
To choice of all varietie inclin'de,
And in all humors sportiuely I range,
My actiue Muse is of the worlds right straine,
That cannot long one fashion entertaine.

The second to the Reader.

SONNET 2.

MAny there be excelling in this kinde,
Whose wel-trick'd rimes with all inuention swel;
Let each commend as best shall like his minde,
Some *Sidney*, *Constable*, some *Daniel*.
That thus their names familiarly I sing,
Let none thinke them disparaged to be,
Poore men with reuerence may speake of a king,
And so may these be spoken of by me;
My wanton verse nere keepes one certaine stay,
But now, at hand; then, seekes inuention far,
And with each little motion runnes astray,
Wilde, madding, iocund, and irregular;
Like me that lust, my honest merry times,
Nor care for Criticke, nor regard the times.

SONNET

SONNET. 4.

BEeauty ſometime in all her glory crowned,
Paſſing by that cleare fountaine of thine eye,
Her ſun-ſhine face there chancing to eſpie,
Forgot her ſelfe, deeming ſhee had beene drowned,
And thus whileſt beauty, on her ſhadow gazed,
Who then (yet liuing) thought ſhe had been dying,
And yet in death ſome hope of life eſpying,
With her owne rare perfections ſo amazed,
Twixt ioy and griefe, yet with a ſmiling frowning,
The glorious Sun-beames of her eyes bright ſhining,
And ſhee on her owne deſtiny diuining,
Caſt in her ſelfe, to ſaue her ſelfe by drowning.
The well of Nectar, pau'd with pearle and gold,
Where ſhe remaines for all eyes to behold.

SONNET. 5.

NOthing but no and I, and I and no,
How fals it out ſo ſtrangely you reply?
I tell yee (faire) ile not be anſwered ſo,
With this affirming no, denying I,
I ſay I loue, you ſleightly anſwere I,
I ſay you loue, you peule me out a no,
I ſay I die, you Eccho me with I.
Saue mee I cric, you ſigh me out a no;
Muſt woe and I, haue naught but no and I,
No I am I, if I no more can haue;
Anſwere no more, with ſilence make reply,
And let me take my ſelfe what I doe craue,
Let no and I, with I and you be ſo,
Then anſwere no and I, and I and no.

SONNET. 6.

LOue once would dance within my Mistresse eye,
And wanting musicke fitting for the place,
Swore that I should the instrument supply,
And sodainely presents me with her face;
Straitwaies my pulse playes liuely in my vaines,
My short-fetch'd breath doth keepe a meaner time,
My quau'ring attires be the tenours straines,
My trembling sinewes serue the counterchime,
My hollow sighes the deepest base do beare,
True diapason in distincted sound;
My panting heart the trebble makes the aire,
And deskants finely on the Musickes ground,
Thus like a Lute, or Viall did I lie,
Whilst he proud slaue daunc'd galliards in her eye.

SONNET. 7.

LOue in an humor plaid the prodigall,
And bad my senses to a solemne feast
Yet more to grace the company withall,
Inuites my heart to be the chiefest guest;
No other drinke would serue this gluttons turne,
But precious teares distilling from mine eine,
Which with my sighes this Epicure doth burne,
Quaffing carowsis in this costly wine,
Where, in his cups o'recome with foule excesse,
Beginnes to play a swaggering ruffians part,
And at the banquet, in his drunkennesse
Slew my deare friend his kind and truest heart,
A gentle warning friends thus may you see,
What tis to keepe a drunkard company.

SON

To the Moone.

SONNET. 8.

PHœbe looke downe, and heere behold in me,
The elements within thy ſphere encloſed,
How kindly Nature plac'd them vnder thee,
And in my words ſee how they are diſpoſed;
My hope is earth, the loweſt, cold and dry,
The groſſer mother of deepe melancholy,
Water my teares, cold with humidity,
Wan flegmatike, enclin'd, by Nature wholly;
My ſighes, the aire, hot, moiſt, aſcending higher,
Subtill of ſanguine, dy'd in my hearts dolor,
My thoughts, they be the element of fier,
Hot, drie, and peircing, ſtill enclin'd to choler,
Thine eye the Orbe vpon all theſe, from whence
Proceeds th'effects of powerfull influence.

To Lunacie.

SONNET. 9.

AS other men, ſo I my ſelfe doe muſe,
Why in this ſort I wreſt inuention ſo,
And why theſe giddy metaphors I vſe,
Leauing the path the greater part doe go;
I will reſolue you; I am lunaticke,
And euer this in mad-men you ſhall finde,
What they laſt thought, or when the braine grew ſicke,
In moſt diſtraction keepe that ſtill in minde.
Thus talking idly in this bedlam fit,
Reaſon and I (you muſt conceiue) are twaine,
Tis nine yeares now ſince firſt I loſt my wit,
Beare with me then, though troubled be my braine;
With diet and correction, men diſtraught,
(Not too farre paſt) may to their wits be brought.

TO nothing fitter can I thee compare,
Then to the sonne of some rich peny-father,
Who hauing now brought on his end with care,
Leaues to his sonne all he had heap'd together;
This new rich nouice, lauish of his cheſt,
To one man giues, and on another spends,
Then heere he riots, yet amongſt the reſt,
Haps to lend some to one true honeſt friend.
Thy gifts thou in obscuritie doeſt waſt,
False friends thy kindnes, borne but to deceiue thee;
Thy loue, that is on the vnworthy plac'd,
Time hath thy beautie, which with age will leaue thee;
Onely that little which to me was lent,
I giue thee backe, when all the reſt is spent.

SONNET. 11.

YOu not alone, when you are ſtill alone,
O God from you that I could priuate be,
Since you one were, I neuer since was one,
Since you in me, my ſelfe since out of me,
Transported from my ſelfe into your being,
Though either diſtant, preſent yet to either,
Senſeleſſe with too much ioy each other seeing,
And onely abſent when we are together.
Giue me my ſelfe, and take your ſelfe againe,
Deuiſe some meanes but how I may forſake you,
So much is mine that doth with you remaine,
That taking what is mine, with me I take you;
You doe bewitch me, O that I could flie,
From my ſelfe you, or from your owne ſelfe I.

SONNET. 12.

THat learned father, which so firmely prov'de
The soule of man immortall and diuine,
And doth the seuerall offices define:

Anima Giues her that name as she the body moues,
Amor Then is she loue imbracing Charitie,
Animus Mouing a will in vs, it is the minde,
Mens Retayning knowledge, still the same in kind;
Memoria As intellectuall it is the memory,
Ratio In iudging, Reason onely is her name,
Sensus In speedie apprehension it is sense,
Conscientia In right or wrong, they call her conscience,
Spiritus The spirit, when it to Godward doth inflame.

These of the soule the seuerall functions be,
Which my heart lightned by thy loue doth see.

To the Shadow.

SONNET. 13.

LEtters and lines we see are defaced,
Mettals do waste, and fret with cankers rust,
The Diamond shall once consume to dust,
And freshest colours with foule staines disgraced,
Paper and inke can paint but naked words,
To write with bloud, of force offends the sight,
And if with teares I finde them all too light,
And sighes and signes a sillie hope affords.
O sweetest shadow how thou seru'st thy turne,
Which still shalt be, as long as there is sunne,
Nor whilst the world is, neuer shall be done,
Whilst Moone shall shine, or any fire shall burne;
That euery thing whence shadow doth proceede,
May in his shadow, my loues storie reade.

SONNET. 14.

IF he from heauen that filch'd that liuing fire,
Condemn'd by *Ioue* to endleſſe torment be,
I greatly maruell how you ſtill goe free,
That farre beyond *Prometheus* did aſpire;
The fire he ſtole, although of heauenly kinde,
Which from aboue he craftily did take,
Of liueleſſe clods vs liuing men to make,
Againe beſtow'd in temper of the minde.
But you broke into heauens immortall ſtore,
Where vertue, honour, wit, and beautie lay,
Which taking thence, you haue eſcap'd away,
Yet ſtand as free as e're you did before;
Yet old *Prometheus* puniſht for his rape,
Thus poore theeues ſuffer, when the greater ſcape.

SONNET. 15.

VIewing the glaſſe of my youthes miſeries,
I ſee the face of my deformed cares,
With withered browes, all wrinckled with deſpaires,
That for times leſſe the teares fall from mine eyes,
Then in theſe teares, the mirrors of theſe eyes,
Thy faireſt youth and beautie doe I ſee;
Imprinted there by looking ſtill on thee;
Thus midſt my woes ten thouſand ioyes ariſe,
Yet in theſe ioyes the ſhadowes of my good,
In this faire limmed ground as white as ſnow,
Painted the blackeſt image of my woe,
With murthering hands imbru'd in mine owne blood;
And in this image his darke cloudie eyes,
My life, and loue, I here anatomize.

SON.

SONNET. 16.

WIthin the compasse of this spatious round,
Amongst all birds the Phœnix is alone,
Which but by you could neuer haue beene knowne;
None like to that, none like to you is found;
Heape your owne vertues seasoned by their sunne,
On heauenly top of your diuine desire;
Then with your beautie set the same on fire,
So by your death, your life shall be begunne,
Your selfe thus burned in this sacred flame,
With your owne sweetnesse all the heauens perfuming,
Who still encreasing as you are consuming,
Shall spring againe from th' ashes of your fame,
And mounting vp shall to the heauens ascend,
So may you liue past world, past fame, past end.

To Time.

SONNET. 17.

STay stay sweet time, behold or e're thou passe,
From world to world, thou long hast sought to see
That wonder now wherein all wonders bee,
Where heauen beholds her in a mortall glasse:
Nay, looke thee Time in this celestiall glasse,
And thy youth past in this faire Mirrour see,
The first worlds beautie in the infancie,
What it was then, or thou before it was.
Now passe on Time, to after-worlds tell this:
(And yet shalt tell) but truely what hath beene,
That they may say, what former time hath seene,
And heauen may ioy to thinke on past worlds blis:
Here make a period Time, and say for me,
She was, whose like againe shall neuer be.

SON-

SONNET. 18.

VNto the world, to learning, and to heauen,
Three nines there are, to euery one a nine,
One number of the earth, the other both diuine,
One woman now makes three odde numbers euen;
Nine orders first of Angels be in heauen,
Nine Muses doe with learning still frequent,
These with the Gods are euer resident;
Nine worthie ones vnto the world were giuen:
My worthy one to these nine Worthies addeth,
And my faire Muse, one Muse vnto the nine,
And my good Angell (in my soule diuine)
With one more order, these nine orders gladdeth:
My Muse, my Worthy, and my Angel then,
Makes euery one of these three nines a ten.

To Humour.

SONNET. 19.

YOu cannot loue my prettie heart, and why?
There was a time you tolde me that you would,
But now againe you will the same denie,
If it might please you, would to God you could;
What, will you hate? nay that you will not neyther,
Nor loue, nor hate, how then? what will you doe?
What will you keepe a meane then betwixt eyther?
Or will you loue me, and yet hate me too?
Yet serues not this, what next, what other shift?
You will, and will not, what a coyle is here?
I see your craft, now I perceiue your drift,
And all this while I was mistaken there:
Your loue and hate is this, I now doe proue you,
Your loue in hate, by hate to make me loue you.

SON-

AN euill ſpirit your beautie haunts me ſtill,
Wherewith (alas) I haue beene long poſſeſt,
Which ceaſeth not to tempt me vnto ill,
Nor giues me once but one poore minutes reſt:
In me it ſpeakes whether I ſleepe or wake,
And when by meanes to driue it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in moſt extremity;
Before my face, it layes all my deſpaires,
And haſts me on vnto a ſudden death;
Now tempting me to drowne my ſelfe in teares,
And then in ſighing to giue vp my breath;
Thus am I ſtill prouok'd to euery euill,
By this good wicked ſpirit, ſweete Angell diuell.

To the Sphears.

SONNET. 21.

THou which doſt guide this little world of loue,
Thy planets manſion heere thou maiſt behold,
My brow the ſpheare where *Saturne* ſtill doth moue,
Wrinckled with cares, age-with'red, drie, and cold;
Mine eyes the Orbe where *Iupiter* doth trace,
Which gently ſmile becauſe they looke on thee,
Mars in my ſwartie viſage takes his place,
Made leane with loue, where furious conflicts bee:
Sol in my breaſt with his hot ſcorching flame,
But in my heart alone doth *Venus* raigne;
Mercury my hands, the Organs of thy fame,
The Moone my wauering and inconſtant vaine;
The ſtarry heauen thy praiſe by me expreſt,
Thou the firſt mouer, guiding all to reſt.

SONNET. 22.

With fooles and children good discretion beares,
Then honest people beare with loue and me,
Nor older yet, nor wiser made by yeares,
Amongst the rest of fooles and children be,
Loue still a Baby, playes with gaudes and toyes,
And like a wanton, sports with euery feather,
And ideots still are running after boyes,
Then fooles and children fitt'st to goe together;
He still as yong as when he first was borne,
No wiser I, then when as yong as he,
You that behold vs, laugh vs not to scorne,
Giue Nature thankes you are not such as we:
Yet fooles and children sometimes tell in play,
Some wise in shew, more fooles indeed then they.

SONNET. 23.

Loue banish'd heauen, in earth was held in scorne,
Wandring abroad in need and beggerie;
And wanting friends though of a Goddesse borne,
Yet crau'd the almes of such as passed by;
I, like a man, deuote and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wandring guest,
With sighes and teares still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest:
But this vngratefull for my good desert,
Entic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gaue consent to steale away my heart,
And set my breast his lodging on a fire:
Well, well, my friends, when beggers grow thus bold,
No maruell then though charitie grow cold.

SON-

I Heare ſome ſay, this man is not in loue,
Who? can he loue? a likely thing they ſay;
Reade but this verſe, and it will eaſly proue;
O iudge not raſhly (gentle Sir) I pray,
Becauſe I looſely trifle in this ſort,
As one that faine his ſorrowes would beguile:
You now ſuppoſe mee, all this time in ſport,
And pleaſe your ſelfe with this conceit the while,
Yee ſhallow cenſures, ſometime ſee yee not,
In greateſt perils ſome men pleaſant bee,
Where fame by death is onely to be got,
They reſolute? ſo ſtands the caſe with me;
Where other men in depth of paſſion crie,
I laugh at fortune, as in a ieſt to die,

SONNET. 25.

O Why ſhould nature niggardly reſtraine!
The Southerne Nations relliſh not our tongue,
Elſe ſhould my lines glide on the waues of *Rhene*,
And crowne the *Piren's* with my louely ſong:
But bounded thus to *Scotland* get you forth,
Thence take you wing vnto the *Orcades*,
There let my verſe get glory in the North,
Making my ſighes to thaw the frozen ſeas,
And let the *Bards* within that *Iriſh* Ile,
To whom my Muſe with fiery wings ſhall paſſe,
Call backe the ſtiffe-neck'd rebels from exile,
And mollifie the ſlaughtering *Galliglaſſe*,
And when my flowing numbers they rehearſe,
Let Wolues and Beares be charmed with my verſe.

SON-

SONNET. 26.

I Euer loue, where neuer hope appeares,
Yet hope drawes on my neuer-hoping care,
And my liues hope would die but for deſpaire.
My neuer-certaine ioy, breedes euer-certaine feares,
Vncertaine-dread, giues wings vnto my hope;
Yet my hopes wings are laden ſo with feare,
As they cannot aſcend to my hopes ſpheare;
Yet feare giues them more then a heauenly ſcope,
Yet this large roome is bounded with deſpaire,
So my loue is ſtill fettered with vaine hope,
And liberty depriues him of his ſcope,
And thus am I impriſon'd in the aire;
Then ſweet Deſpaire, a while hold vp thy head,
Or all my hope for ſorrow will be dead.

To Fantaſie.

SONNET. 27.

I Gaue my faith to Loue, Loue his to me,
That he and I ſworne brothers ſhould remaine,
Thus faith receiu'd, faith giuen backe againe,
Who would imagine bond more ſure could be?
Loue flies to her, yet holds he my faith taken,
As from my vertue raiſing my offence,
Making me guilty through mine innocence;
And onely bound by being ſo forſaken,
He makes her aske what I before had vow'd,
Giuing her that which he had giuen me,
I bound by him, and he by her made free,
Who euer ſo hard breach of faith allow'd?
Speake you that ſhould of right and wrong diſcuſſe,
Was right ere wrong'd, or wrong ere righted thus?

SON-

TO ſuch as ſay, thy loue I ouer-priſe,
And doe not ſticke to terme my praiſes folly,
Againſt theſe folkes that thinke themſelues ſo wiſe,
I thus oppoſe my force of reaſon wholly,
Though I giue more, then well affords my ſtate,
In which expenſe the moſt ſuppoſe me vaine,
Would yeeld them nothing at the eaſieſt rate,
Yet at this price, returnes me treble gaine,
The value not vnskilfull how to vſe,
And I giue much, becauſe I gaine thereby,
I that thus take, or they that thus refuſe,
Whether are theſe deceiued then, or I?
In eu'ry thing I hold this maxime ſtill,
The circumſtance doth make it good or ill.

To the Senſes.

SONNET. 29.

WHen conqu'ring loue did firſt my heart aſſaile,
Vnto mine aide I ſummon'd euery ſenſe,
Doubting if that proud tyrant ſhould preuaile,
My heart ſhould ſuffer for mine eyes offence;
But he with beauty firſt-corrupted ſight,
My hearing brib'd with her tongues harmony,
My taſte by her ſweet lips drawne with delight,
My ſmelling wonne with her breaths ſpicerie.
But when my touching came to play his part,
(The King of ſenſes, greater then then reſt)
He yeelds loue vp the keies vnto my heart,
And tels the other how they ſhould be bleſt:
And thus by thoſe of whom I hop'd for aide,
To cruell loue my ſoule was firſt betraide.

SON-

SONNET. 30.

THose Priests which first the Vestall fire begunne,
Which might be borrowed from no earthly flame
Deuis'd a vessell to receiue the Sunne.
Being stedfastly opposed to the same,
Where, with sweet wood, laid curiously by Art,
On which the Sunne might by reflexion beate,
Receiuing strength from euery secret part,
The fuel kindled with celestiall heate.
Thy blessed eyes, the Sunne which lights this fire.
My holy thoughts, they be the Vestall flame,
The precious odors be my chaste desires,
My breasts the vessell which includes the same;
Thou art my *Vesta*, thou my goddesse art,
Thy hallowed temple onely is my heart,

SONNET. 31.

ME thinkes I see some crooked Mimicke ieere,
And taxe my Muse with this fantasticke grace,
Turning my papers, askes, what haue wee heere?
Making withall some filthy antike face.
I feare no censure, nor what thou canst say,
Nor shall my spirit one iote of vigour lose,
Think'st thou my wit shall keepe the packe-horse way,
That eu'ry dudgen low inuention goes?
Since Sonnets thus in bundles are impreſt,
And eu'rie drudge doth dull our satiate eare?
Thinkst thou my Loue shall in those ragges be dreſt,
That eu'rie dowdy, eu'rie trull doth weare?
Vp-to my pitch no common iudgement flies,
I scorne all earthly dung-bred Scarabies.

SON-

OVr flouds Queene *Thames*, for ſhips and ſwans is crowned,
And ſtately *Seuerne* for her ſhoares is praiſed,
The cryſtall *Trent*, for Foords and fiſh renowned,
And *Auons* fame, to *Albians* cliues is raiſed.
Charlegion Cheſter, vaunts her holy *Dee*,
Yorke many wonders of her *Owſe* can tell,
The *Peake* her *Doue*, whoſe bankes ſo fertile be,
And *Kent* will ſay, her *Medway* doth excell.
Cotſwold commends her *Iſis* to the *Tame*,
Our Northerne borders boaſt of *Tweeds* faire floud,
Our Weſterne parts extoll their *Wilis* fame,
And olde *Legea* brags of *Daniſh* bloud;
Ardens ſweet *Ankor* let thy glory bee,
That faire *Idea* ſhe doth liue by thee.

To Imagination.

SONNET. 33.

WHilſt yet mine eies do ſurfet with delight,
My wofull heart impriſon'd in my breaſt,
Wiſheth to be transformed in my ſight,
That it like thoſe, by looking might be bleſt,
But whilſt mine eyes thus greedily doe gaze,
Finding their obiects ouer-ſoone depart,
Theſe now the others happineſſe doe praiſe,
Wiſhing themſelues that they had beene my heart;
That eies were heart, or that the heart were eies,
As couetous the others vſe to haue;
But finding nature, their requeſt denies,
This to each other mutually they craue;
That ſince the one cannot the other bee,
That eyes could thinke, of that my heart could ſee.

SONNET. 34.

MAruell not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Rauish'd a world beyond the farthest thought,
That knowing more than euer hath beene taught,
That I am onely staru'd in my desire;
Maruell not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wisedomes selfe to minister direction,
That I am onely staru'd in my desire;
Maruell not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Though my conceit I further seeme to bend,
Than possibly iuuention can extend,
And yet am onely staru'd in my desire;
If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder, Loue,
That this to me doth yet no wonder proue.

To Miracle.

SONNET. 35.

SOme misbeleeuing and prophane in loue,
When I doe speake of miracles by thee,
May say that thou art flattered by mee,
Who onely write, my skill in verse to proue,
See miracles, ye vnbeleeuing see,
A dumb-borne Muse, made to expresse the minde,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame by kinde,
One by thy name, the other touching thee;
Blinde were mine eyes, till they were seene of thine,
And mine eares deafe, by thy fame healed be,
My vices cur'd by vertues sprung from thee,
My hopes reuiu'd which long in graue had line:
All vncleane thoughts, foule spirits cast out in mee,
Onely by vertue that proceeds from thee.

SON-

SONNET. 36.

READing sometime, my sorrowes to beguile,
I finde olde Poets, hills, and floods admire;
One, he doth wonder monster-breeding *Nile*,
Another maruels sulphure *Ætnaes* fire,
Now broad-brimd *Indus*, then of *Pindus* height;
Pelion and *Ossa*, frosty *Caucase* olde,
The *Delian Cinthus*, then *Olympus* weight;
Slow *Arrer*, frantique *Gallus*, *Cydnus* colde:
Some *Ganges*, *Ister*, and of *Tagus* tell,
Some whirle-poole *Po*, and sliding *Hypasis*,
Some olde *Pernassus* where the Muses dwell,
Some *Helicon*, and some faire *Simois*.
Ah fooles, thinke I, had you *Idea* seene,
Poore brooks & banks, had no such wonders beene.

SONNET. 37.

DEare, why should you command me to my rest,
When now the night doth summon all to sleepe?
Me thinkes this time becommeth Louers best,
Night was ordain'd together friends to keepe;
How happy are all other liuing things,
Which though the day disioyne by seuerall flight,
The quiet euening yet together brings,
And each returnes vnto his Loue at night!
O thou that art so courteous vnto all,
Why shouldst thou Night abuse me onely thus,
That euery creature to his kinde dost call,
And yet 'tis thou dost onely seuer vs?
Well could I wish it would bee euer day,
If when night comes you bid me goe away.

SItting alone, Loue bids me goe and write,
Reason plucks back, commanding me to stay,
Boasting that she doth still direct the way,
Or else loue were vnable to endite;
Loue growing angry, vexed at the spleene,
And scorning Reasons maimed argument,
Straight taxeth Reason, wanting to inuent,
Where she with Loue conuersing hath not beene,
Reason reproched with this coy disdaine,
Despiteth Loue, and laugheth at her folly,
And Loue contemning Reasons reason wholly,
Thought it in waight too light by many a graine:
Reason put backe, doth out of sight remoue,
And Loue alone findes reason in my loue.

SONNET. 39.

SOme when in time they of their loues do tell,
With flames and lightnings their exordiums paint,
Some call on heauen, some inuocate on hell,
And Fates and Furies with their woes acquaint,
Elizium is too high a seate for me,
I will not come in *Stix* or *Phlegeton*,
The thrice three Muses but too wanton be,
Like they that lust, I care not I will none.
Spightfull *Erinnis* frights me with her looks,
My man-hood dares not with fowle *Ate* mell,
I quake to looke on *Hecat's* charming books,
I still feare bug-beares in *Apollo's* Cell.
I passe not for *Minerua*, nor *Astrea*,
Onely I call vpon diuine *Idea*.

SON

MY heart the anuile where my thoughts doe beate,
My words the hammers fashioning my desire,
My breast the forge, including all the heate,
Loue is the fewell which maintaines the fire;
My sighes the bellowes which the flame encreaseth,
Filling mine eares with noise and nightly groning,
Toiling with paine, my labour neuer ceaseth,
In grieuous passions my woes still bemoning:
My eyes with teares against the fire striuing,
Whose scorching gleed my heart to cinders turneth;
But with those drops, the flame againe reuiuing,
Still more and more vnto my torment burneth:
With *Sisiphus* thus doe I role the stone,
And turne the wheele with damned *Ixion*.

SONNET. 41.

WHy doe I speake of ioy, or write of loue,
When my heart is very den of horror,
And in my soule the paines of hell I proue,
With all his torments and infernall terror?
What should I say, what yet remaines to doe?
My braine is drie with weeping all too long,
My sighes be spent in vtt'ring of my woe,
And I want words wherewith to tell my wrong:
But still distracted in Loues lunacie,
And bedlam-like, thus rauing in my griefe,
Now raile vpon her haire, now on her eye,
Now call her Goddesse, then I call her thiefe;
Now I deny her, then I doe confesse her,
Now doe I curse her, then againe I blesse her.

SOme men there be which like my method well,
And much commend the ſtrangeneſſe of my vaine,
Some ſay, I haue a paſſing pleaſing ſtraine,
Some ſay, that in my humor I excell:
Some, who not kindely reliſh my conceit,
They ſay, (as Poets doe) I vſe to faine,
And in bare words paint out my paſſions paine,
Thus ſundrie men their ſundrie mindes repeate;
I paſſe not I, how men affected bee,
Nor who commends, or diſcommends my verſe,
It pleaſeth me, if I my woes rehearſe,
And in my lines, if ſhe my loue may ſee:
Onely my comfort ſtill conſiſts in this,
Writing her praiſe, I cannot write amiſſe.

SONNET. 43.

WHy ſhould your faire eyes with ſuch ſoueraigne (grace,
Diſperſe their raies on euery vulgar ſpirit,
Whilſt I in darkneſſe in the ſelfe-ſame place,
Get not one glance to recompence my merit?
So doth the plow-man gaze the wandring Starre,
And onely reſt contented with the light,
That neuer learn'd what conſtellations are,
Beyond the bent of his vnknowing ſight,
O why ſhould beautie (cuſtome to obey)
To their groſſe ſenſe apply her ſelfe ſo ill!
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made vnhappy by my skill;
Onely compell'd on this poore good to boaſt,
Heauens are not kinde to them that know them moſt.

SON-

WHilſt thus my pen ſtriues to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinckles in my face,
Wherein the map of all my miſerie,
Is modeld out the world of my diſgrace,
Whilſt in deſpite of tyrannizing times,
Medea-like I make thee young againe,
Proudly thou ſcorn'ſt my world out-wearing rimes,
And murther'ſt Vertue with thy coy diſdaine;
And though in youth, my youth vntimely periſh,
To keepe thee from obliuion and the graue,
Enſuing ages yet my rimes ſhall cheriſh,
When I entomb'd my better part ſhall ſaue;
And though this earthly bodie fade and die,
My name ſhall mount vpon eternitie.

SONNET. 45.

MVſes which ſadly ſit about my chaire,
Drown'd in the teares extorted by my lines,
With heauie ſighes whilſt thus I breake the ayre,
Painting my paſſions in theſe ſad deſignes,
Since ſhe diſdaines to bleſſe my happie verſe,
The ſtrong-built Trophies to her louing fame,
Euer hence-forth my boſome be your hearſe,
Wherein the world ſhall now entombe her name;
Encloſe my muſicke you poore ſenſeleſſe walls.
Sith ſhe is deafe and will not heare my mones,
Soften your ſelues with euery teare that falls,
Whilſt I like *Orpheus* ſing to trees and ſtones;
Which with my plaint ſeeme yet with pitie moued,
Kinder then ſhe whom I ſo long haue loued.

Paine-path'd Experience the vnlearneds guide,
Her ſimple followers euidently ſhewes,
Sometimes what Schoole-men ſcarcely can decide,
Nor yet wiſe Reaſon abſolutely knowes;
In making triall of a murther wrought,
If the vile actors of the heinous deede,
Neere the dead bodie happily be brought,
Oft t' ath bin prou'd the breathleſſe coarſe will bleed;
She comming neere that my poore heart hath ſlaine,
Long ſince departed (to the world no more)
The auncient wounds no longer can containe,
But fall to bleeding as they did before:
But what of this? ſhould ſhe to death be led,
It furthers iuſtice, but helpes not the dead.

SONNET. 47.

IN pride of wit, when high deſire of fame
Gaue life and courage to my labourig pen,
And firſt the ſound and vertue of my name,
Wan grace and credite in the eares of men:
With thoſe the thronged Theaters that preſſe,
I in the circuit for the Lawrell ſtroue,
Where the firſt praiſe I freely muſt confeſſe,
In heate of bloud a modeſt minde might moue:
With ſhowts and claps at euerie little pauſe,
When the proude round on euery ſide hath rung,
Sadly I ſit vnmou'd with the applauſe,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No publique glorie vainely I purſue,
All that I ſeeke, is to eternize you.

SON-

Cupid dumb Idoll, peeuiſh Saint of Loue,
No more ſhalt thou nor Saint nor Idoll be,
No God art thou, Loues Goddeſſe ſhe doth proue,
Of all thine honour ſhe hath robbed thee:
Thy bowe olde broke, is peec'd with halfe deſire,
Her bowe is beautie, with ten thouſand ſtrings,
And euerie one of pureſt golden wire;
The leaſt, of force to conquer hoaſts of Kings:
Thy ſhafts be ſpent and ſhe (to warre appointed)
Hides in thoſe chryſtall quiuers of her eies,
More arrowes with heart-piercing mettle pointed,
Then there be ſtars at midnight in the skies:
With theſe ſhe ſteales mens hearts for her reliefe,
Yet happie he that's rob'd of ſuch a thiefe.

SONNET. 49.

THou leaden braine which cenſur'ſt what I write,
And ſaiſt my lines be dull, and doe not moue,
I maruell not, thou feel'ſt not my delight,
Which neuer felt'ſt my fierie touch of loue:
But thou whoſe pen hath like a packe horſe ſeru'd,
Whoſe ſtomack vnto gall hath turn'd thy food,
Whoſe ſenſes like poore pris'ners hunger-ſtaru'd,
Whoſe griefe hath parch'd thy bodie, dri'd thy blood.
Thou which haſt ſcorned life, and hated death,
And in a moment mad, ſober, glad and ſorie,
Thou which haſt bann'd thy thoughts, & curſt thy birth,
With thouſand plagues more then in purgatorie,
Thou thus whoſe ſpirit Loue in his fire refines,
Come thou and reade, admire, applaud my lines.

SON-

AS in some Countries farre remote from hence,
The wretched creature destined to die,
Having the iudgement due to his offence,
By Surg'ons begg'd, their Art on him to trie:
Which on the liuing worke without remorse,
First make incision on each mastring vaine,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transperce the coarse,
And with their balmes recure the wounds againe,
Then poyson, and with Physicke him restore,
Not that they feare the hopelesse man to kill,
But their experience to increase the more:
Euen so my Mistresse workes vpon my ill,
By curing me, and killing me each howre,
Onely to shew her beauties souer aigne powre.

SONNET. 51.

CAlling to minde since first my loue begun,
Th' incertaine times oft varying in their course,
How things still vnexpectedly haue run,
As please the Fates, by their resistlesse force:
Lastly, mine eyes amasedly haue seene,
Essex great fall, *Tyrone* his peace to gaine,
The quiet end of that long-liuing Queene,
This Kings faire entrance, and our peace with Spaine,
We and the Dutch at length our selues to seuer;
Thus the world doth, and euermore shall reele,
Yet to my Goddesse am I constant euer;
How ere blinde Fortune turne her giddie wheele:
Though heauen and earth proue both to me vntrue,
Yet am I still inuiolate to you.

SON-

SONNET. 52.

MY heart impriſoned in a hopeleſſe Ile,
Peopled with armies of pale iealous eyes,
The ſhores beſet with thouſand ſecret ſpies,
Muſt paſſe by ayre, or elſe die in exile:
He fram'd him wings with feathers of this thought,
Which by their nature learn'd to mount the skie,
And with the ſame he practiſed to flie,
Till he himſelfe this Eagles Art had taught:
Thus ſoaring ſtill, not looking once below,
So neare thine eyes celeſtiall Sunne aſpired,
That with the raies his wafting pinions fired:
Thus was the wanton cauſe of his owne woe,
Downe fell he in thy beauties Ocean drenched,
Yet there he burnes in fire that's neuer quenched.

Another to the Riuer Ankor.

SONNET. 53.

CLeere *Ankor*, on whoſe ſiluer-ſanded ſhore,
My ſoule-ſhrin'd ſaint, my faire *Idea* lies,
O bleſſed brooke, whoſe milke-white ſwans adore,
That Criſtall ſtreame refined by her eyes,
Where ſweet myrrh-breathing *Zephire* in the ſpring,
Gently diſtills his Nectar-dropping ſhowers,
Where Nightingales in *Arden* ſit and ſing,
Amongſt the daintie dew-impearled flowers;
Say thus faire Brooke, when thou ſhalt ſee thy Queene
Loe heere thy ſhepheard ſpent his wandring yeares;
And in theſe ſhades deere Nymph he oft hath beene,
And heere to thee he ſacrific'd his teares:
Faire *Arden*, thou my *Tempe* art alone,
And thou ſweet *Ankor* art my *Helicon*.

SON-

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The wretched creature deſtined to die,
Hauing the iudgement due to his offence,
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Firſt make inciſion on each maſtring vaine,
Then ſtanch the bleeding, then tranſperce the coarſe,
And with their balmes recure the wounds againe,
Then poyſon, and with Phyſicke him reſtore,
Not that they feare the hopeleſſe man to kill,
But their experience to increaſe the more:
Euen ſo my Miſtreſſe workes vpon my ill,
By curing me, and killing me each howre,
Onely to ſhew her beauties ſouer aigne powre.

SONNET. 51.

CAlling to minde ſince firſt my loue begun,
Th' incertaine times oft varying in their courſe,
How things ſtill vnexpectedly haue run,
As pleaſe the Fates, by their reſiſtleſſe force:
Laſtly, mine eyes amaſedly haue ſeene,
Eſſex great fall, *Tyrone* his peace to gaine,
The quiet end of that long-liuing Queene,
This Kings faire entrance, and our peace with Spaine,
We and the Dutch at length our ſelues to ſeuer;
Thus the world doth, and euermore ſhall reele,
Yet to my Goddeſſe am I conſtant euer;
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And heere to thee he ſacrific'd his teares:
Faire *Arden*, thou my *Tempe* art alone,
And thou ſweet *Ankor* art my *Helicon*.

SON-

YEt reade at last the storie of my woe,
The drery abstracts of my endlesse cares,
With my lifes sorrow enterlined so,
Smok'd with my sighes, and blotted with my teares;
The sad memorialls of my miseries,
Pen'd in the griefe of mine afflicted ghost,
My liues complaint in dolefull Elegies,
With so pure loue as time could neuer boast:
Receiue the incense which I offer heere,
By my strong faith ascending to thy fame,
My zeale, my hope, my vowes, my praise, my prayer,
My soules oblations to thy sacred name:
Which name my Muse to higheſt heauens shall raise
By chast desire, true loue, and vertuous praise.

SONNET. 55.

MY Faire, if thou wilt register my loue,
More then worlds volumes shall thereof arise:
Preserue my teares, and thou thy selfe shalt proue,
A second floud downe raining from mine eyes:
Note but my sighes, and thine eyes shall behold
The Sun-beames smothered with immortall smoke,
And if by thee my prayers may be enrol'd
They heauen and earth to pitie shall prouoke;
Looke thou into my breast, and thou shalt see
Chaste holy vowes for my soules sacrifice,
That soule (sweet maid) which so hath honored thee,
Erecting Trophies to thy sacred eyes,
Those eyes to my heart shining euer bright,
When darkneſſe hath obscur'd each other light.

SON-

MY thoughts bred vp with Eagle-birds of loue,
And for their vertues I desir'd to know,
Vpon the neast I set them forth to proue
If they were of the Eagles kinde, or no.
But they no sooner saw my Sunne appeare,
But on her rayes with gazing eyes they stood,
Which prou'd my birds delighted in the ayre,
And that they came of this rare kingly brood.
But now their plumes full fumin'd with sweet desire,
To shew their kinde, began to clime the skies:
Do what I could, my Eaglets would aspire,
Straight mounting vp to thy celestiall eies.
And thus (my Faire) my thoughts away be flowne,
And from my breast into thine eyes be gone.

SONNET. 57.

YOu best discern'd of my interiors eyes,
And yet your graces outwardly diuine,
Whose deare remembrance in my bosome lies,
Too rich a relique for so poore a shrine:
You in whom Nature chose her selfe to view,
When she her owne perfection would admire,
Bestowing all her excellence on you;
At whose pure eyes Loue lights his halowed fire
Euen as a man that in some traunce hath seene,
More then his wondring vttrance can vnfold,
That rapt in spirit in better worlds hath beene
So must your praise distractedly be told;
Most of all short, when I should shew you most,
In your perfections altogether lost.

SON-

IN former times, ſuch as had ſtore of coyne,
In wars at home, or when for conqueſts bound,
For feare that ſome their treaſure ſhould purloyne,
Gaue it to keepe to ſpirits within the ground;
And to attend it them ſo ſtrongly tide,
Till they return'd, home when they neuer came,
Such as by Arte to get the ſame haue tride,
From the ſtrong ſpirit by no meanes get the ſame,
Neerer you come, that further flies away,
Striuing to hold it ſtrongly in the deepe:
Euen as this ſpirit, ſo ſhe alone doth play,
With thoſe rich beauties heauen giues her to keepe:
Pitie ſo left, to coldneſſe of her blood,
Not to auaile her, nor doe others good.

To Prouerbe.

SONNET. 59.

AS Loue and I, late harbour'd in one Inne,
With Prouerbs thus each other entertaine:
In loue there is no lacke, thus I beginne:
Faire words makes fooles, replieth he againe:
That ſpares to ſpeake, doth ſpare to ſpeede (quoth I)
As well (ſayth he) too forward as to ſlowe.
Fortune aſsiſts the boldeſt, I reply:
A haſtie man (quoth he) ne're wanted woe.
Labour is light, where loue (quoth I) doth pay,
(Saith he) light burthens heauy, if farre borne:
(Quoth I) the maine loſt, caſt the by away:
You haue ſpunne a faire thred, he replies in ſcorne.
And hauing thus a while each other thwarted,
Fooles as we met, ſo fooles againe we parted.

SON-

DEfine my loue, and tell the ioyes of heauen,
Expreſſe my woes, and ſhew the paines of hell,
Declare what Fate vnlucky ſtarres haue giuen,
And aske a world vpon my life to dwell.
Make knowne that faith, vnkindneſſe could not moue,
Compare my worth with others baſe deſert,
Let vertue be the tuch-ſtone of my loue,
So may the heauens reade wonders in my heart;
Behold the clouds which haue eclips'd my Sunne,
And view the croſſes which my courſe doelet,
Tell me, if euer ſince the world begunne,
So faire a riſing had ſo foule a ſet:
And by all meanes, let foule vnkindneſſe proue,
And ſhew a ſecond to ſo pure a loue.

SONNET. 61.

WHen firſt I ended, then I firſt began,
The more I trauell, further from my reſt,
Where moſt I loſt, there moſt of all I wan,
Pined with hunger, riſing from a feaſt.
Me thinks I flie, yet want I legs to goe,
Wiſe in conceit, in act a very ſot,
Rauiſh'd with ioy amid'ſt a hell of woe,
What moſt I ſeeme, that ſureſt am I not.
I build my hopes a world aboue the skie,
Yet with the Mole I creepe into the earth,
In plenty am I ſtaru'd with penurie,
And yet I ſurfet in the greateſt dearth:
I haue, I want, deſpaire, and yet deſire,
Burn'd in a Sea of yce, and drown'd amidſt a fire.

SON-

TRuce gentle Loue, a parly now I craue,
Me thinks 'tis long ſince firſt theſe wars begun,
Nor thou nor I the better yet can haue:
Bad is the match where neither party wunne.
I offer free conditions of faire peace,
My heart for hoſtage that it ſhall remaine,
Diſcharge our forces here, let malice ceaſe,
So for my pledge thou giue me pledge againe.
Or if nothing but death will ſerue thy turne,
Still thirſting for ſubuerſion of my ſtate;
Doe what thou canſt, raze, maſſacre, and burne,
Let the world ſee the vtmoſt of thy hate:
I ſend defiance, ſince if ouerthrowne,
Thou vanquiſhing, the conqueſt is mine owne.

Certaine

CERTAINE OTHER *Sonnets to great and worthy* Perſonages

To the high and mightie Prince, IAMES *King of Scots.*

SONNET. 61.

THy prudent Counſels, nor thy Subiects loue,
Nor all that famous Scottiſh royaltie,
Or what thy Soueraigne greatneſſe may approue,
Others in vaine doe but hiſtorifie,
When thine owne glory from thy ſelfe doth ſpring;
As though thou didſt all meaner praiſes ſcorne:
Of Kings a Poet, and the Poets King,
They Princes, but thou Prophets dooſt adorne;
Whilſt others by their Empires are renown'd,
Thou doſt enrich thy *Scotland* with renowne,
And Kings can but with Diadems be crown'd,
But with thy Laurell thou doſt crowne thy Crowne;
That they whoſe pens (euen) life to Kings do giue,
In thee a King, ſhall ſeeke themſelues to liue.

SONNET. 61.

GReat Lady, Eſſence of my chiefeſt good,
Of the moſt pure and fineſt tempered ſpirit,
Adorn'd with gifts, ennobled by thy blood,
Which by deſcent true vertue doſt inherit:
That vertue which no fortune can depriue,
Which thou by birth tak'ſt from thy gratious mother
Whoſe royall mindes with equall motion ſtriue,
Which moſt in honour ſhall excell the other;
Vnto thy fame my Muſe her ſelfe ſhall taske,
Which rain'ſt vpon me thy ſweet golden ſhowers,
And but thy ſelfe no ſubiect will I aske,
Vpon whoſe praiſe my ſoule ſhall ſpend her powers,
Sweet Lady then, grace this poore Muſe of mine,
Whoſe faith, whoſe zeale, whoſe life, whoſe all, is (thine

To the Lady Anne Harington.

SONNET. 62.

MAdam, my words cannot expreſſe my minde,
My zealous kindneſſe to make knowne to you
When your deſerts all ſeuerally I finde,
In this attempt of me doe craue their due:
Your gracious kindneſſe firſt doth claime my hart;
Your bounty bids my hand to make it knowne,
Of me your vertues each do challenge part,
And leaue me thus the leaſt that is mine owne:
What ſhould commend your modeſty and wit,
Is by your wit and modeſty commended,
And ſtandeth dumbe, in moſt admiring it,
And where it ſhould begin, is onely ended;
Returning this, your praiſes only due,
And to your ſelfe, ſay you are onely you.

SON-

SONNET. 63.

BRight ſtarre of Beauty, on whoſe eye-lids ſit,
A thouſand Nymph-like and enamored graces,
The Goddeſſes of memory and wit,
Which in due order take their ſeuerall places,
In whoſe deere boſome, ſweet delicious loue,
Layes downe his Quiuer, that he once did beare
Since he that bleſſed Paradiſe did proue,
Forſooke his mothers lap to ſport him there.
Let others ſtriue to entertaine with words,
My ſoule is of another temper made;
I hold it vile that vulgar wit affords,
Deuouring time my faith ſhall not inuade:
Still let my praiſe be honored thus by you,
Be you moſt worthy, whilſt I be moſt true.

To Sir Anthony Cooke.

SONNET. 64.

VOuchſafe to grace theſe rude vnpoliſht rimes,
Which but for you had ſlept in ſable night,
And come abroad now in theſe glorious times,
Can hardly brooke the pureneſſe of the light.
But ſith you ſee their deſtinie is ſuch,
That in the world their fortune they muſt try,
Perhaps the better ſhall abide the tuch,
Wearing your name their gracious liuery,
Yet theſe mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor traffique farther then this happy clime,
Nor filch from *Portes*, nor from *Petrarchs* pen,
A fault too common in this latter time.
Diuine Sir *Philip*, I auouch thy writ,
I am no pick-purſe of anothers wit.

FINIS.

The Legend of *Robert* Duke of *Normandie*.

WHat time ſoft night had ſilently begunne,
To ſteal my minutes on the long-liu'd daies,
The furious dogge purſuing of the Sunne,
(Whoſe noyſome breath addes feruor to his rayes)
That to the earth ſends many a ſad diſeaſe:
Which then inflam'd with his intemp'rate fires,
Her ſelfe in light habiliments attires.

When the raw morning newly but awake,
Scarſe with freſh beauty burniſhed her browes,
Her ſelfe beholding in the generall Lake,
(To which ſhe payes her neuer-ceaſing vowes,)
With the new day me willingly to rowze;
Downe to faire *Thames* I ſoftly tooke my way,
Where the milde windes continually doe play.

Striuing to fancy his chaſte breaſt to moue,
Whereas all pleaſures plentifully flowe,
When him along the wanton tide doth ſhoue,
And to keepe backe they eaſily do blow,
Still meete him comming, thinking him too ſlow:
He forcing waues to checke their hot imbrace,
They fanning breath vpon his Cryſtall face.

Still forward sallying from his bounteous source,
Along the shores lasciuiously doth straine,
And oftentimes retreating in his course,
As to his fountaine he would backe againe,
Or turn'd to looke vpon his siluer traine;
VVith coy regards the goodly soile he greetes,
Till with faire *Medway* happily he meetes.

Steering my compasse by the wandring streame,
VVhose flight might teach mee times ne'r-turning
Delighted thus as in a prettie dreame, (howres,
VVhere pleasure wholly had possest my powres;
Yet looking backe on Londons climing Towres,
So Troy, thought I, her stately head did reare,
Whose crazed ribs the furrowing plow doth eare.

VVearie, at length a VVillow-tree I found,
VVhich on the banke of this great torrent stood,
VVhose roote, with rich grasse greatly did abound,
(Forc'd by the moysture of the furging flood)
Ordain'd it seem'd to sport her Nymphish brood;
Whose curled top denied the heauens great eye,
To view the stocke it was maintained by.

The Larke that owes obseruance to the Sunne,
Quauers her cleare notes in the quiet ayre,
That on the riuers murmuring base doth runne,
And the pleas'd heauens, their fairest liuorie ware,
The place such pleasure gently doth prepare;
The flowers my sent, the flood my taste to steepe,
Each sense thus sat'ed, lulled me asleepe.

When in a dreame it seemed vnto me,
Triumphall musicke from the floud arose,
As when the Soueraigne we embarg'd doe see,
And by faire London for his pleasure rowes,
VVhose tender welcome the glad Citie showes;
The people swarming thicke vpon the shoares,
And the curl'd water ouer-spred with oares.

A troupe of Nymphes came suddenly on land,
In the full end of this triumphall sound,
And me incompast, taking hand in hand,
Casting themselues about me in a round,
And so downe set them on the easie ground;
Their sober eyes cast with a modest grace,
Vpon my swarth and melancholy face,

Next, twixt two Ladies came a goodly Knight,
As newly brought from some distressefull place,
To me who seemed some right worthy wight,
Though his attire were miserable base,
Many deepe furrowes in his manly face;
And though cold age had frosted his faire haires,
It rather seem'd with sorrow then with yeares.

The one a Ladie of a Princely port,
Leading this sad Lord, scarsely that could stand,
The other fleering in disdainefull sort,
VVith scornefull iestures drew him by the hand,
VVho lame and blinde, yet bound with many a band;
VVhich (I perceiued nearer as they came)
That this was Fortune, that more constant Fame.

Fame

Fame on the right hand in a robe of golde,
Whose traine olde Time obsequiously did beare,
Whereon in rich Embraudry was enroll'd,
The acts of all the Worthies euer were,
Which all might reade depainted liuely there,
Set downe in loftie well-composed verse,
First the great deedes of *Heroes* to reherse.

On her faire breast she two broad Tablets wore,
Of Crystall th' one, the other Ebony,
Where were ingrauen all the names of yore,
In the large Toombe of lasting memorie,
Or the blacke booke of endlesse obloquy;
The first with Poets and with Conquerors pil'd,
That with base worldlings euery where defil'd.

And in her words appeared (as a wonder)
Her present force and after-during might,
Which softly spoke, farre off were heard to thunder,
About the world that quickly tooke her flight,
And brought the most obscurest things to light:
That still th' farther off, the greater still
Did sound our good, or manifest our ill.

Fortune, as blinde as he whom she did leade,
Her feature often changing in an hower,
Fantastically carrying her head,
Soone would she smile, and suddenly would lower,
And with one breath, her words both sweet & sower:
Vpon her foes she amorously would glance,
And on her followers coily looke a-skance.

About her necke in manner of a chaine,
Torne Diadems and broken Scepters hung,
If any on her ſtedfaſtly did leane,
Them to the ground diſdainefully ſhe flung;
And in this order as ſhe paſt along,
Great bagges of Gold out of her boſome drew,
Which to th' vnworthieſt euermore ſhe threw,

A duskie vaile which hid her ſightleſſe eyes,
Like cloudes that couer our vncertaine liues,
Wherein were portrai'd direfull Tragedies, (Gyues,
Fooles wearing Crownes, and wiſe-men clogg'd in
All things how ſhe prepoſterouſly contriues;
That as a Mappe her regencie diſcouers,
In Camps, in Courts, and in the fate of Louers.

An eaſie Banke neere to this place there was,
A Seat faire *Flora* vs'd to ſit vpon,
Curling her haire lockes in this liquid Glaſſe,
Putting her rich Gemmes and attirings on,
Fitter then this about vs there was none;
Here ſet they downe that poore diſtreſſed man,
And in this ſort proud Fortune thus began.

Behold this Duke of *Normandie*, quoth ſhee,
The heire of *William*, Conquerour of this Ile,
Appealing to be iuſtifi'd by thee,
(Whoſe Tragedie this Poet muſt compile)
He of all other that I hold moſt vile,
His birth being mark'd with my vnluckie brand,
For whom I ſee thou com'ſt prepar'd to ſtand.

What

What art thou but a tumor of the minde,
A buble blowne vp with deceitfull breath,
Which neuer yet exactly wert defin'd,
In whom no wise man e're repoſed faith
Speaking of few well, vntill after death,
That from looſe humour haſt thy timeleſſe birth,
Vnknowne to heauen, and leſſe eſteem'd on earth?

Firſt in opinion had'ſt thou thy creation,
One whom thou ſtill dooſt ſeruilly attend,
Like whom thou long retain'ſt not any faſhion,
But with the world, vncertainly dooſt wend,
Which as a poſte doth vp and downe thee ſend;
Without profane tongues, thou could'ſt neuer riſe,
Nor be vpholden, were it not with lies.

In euerie corner prying like a theefe,
And through each crannie ſubtilly dooſt creepe,
Apt to report, and eaſie of beleefe:
What's he whoſe counſell thou didſt euer keepe,
That into cloſſets ſawcily dar'ſt peepe?
Telling for truth, what thou canſt but ſuppoſe,
And that diuulging, thou ſhould'ſt not diſcloſe.

With extreame toile and labour thou art ſought,
The way is danger leadeth to thy Cell,
Onely with blood thy fauour muſt be bought,
And who would haue thee, fetcheth thee from hell,
Where thou impal'd with fire and ſword doſt dwell;
And when thou art in all this perill found,
VVhat art thou onely but a tinckling ſound?

Such

Such as the world holdes (of all other) baſe,
And of the reſt reproachfully doth ſcorne,
That amongſt men ſit in the ſeruil'ſt place,
Theſe be the creatures which thou dooſt ſuborne,
Thoſe wait on fame, whoſe weeds be neerely worne:
Yet theſe poore wretches come not vnto thee,
Vnleſſe preferr'd and dignifi'd by mee.

Thy Trumpe ſuch men ſuppoſed to aduance,
Is but as thoſe fantaſtically deeme,
Whom folly, youth, or vanitie intrance,
Onely to ſound ſufficing but to ſeeme,
(Which the wiſe ſort a dotage but eſteeme;)
And with this toy the humorous abuſing,
Their wilfull error, and thy fault excuſing.

Except in perill thou dooſt not appeare,
And yet not then, but with entreates and wooing,
Flying oft-times when thou art very neare,
At hand, diminiſht and augmented going,
On ſlighteſt things the greateſt coſt beſtowing;
In promiſing their loſſes to repaire,
When the performance is but onely ayre.

On balefull hearſes as the fitteſt grounds,
(Written with bloud) thy ſad memorials lie,
Whoſe letters are immedicable wounds,
Onely fit obiects for the weeping eye,
And from the duſt thou worth dooſt onely trie;
And what ſometime thou falſly didſt depraue,
Thou dooſt acknowledge onely in the graue.

The

The mighty Orbe is witneſſe of my power,
And how I raigne with the eternall fates,
VVith whom I ſit in counſell euery houre,
On th'alterations of all times and ſtate,
Them ſetting downe their changes and their dates,
In fore-appointing euery thing to come,
Vntill the great and vniuerſall doome.

The Starres to me an euerlaſting booke,
In that eternall regiſter the skie,
VVhoſe mightie volumes I doe ouer-looke,
Still turning ore the leaues of deſtinie;
VVhich man, I to inuiolate denie,
And his fraile will imperiouſly controle,
By ſuch ſtrong clauſes as I there enrole.

Predeſtination giuing me a being,
Whoſe depth mans wit could neuer throughly ſound,
Into thoſe ſecrets haue I onely ſeene,
VVherein wiſe Reaſon doth her ſelfe confound,
Searching where doubts doe more and more abound!
Where ſacred texts vnlocke the way to mee,
To lighten thoſe that will my glorie ſee.

What names old Poets to their gods did giue,
Were onely figures to expreſſe my might,
To ſhew the vertues that in me doe liue,
And my great power in this all-mouing wight,
And all their Altars vnto me were dight;
VVhich alterations euermore did bring,
Matter whereon continually they ſing.

Still

Still moſt vncertaine, varying in my courſe,
Yet in all changes ayme on certaine end,
Croſſing mans fore-caſt (he may know my force)
Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend,
To him leaſt thought of, ſooneſt I doe ſend;
That all ſhould finde I worthily beſtow,
Nor reaſon vrg'd, but that I hold it ſo.

Forth of my lap I powre abundant bliſſe,
All good proceeds from my all-giuing hand,
By me, man happie or vnhappie is,
For whom I ſticke, or whom I doe withſtand,
And it is I am friendſhips onely band;
And vpon which, all greedily take hold,
Which being broke, loue ſuddenly growes cold.

Pawſing, ſhe frownes, when ſuddenly withall,
A fearefull noiſe ariſeth from the flood,
As when a tempeſt furiouſly doth fall,
Within the thicke waſt of ſome ancient wood,
That in amazement euery mortall ſtood;
As though her words ſuch powerfulnes did beare,
That euery thing her menaces did feare.

When fame yet ſmiling, mildely thus replies,
Alas, quoth ſhe, what labour thou haſt loſt,
What wond'rous miſts thou caſts before our eyes?
Yet will the gaine not counteruaile the coſt;
What would'ſt thou ſay, if thou had'ſt cauſe to boaſt,
Which ſett'ſt thy ſtate forth in ſuch wond'rous ſort,
VVhich but thy ſelfe, none euer could report?

Athing constrained only by euent,
Breeding in some a transitory terror,
A what men will, that comes by accident,
And onely named to excuse this error.
What then is fortune? or who doth prefer her?
Or who to thee so foolish is to leane,
Which weake tradition only doth maintaine?

A toy whereon the doting world doth dreame,
Soothed by that vncertaine obseruation,
Of all attempts, that being the extreame
Fastneth thereby on weake imagination:
Yet notwithstanding all this vsurpation,
Vnto thy selfe art incidently loathing,
Most, when thou wouldst be, thou art rightly no-
thing.

That slightly by insinuating thus,
And vnder so allowable pretence,
Closely encroacheſt on mans *Genius*,
In good and euill taking residence,
And hauing got some small preheminence,
Vnto thy selfe a being that wouldst frame,
Find'st in conclusion only but a name.

Those ignorant which made a god of nature,
And natures God diuinely neuer knew,
Where those to Fortune did direct a stature,
From whom thy worship ignorantly grew,
Which being adored foolishly by few,
Grounded thy looser and vncertaine lawes,
Vpon so weake and indigenr a cause.

First

First, sloth did beare thee in her sleepy Cell,
And thee with ease dishonourably fed,
Deliuering thee with Cowardice to dwell,
Which with base thoughts continually thee bred,
By superstition idely being led:
A lewd imposture after did thee make,
Whom for a goddesse fooles do only take.

And as thy followers, nothing dooſt forecast,
And as thou art improuident, as light,
And this the chiefest property thou hast,
That against vertue thou bend'st all thy might,
With whom thou wagest a continuall fight;
The yeelding spirit in fetters thou dooſt binde,
But weake and slauish to the constant minde.

Such is thy froward and malignant kinde
That thou dooſt all things crossely in despight,
Thou art inamored of the barbarous hinde,
Whom thou doſt make thy only fauorite,
None but the base in baseneſſe doe delight;
For wert thou heauenly thou in loue would'st be,
With that which neereſt doth reſemble thee.

But I alone the Herauld am of Heauen,
Whoſe spacious kingdome stretcheth far and wide,
To euery coast as swift as lightning driuen,
And on the Sun-beames gloriously I ride,
Now mount I vp, now downe againe I slide;
I regiſter the worlds eternall houres,
That know the hid will of th'immortal powres.

Men

Men to the ſtarres (me guiding them) doe clime,
That all dimenſions perfectly expreſſe,
And I alone the vanquiſher of time,
Bearing that ſweet that cures deaths bitterneſſe,
That doe all labour plentifully bleſſe,
That all abſtruſe profundities impart,
Leading man through the tedious waies of Art.

My palace placed betwixt earth and skies,
Which many a Tower ambitiouſly vp-beares,
Whereof the windowes are compos'd of eyes,
The walls as ſtrongly edifi'd of eares
Where euery thing in heauen and earth appeares,
Nothing ſo ſoftly whiſpered in the round,
But through my palace preſently doth ſound.

And vnder foote floor'd all about with Drummes,
The cafters Trumpets admirably cleere,
Sounding aloud each name that thither comes,
The crannies tongues, and talking euery where,
And all things paſt do in remembrance beare;
The doores vnlock with euery little breath,
And open wide with euery word man ſaith.

And throughout hung with arms & conquer'd ſpoils,
The poſts whereon the goodly roofe doth ſtand,
Are Pillars grauen with *Herculean* toyles,
Th'atchiements great of many a warlike hand;
Both in the chriſten'd and in heathen land;
Done by thoſe Nobles that are moſt renown'd
Which there by me immortally are crown'd,

Herein

Heere in the bodies likeneſſe whilſt it liues,
Appeare the thoughts proceeding from the minde,
To which the place a glorious habite giues,
When vnto me they freely are reſign'd
To be preſeru'd there, by my power refin'd,
That when the body by pale death doth periſh,
Then doth this place the minds true Image cheriſh.

My beauty neuer fades, but as new borne,
As yeeres increaſe ſo euer waxing yong,
My ſtrength is not diminiſhed, nor worne,
What weakneth all things, makes me only ſtrong,
Nor am I ſubiect vnto worldly wrong,
The rape of time I careleſly defie,
Nor am I aw'd by all his tyranny.

The brow of heauen my monuments containe,
And is the mighty regiſter of Fame,
Which there in fiery characters remaine,
The gorgeous ſeeling of th'immortall frame,
The Conſtellations publiſhing my name,
Where my memorialls euermore abide,
In thoſe pure bodies highly glorifi'd.

Fame hauing ended, Fortune next began,
Further to vrge what ſhe before had ſaid,
When loe (quoth ſhe) Duke *Robert* is the man,
Which as my priſoner, I in bonds do leade,
For whom thou com'ſt againſt me heere to pleade,
Whom I alone depriued of his crowne,
Who can raiſe him that Fortune will haue downe?

A fitter inſtance (Fame replying) none,
Then is Duke *Robert*, Fortune doe thy worſt,
Greater on man thy might was neuer ſhowne,
Doing to him what euer Fortune durſt;
And ſince thy turne allotted is the firſt,
Proceed, ſee which the Norman Duke ſhall haue,
Whether that Fame, or Fortune and the graue.

Quoth Fortune then, I found th'vnſtedfaſt ſtarre,
Whoſe luckleſſe working limited his fate,
That mark'd his ſad natiuitie with warre,
And brothers moſt vnnaturall debate,
Publique ſedition and with priuate hate,
And on that good his father him begunne,
Grounded the wracke and downefall of this ſonne.

What bounteous nature franckly did beſtow,
In him that her beſt ſtrained her to trie,
Thereby himſefe I made him ouerthrow,
Aboue you both ſo powerfull am I,
His breaſt to all ſo openly did lie,
Iudg'd from his faſhion differing ſo farre,
For peace too milde, too mercifull for warre.

And yet the courage that he did inherit,
And from the greatneſſe of his bloud did take,
Though ſhrowded in ſo peaceable a ſpirit,
When now his wrong ſo roughly did awake
Forthwith ſuch furie violently brake,
As made the world impartially to ſee,
All humane actions managed by mee.

That till reuenge was wholly him bereft,
Oppos'd againſt ſo abſolute a power,
For him to leane on nothing being left,
When danger moſt him threatned to deuoure,
Vnto the period of the vtmoſt houre;
Him flattering ſtill with promiſe of my loue,
Did make him all extremitie to proue.

That whilſt his father with the Norman ſword,
On fruitfull *England* proſperous entrance made,
I caſt the proiect that this youthfull Lord,
In the meane time ſhould *Normandie* inuade;
And with as prow'd and powerfull a blade,
Him I perſwade (conſtantly by this)
To make his owne yet doubtfull to be his.

That *Robert* daily in diſgrace might runne,
As ſtill the Conqueror towatds his end did grow,
Who well in yeares thus vexed by his ſonne,
(Which now his will ſo openly did ſhow;)
His ſtate deuiſed wiſely to beſtow,
For his owne ſafetie that his dayes to cloſe,
He might himſelfe more quietly repoſe.

And that left time might coole his weakned blood,
This luckleſſe warre by lingring I ſuppli'd,
That whilſt Duke *Robert* iuſtly cenſured ſtood,
Vnder the weight of his vnnaturall pride;
In heate of all, this Conqueror *William* dy'd,
Setting yong *Rufus* on th'vnrightfull throne,
Leauing his eldeſt ſtrugling for his owne.

Whic

Which in ſmall time ſo many miſchiefes bred,
As ſundry plagues on *Williams* of-ſpring ſent,
Attaining to ſo violent a head,
Which policie not after could preuent;
When to deſtruction all things head-long went,
And in the end, as conſummating all,
Was *Robert's* irrecouerable fall.

When none could proſp'rous Normandie diſſwade,
From ſending Enſignes to the Engliſh field,
Brother oppos'd the brother to inuade,
Sword againſt ſword, ſhield menaced to ſhield,
Whoſe equall worth to other ſcorne to yeeld;
One arme t'afront the others furious ſtroke,
Scepter with Scepter violently broke.

Theſe ſundry ſoiles, in both of which was ſowne,
(By ſo approu'd and fortunate a hand)
That ſeed to both might proſp'rouſly haue growne,
By their conioyning in a mutuall band;
Now when theſe Princes oppoſite doe ſtand,
What them ſhould foſter, greater wounds then lent,
Thē the proud'ſt powre that *Europe* could haue ſent.

Hauing my ſelfe wonne *William* in his life,
This conquered Realme to *Rufus* that did giue,
Getting by ſtrength what he did leaue in ſtrife,
Thoſe to moleſt that after him ſhould liue;
By this aduantage cunningly I driue,
T'afflict his iſſue with a generall ill,
Yet th'extreame in *Robert* to fulfill.

As when ſtout *Odo* (that with *William* held)
Daily prick't forward by proud *Lanfrancks* ſpight,
Both powerfull Prelates rigorouſly compel'd,
Rufus to leaue abetting *Roberts* right,
Drawing both *Mortaines* and *Mongomeries* might,
Mangling the Ile with many a grieuous ſcarre,
Scarcely yet cured of the former warre.

That being ſet in ſo direct a way,
Strong friends at hand his enterprize to backe,
Readie before him when his entrance lay
Of all ſuppli'd that he did lately lacke,
Him I perſwade the remedie to ſlacke,
Stopping the courſe which he did lately runne,
All to vndoe that he had euer done.

Thus did I ſtirre vp that vnkindly rage,
That did ſo farre preuaile vpon his blood,
And at my pleaſure did againe aſſwage.
When now this heate in ſtead might him haue ſtood
Thus with his humor altered I my mood,
That firſt by Armes his vigor he might loſe,
Which then laid down gaue ſtrength vnto his foe

That by concluding this vntimely peace,
I might thereby a lingring warre beginne,
That whil'ſt theſe tumults did a little ceaſe,
Craft more aduantage cunningly might winne,
Thus let I treaſon ſecretly in,
Giuing deceitfull Policie the key,
To the faire cloſet where his counſels lay.

Thus reconciling outwardly a friend,
I drew an inward and a dangerous foe,
That all his wit ambitiously did bend,
To cloath his treasons in a vertuous show;
VVhich were contriu'd, so currently to goe,
That secret malice strengthned more and more,
Lastly, should proue more dangerous then before.

And now poore Fame, my power to thee addrest,
And thee mine onely instrument I made,
That whil'st these brothers at this passe doe rest,
Him to the warres I wonne thee to perswade,
With those that now were going to inuade,
With great Duke *Godfrey* pressing forth his bands,
From Pagans power t' regaine the holy lands.

His youthfull humor finely thus I feed,
The meane most fit to draw him forth abroad,
When now at home his presence most should neede,
In forraine lands to fasten his aboad,
Him in this order onely I bestow'd;
That *VVilliam* dying, *Robert* being gone,
Henry might seat him on his brothers throne.

So sweet the sounds of these aduent'rous armes,
And euery sense so strongly they did binde,
That he had then no feeling of his harmes,
So farre away transported is his minde,
Declaring well the greatnesse of his kinde;
That him so high and forcibly did beare,
As when most cause, he least his ill did feare.

Him hauing throwne into eternall thrall,
Wisely fore-casting how the same should bee,
When euery thing made fit vnto his fall,
Which none could hinder, though the most fore-see,
For which I made an instrument of thee:
For where destruction sadly I pretend,
Mischiefe like lines, all to their center bend.

He gone and *William* yeelded vp the breath,
The yonger *Henry* couetous of raigne,
Offered so fairely by his brothers death,
Whilst *Robert* doth in *Palestine* remaine,
And now a Kingdome easily might gaine;
What by his power and science to perswade,
Himselfe a Monarch absolutely made.

Whilst this great Duke imbraced is by thee,
Which thou as thine do'st absolutely claime,
Finding meere shadowes onely missing mee,
And idle Castles in the ayre doth frame;
Loe, such a mightie Monarchesse is Fame,
That what she giues, so easie is to beare,
As none therefore needs violence to feare.

Vntill returning from those holy warres,
So highly honored with the Pagans flight,
From forraine battels vnto ciuill iarres,
And getting others for his owne to fight,
Inforc'd to vse the vtmost of his might;
VVith that rich sword in Pagan bloud imbru'd,
Himselfe to saue by his owne friends pursu'd.

VVhen

When wanting ſummes, the ſinewes of his force,
Which his great courage quickly comes to finde,
Euen in the high ſpeed of his forward courſe,
So skilfully I mannaged his minde.
That I a way out readily did finde;
To his deſtruction, *Henrie* to ſupply,
His future ſafetie happily to buy.

Him by all wayes to amitie to winne,
Not fully yet eſtabliſh'd as he would,
Hauing thus farre already gotten in,
Setting himſelfe ſubſtantially to hold,
By the franke offers of bewitching gold;
The yearly tribute from his crowne to riſe,
Which might all former iniuries ſuffice.

Which entertain'd by confident beleefe,
By which to paſſe his purpoſes were brought,
Not yet ſuſpicious of this ſecret theefe,
By which he ſoone and cunningly was caught;
Of which the leaſt when Princely *Robert* thought,
Euen in a moment did annoy him more,
Then all their power could euer doe before.

Which to this great Lord vtterly vnknowne,
Not vnderſtanding, eaſily could not flie,
Into his way that ſubtilly was throwne,
Which to auoyde, Duke *Robert* look'd too hie,
Into good minds fraud doth the ſooneſt prie;
Whoſe pliant nature I ſecurely choſe,
To worke what forme it pleas'd me to diſpoſe.

This fatall tribute cutting off the claime,
A lawfull Prince to *Englands* Empire laid
His former right doth altogether maime,
As they agreed yearely to be paide;
Thereon relying after being ſtaid,
As from a fountaine plenteouſly did ſpring,
The efficient cauſe of *Roberts* ruining.

When as his friends ſo well to him that meant,
And for this day did wholly them prepare,
Seeing him thus their purpoſe to preuent,
And how thereby 't was like with him to fare;
How vpon *Henry* bended all their care,
Giuing their power their peace with him to make,
Gathered at the firſt the Norman part to take.

And I by whom yet euery thing had beene,
Since Norman *William* conqueſt heere begunne,
To ſhew my ſelfe the worlds imperious Queene,
Direct my courſe againſt his eldeſt ſonne,
Things falling out diſaſtrouſly to runne,
On *Englands* part gainſt *Normandie* to ſtand,
Conquer'd but lately by the Norman hand.

The conqueſt *William* made vpon this Ile,
When Norman bloud the Engliſhmen did tame,
That natiue now enriched with her ſtile,
Turn'd with reuenge to captiuate the ſame,
As backe deſcending whence it lately came,
As Norman power did Engliſh thrall prouoke,
That Norman necks ſhould bear the Engliſh yoke

For

For which, being vp, and faine to open armes:
Such mortall hate betweene them daily growes,
And pressing in where deadly perill swarmes,
The angry brothers dealing furious blowes,
Backe to regaine what they before did lose,
Eyther to quit him of the others thrall,
Eyther to rise, or euermore to fall.

Him on whom late in *Palestine* I smil'd,
Return'd from *France* now dreadfully I frowne,
Being call'd home that chiefly is exil'd,
And in his Kingdome onely leaues his Crowne,
Him in the deluge of mischance to drowne:
Lastly, himselfe contemptfully doth lose,
Leauing his Realme to his iniurious foes.

Which home to England pris'ner doe him bring,
Left as a spoyle and pray vnto his owne,
Become her captiue should haue bin her King;
Such was the lot vpon his life was throwne,
Where he remayning in continuall mone,
Prescrib'd to one poore solitarie place,
Whose lawfull bounds the Ocean did embrace.

Could humane knowledge comprehend my hate,
Or reason sound the depth of things diuine,
The world amazed at Duke *Roberts* state,
Might thinke no might to be compar'd with mine,
And all the chances vnto me resigne,
In *Roberts* fall apparently to see,
Amongst the starres the strength that rests in me.

That

That ſword vpon him which reſumes ſuch powre,
Yet is too weake to conſummate his dayes,
Time whoſe ſwift courſe doth euery thing deuoure,
In his moſt neede prolongs him with delayes,
Whilſt he his brothers tyrannie obayes,
That he in life a thouſand deaths might die,
In euery courſe ſo forcible am I.

And whilſt in ſuch extreamity he lies,
Depriu'd all comfort but the bleſſed light,
Yet 't was not this that could my rage ſuffice,
But to abridge that, rob'd him of his ſight,
To ſute his daies directly with the night;
That to all men laſtly which ſhould be,
Due to the wrethed'ſt, him deny'd by me.

That *Robert* ſo vnfortunately blinde,
No outward obiect might diſperſe his care,
The better to illuminate his minde,
To ſee his ſorrowes throughly what they are,
To doe ſo much vnto this Prince I dare,
That being depriu'd of that which was the chiefe,
Might of the other amplifie the griefe.

And when bereaued of his nightlie reſt,
With the remembrance of ſo haynous wrong,
Faſtning ſo deepely on his penſiue breſt,
His heart the while that violently ſtung,
Nature in him doth ſhew her ſelfe ſo ſtrong;
That griefe, which many doth of life depriue,
Seemes to preſerue and keepe him ſtill aliue.

Him

Him I deni'd his enemy to kill,
Nor by his owne hand wretchedly to die,
That life vnto him ſhould be loathſome ſtill,
And that death from him euermore ſhould flie,
Making them both to him an enemie;
Willing to die by life, him double killing,
Vrged to liue, twice dying he vnwilling.

So many yeares as he hath worne a Crowne,
So many yeares as he hath hop'd to riſe,
So many yeares vpon him did I frowne,
So many yeares he liues without his eyes,
So many yeares in dying eve he dies,
So many yeares ſhut vp in priſon ſtrong,
Though ſorrow make the ſhorteſt time ſeem long.

Thus ſway I in the courſe of earthly things,
That time might worke him euerlaſting ſpight,
To ſhew how I can tyrannize on Kings,
And in the fall of great ones do delight,
Infinite things my working infinite:
All worldly changes at my will diſpoſed,
For that in me all wonder is incloſed.

At fortunes ſpeech amazed whilſt they ſtand,
And Fame her ſelfe yet wondreth at his woe,
When from Duke *Robert* Fortune takes her hand,
Whoſe miſerie ſhe thus had let them know;
When now to anſwere her deſpiteſull foe,
Fame from deepe ſilence ſeeming to awake,
Thus for her Client modeſtly be ſpake.

Quoth

Quoth she returning from renowned Rome,
Seeing my selfe in Europe to aduance,
To winne her Princes to regaine the tombe,
Which had beene lost by her misgouernance,
Calling to England, Germanie and France,
(At length) perswaded happily by me,
From Pagan hands faire Palestine to free.

That holy Hermit, long that did bemone
This their so great and euident a losse,
With famous *Godfrey* forwards that was gone,
Bearing the banner of the bloudie Crosse,
Now whilst in so faire forwardnesse it was,
And euery eare attentiue now did stand,
To this great businesse onely then in hand.

Thither did all the noblest spirits resort,
Which I that time successefully did bring,
Allured by the confident report,
(That from so great an enterprise did spring)
T'aduenture in so popular a thing;
And no man deemed worthy to be mine,
That was not forward in this great designe.

Where now this Duke the Conqu'rors eldest sonne,
Which with his birth-right Normandie did rest,
When of what else his noble father wonne,
His brother *Rufus* strongly was possest;
VVhich whilst he striueth from his hands to wrest,
This great attempt now gloriously broke forth,
VVhich was by me diuulged through the North.

VVhich

Which hauing got free entrance to his eare
Such entertainment happily did finde,
As no perſwaſion ſuffreth to be there,
From his high purpoſe to diuert his minde,
And being ſo religiouſly inclin'd,
Woo'd with this offer fitly doth prepare
Himſelfe to furniſh to this great affaire.

That Kingdome he doth careleſly neglect,
His brother *Rufus* wrongfully doth keepe,
And onely that doth conſtantly reſpect,
Where he once in his ſepulchre did ſleepe,
At whoſe deere death the very rockes did weepe,
His crowne of gold this Chriſtiã Prince doth ſcorne,
So much he lou'd him that was crown'd with thorne.

The want that him did grieuouſly oppreſſe,
Of thoſe great ſummes in leuying power were ſpent,
Himſelfe againe of England to poſſeſſe
Much hindreth his religious intent;
Yet could not this his purpoſe ſo preuent
Although a while it ſeem'd delay to make,
Of that which he did brauely vndertake.

Wherefore this noble and high ſpirited Lord:
Whilſt now his buſineſſe ſtandeth at this ſtay,
And ſince his ſtate no better could afford,
In gage to *Henry Normandie* doth lay,
Prouiding firſt his ſouldiers how to pay,
Rather himſelfe choſe kingdomeleſſe to leaue,
His countries hopes then baſely to deceiue.

To his victorious Enſigne came from farre,
Th'in-Iled Red-ſhanks toucht with no remorſe,
The light-foote Iriſh that with darts doe warre,
The Scot ſo much delighting in his horſe,
The Engliſh Archer of a Lions force,
The valiant Norman moſt his troupes among.
With the braue Britton wonderfully ſtrong.

Thoſe void of comfort in this colder clime,
To other Countries kindly he doth bring,
(And wiſely teach them to redeeme the time,
Whence their eternall memorie might ſpring)
Vnto that place whereas the heauenly King,
Their deere redemption happily began.
Liuing on earth, which was both God and man.

Poore Ilanders which in the Oceans chaine,
Too long impriſoned from the cheerefull day,
Your warlike leader brings you to the maine,
Which to my Court doth ſhew the open way,
And his victorious hand becomes the key,
Vnto ſo high aduentures that you beares,
Glory to you, and honor to your heires.

And doth thereto ſo zealouſly proceed,
As thoſe faire lockes his temples that adorne,
Vntill the great Ieruſalem were freed,
He made a vow ſhould neuer more be ſhorne;
Which ſince they ſo religiouſly were worne,
In euery eye did beautifie him more,
Then did the Crowne of Normandie before.

Whil

Whilſt he ſtill on his vpright courſe doth hold,
As we the ſequell briefely ſhall relate,
Bearing himſelfe as (worthily he could)
And beſt became his dignitie and ſtate,
Teaching how his themſelues ſhould moderate,
Not following life, ſo with his chance content,
Not flying death, ſo truely valient.

So did he all his faculties beſtow,
That euery thing exactly might be done,
That due fore-ſight before the act might go,
Others groſſe errors happily to ſhun,
Wiſely to finiſh well that was begun;
Iuſtly directed in the courſe of things,
By the ſtraight rule from ſound experience ſprings.

Idle regards of greatneſſe that did ſcorne,
Careleſſe of pompe, magnificent to bee,
That man reputing to be nobles borne,
That was the moſt magnanimous and free,
In honor ſo impartiall was hee,
Eſteeming titles meritleſſe and nought,
Vnleſſe with danger abſolutely bought.

Giuing the ſouldier comfortable words,
And oft imbalmes his well-receiued wound,
To him that needed maintenance affords,
To braue attempts encouraging the ſound,
Neuer diſmaide in any perrill found;
His tent a ſeate of iudgement to the grieu'd,
And as a Court to thoſe ſhould be relieu'd.

So

So perfect was that rarifying fire,
That did compose and rectifie his minde,
Vnto that place that raised his desire,
Aboue the vsuall compasse of his kinde,
And from the world so clearely him refin'd,
As him did wholly consecrate to glorie,
A subiect fit whereon to build a storie.

Who in ambassage to the Emperour sent,
Passing along through *Macedon* and *Thrace*,
Neuer did sleepe but onely in his tent,
Till he reuiewed that famous *Godfries* face,
Nor till he came vnto that hallowed place,
Ne're did repose his bodie in a bed,
Such were the cares possest his troubled head.

O wherefore then great Singer of thy dayes,
Renowned *Tasso* in thy noble story,
Shouldst thou be tax'd as partiall in his prayse,
And yet so much should'st set forth others glory?
Me thinkes for this thou should'st be onely sorie,
That thou shoul'st leaue another to recite,
That which so much thou did'st neglect to write.

There was not found in all the Christian hoast,
Any then he more forward to the field,
Nor their battalions could another boast
To beare himselfe more brauely with his shield,
So well his armes this noble Duke could weild,
As such a one he properly should be,
That I did meane to consecrate to me

Of ſo approued and deliuer force,
Charging his Launce, or brandiſhing his blade,
Whether on foote, or managing his horſe,
That open paſſage through the rankes he made,
At all aſſayes ſo happy to inuade,
That were he abſent in the charge or chaſe,
It was ſuppos'd the day did loſe the grace.

In doubtfull fights where danger ſoon'ſt did fall,
He would be preſent euer by his will,
And where the Chriſtians for ſupplies did call,
Thither through perill *Robert* preſſed ſtill,
To helpe by valour, or relieue by skill;
To euery place ſo prouidently ſeeing,
As power in him had abſolutely being.

When in the morne his Courſer he beſtrid,
He ſeem'd compos'd eſſentially of fire,
But from the field he euer drouping rid,
As he were vanquiſh'd onely to retire,
Neereſt his reſt, the furth'ſt from his deſire,
And in the ſpoiles his Souldiers ſhare the crownes,
They rich in gold, he onely rich in wounds.

And when the faire Ieruſalem was wonne,
And King thereof they gladly him would make,
All ſoueraigne titles he ſo much doth ſhunne,
As he refus'd the charge on him to take,
One, the vaine world that clearely did forſake,
So farre it was from his religious minde,
To mixe things vile with thoſe of heauenly kinde.

No triumph did his victories adorne,
But his high praiſe for ſinfull man that dy'd,
Nor other marke of victorie is worne,
But that red Croſſe to tell him crucifi'd,
All other glories that himſelfe deni'd:
A holy life ſo willingly he leades,
In dealing almes, and bidding of his beades.

Thus a poore Pilgrime he returnes againe,
For glitt'ring armes in Palmers homely gray,
Leauing his Lords to leade his war-like traine,
Whilſt he alone comes ſadly on the way,
Dealing abroad his lately purchas'd pray;
A Hermits ſtaffe his carefull hand doth hold,
That with a Launce his heathen foe controlde.

But now to end this long continued ſtrife,
Henceforth thy malice takes no further place,
The hate thou bar'ſt him ended with his life,
By thee his ſpirit can ſuffer no diſgrace;
Now in mine armes his vertues I embrace,
His bodie thine, his croſſes witneſſe bee,
But mine his minde, that from thy power is free.

Thou gau'ſt vp rule when he gaue vp his breath,
And where thou end'ſt, euen there did I beginn,
Thy ſtrength was buried in his timeleſſe death,
When as thy Conquerour laſtly came I in,
That all thou got'ſt from thee againe did winne;
To whom thy right thou wholly did'ſt reſigne,
And made thy glory abſolutely mine.

To the base world, then Fortune get thee backe,
The same with drerie Tragedies to fill,
There by thy power bring all things vnto wracke,
And on weake mortals only worke thy will;
And since so much thou do'st delight in ill,
Heare his complaint, who wanting eyes to see,
May giue thee sight,, which art as blinde as hee.

At her great words amazed whilst they stand,
The Prince which look'd most fearefully and grim,
Bearing his eyes in his distressefull hand,
Whose places stood with blood vnto the brim,
As in great anguish shaking euery lim;
After deepe sighes and lamentable throwes,
Thus to the world disburthened his woes.

Saith he, farewell lights that are now put out,
And where they were, is buried all my ioy,
With endlesse darkenesse compassed about,
Which tyranny did wilfully destroy,
To breed my more perpetuall annoy,
That euen that sense I onely might forgoe
That could alone giue comfort to my woe.

You which beheld faire *Palestine* restor'd,
And from prophane hands of the Pagans freed,
The Sepulchre of that most gracious Lord,
And seen the mout where his deare wouds did bleed,
That with the sights my zealous soule did feed;
Sith from your functions night doth you disseuer,
Seclude me now from worldly ioyes for euer.

They saw no Sunne, nor did they view the day,
Except a candle, they beheld no light,
Strong walles before those blessings kept away,
What could be fear'd? they could not hurt the night,
For then teares wholly hindred them of sight.
O then from whence should *Henries* hate arise,
Though I saw nothing that I should haue eies?

The wretched'st thing, the most despised'st beast,
Enioyes that sense as generally as wee,
The very Gnat, or what than that is least,
Of sight by nature kindly is made free,
What thing hath mouth to feed, but eyes to see?
O that a tyrant then should me depraue,
Of that which else all liuing creatures haue!

Whilst yet the light did mitigate my moane
Teares found a meane to sound my sorrowes deepe,
But now ay me, that comfort being gone,
By wanting eyes wherewith I erst did weepe,
My cares alone concealed I must keepe.
O God, that blindnesse darkning all delight.
Should aboue all things giue my sorrow sight.

VVhere sometime stood the beauties of this face,
Those lampes once lighted as the Vestall flame,
Is now a dungeon, a distressed place,
A harbour fit for infamie and shame,
VVhich but with horrour none can scarsely name;
Out of whose darke grates miserie and griefe,
Starued for vengeance, daily beg reliefe.

The day abhorres me, and me ſtill doth flie,
Night ſtill me followes, yet too long doth ſtay,
This neuer comes though it be euer nie,
And this in comming vaniſheth away,
What now me booteth eyther night or day;
All's one, ſtill day, or be it euer night,
Sithone to me the darkeneſſe and the light.

You wherewith once my comforts I did view,
Th' all-couering heauen and glorie that it beares,
No more that ſight ſhall e're be ſeene of you,
That bleſſed Sunne that euery mortall cheares,
No more to me for-euer now appeares;
Betake your ſelues vnto your darkſome Cell,
And bid the world eternally farewell.

His ſpeech thus ending, Fortune diſcontent,
Turning her ſelfe as ſhe away would flie,
Playing with babes and fooles incontinent,
As neuer touch'd with humane miſerie,
As what ſhe was her ſelfe to verifie;
And ſtraight forgetting what ſhe had to tell,
To other ſpeech and girliſh laughter fell.

When gracefull Fame conueying thence her charge,
With all theſe troupes that did to her reſort,
Gaue me this booke, wherein was writ at large,
His life ſet out in admirable ſort,
T' amaze the world with this ſo true report:
But fortune angry with her foe therefore,
Gaue me this gift, that I ſhould ſtill be pore.

FINIS.

THE LEGEND OF MATILDA.

IF yet a Muſe there happily remaine,
That is by truth ſo diligently taught,
As euer hating wantonly to faine,
Declareth but what modeſtie ſhe ought,
If this be ſuch which I ſo long haue ſought,
I crane by her my life may be reueal'd,
By blacke oblivion enuiouſly conceal'd.

Oh if ſuch fauour I might hope to finde,
Here in this world yet once to liue agen,
As I yet laſtly might expreſſe my minde,
By the endeuour of a powerfull pen,
In all my ſorrowes happy were I then;
Three hundreth yeares by all men ouer-paſt,
Finding one friend to pittie me at laſt.

O you of him ſo happily elect,
Whom I intreate to proſecute my ſtorie,
Ladie moſt deere, moſt worthie all reſpect,
The worlds beſt iewell, and your ſexes glorie,
It ſhall ſuffice me, be *Idea* ſorie,
Reading my Legend ſadly in his verſe,
Which now alone muſt ſerue me for a herſe.

Be you the patterne by whose perfect view,
Like your faire selfe he wisely may me make,
For sure aliue none fitter is then you,
Whose forme vnspotted chastitie may take,
Be you propitious, for whose onely sake,
For me I know hee'le gladly do his best,
So you and I may equally be blest.

Bright *Rosamond* so highly that is graced,
Inroled in the Register of fame,
That in our Sainted Kalender is placed,
By him who striues to stellifie her name;
Yet will the modest say she was to blame,
Though full of state, and pleasing be his rime,
Yet can his skill not expiate her crime.

The wife of *Shore* winnes generall applause,
Finding a pen laborious in her praise,
Elstred reuiu'd to pleade her pittied cause,
After the enuie of so many dayes,
Happy 's the man their glories high'st can raise;
Thus the loose wanton liked is of many,
Vice shall finde fiiends, but vertue seldome any.

To vaunt of my Nobilitie were vaine,
Which were, I know, not bettered by the best,
Nor should beseeme an honourable straine,
And me a mayden fits not of the rest,
Nor worldly titles fondly will suggest;
A vertuous life I meane to boast alone,
Our birth our Syres, our vertues be our owne.

'Tis ſhame to fetch our long deſcent from Kings,
If from the gods deriued thou ſhould'ſt be:
The olde atchieuements of thoſe wondrous things,
Which thou thy ſelfe then liued'ſt not to ſee,
What be their acts materiall vnto thee?
Stayning that bloud, and honour that was theirs,
Which could not leaue their vertues to their heirs.

Heau'n powr'd downe more abundance on my birth,
Then it before had vſually beſtow'd,
And was in me ſo bountifull to earth;
As though the fulneſſe meaning to haue ſhow'd,
On me it ſo immeaſurably flow'd,
That ſuch a ſhape with ſuch a ſpirit inſpir'd,
Did of the wiſeſt make me moſt deſir'd.

Vpon my brow ſate beautie in her pride,
Vnto the world as miniſtring her law,
And vnto all ſuch riches did diuide,
As vnto her all generally did draw;
And yet mine eye did keepe them ſo in awe,
As that which onely could true vertues meaſure,
Ordain'd by nature to preſerue her treaſure.

My carri'ge ſuch as might content the wiſe,
My ſpeech ſuch comely decencie retaine,
As of the yonger was not deem'd preciſe,
Nor of the aged was accounted vaine;
So well inſtructed to obſerue the meane,
So well compact, and natiue was each good,
That did co-here with temper of my blood.

Nature

Nature in me did ſuch perfections vary,
As that the leaſt allow'd not of compare,
And yet ſo well did teach me them to carrie,
That then themſelues did make them ſeem more rare,
As in my portion ſuffering none to ſhare,
In her faire grace by placing me ſo hie,
That there ſhould ſit the darling of the skie.

When fame began my beautie firſt to blaze,
That ſoone became too lauiſh of the ſame,
Hauing her trumpet laden with my praiſe,
That euery place was was filled with my name,
For which report thou too much wert to blame;
But vnto thee is beautie ſubiect ſtill,
Which I may ſay is cauſer of our ill.

This iealous monſter hath a thouſand eyes,
Her airie bodie hath as manie wings,
Now about earth, now vp to heauen ſhe flies,
And here and there with euery breath ſhe flings,
Euen from the deepe her meſſages ſhe brings,
Nothing ſo ſecret but to her appeareth,
As apt to credite euery thing ſhe heareth.

And Princes eares as open to report,
As skill in blazing beautie to a King,
Subiect vnto the Cenſor of the Court,
From whence Fame carries, thether ſhe doth bring,
And which ſoeuer, ſhe doth loudly ring,
Thither, ah me, vnhappily ſhe brought,
Where I my bane vnfortunately cought.

There

There ſtood my beautie boldly for the prize,
Where the moſt cleere and perfect ſt iudgements be,
And of the ſame the moſt iudiciall eyes,
Did giue the gole impartially to me;
So did I ſtand vnparaleld and free,
And like a Comet in the Euening skie,
Strooke with amazement euery wondring eye.

This 't was poſſeſt the breaſt of Princely *Iohn*,
This on his heart-ſtrings endleſſe muſicke made,
This wholly wonne him vnto it alone,
And fully did his faculties inuade,
From which not reaſon euer could diſſwade;
This taught his eyes their due attendance ſtill,
Holding the reynes which rul'd his Princely will.

When yet my father fortunate in Court,
And by his bloud rank'd equall with the beſt,
Hauing his quicke eare toucht with this report,
Which yet the newes but hardly could diſgeſt,
And on my youth his onely care did reſt;
Straightly purſues it by thoſe ſecret ſpies,
As ſtill in Courts attend on Princes eyes.

And he this while who ſeemed but to ſleepe,
Till he the Princes purpoſes could ſound,
And to himſelfe yet ſecretly did keepe,
What he but late had prouidently found;
So well that wiſe Lord could conceale his wound,
That well fore-ſaw how dang'rous it would proue,
To croſſe the courſe of his impatient loue.

Till

Till being resolu'd how violent a flame,
Vnbrideled will had kindled in the King,
That on the sudden should he stop the same,
A greater inconuenience might spring,
Which knowne to him so dangerous a thing,
Me doth bethinke him fittest to perswade,
E're for my safety further meanes he made.

Deare girle, quoth he, thou seest who doth await,
T' intrap that beautie bred to be thy foe,
Being so faire and delicate a bait,
Tempting all eyes themselues there to bestow,
Whose power the King is taught too soone to know;
Of his desire that what the end may bee,
Thy youth may feare my knowledge doth fore-see.

And for thou liuest publiquely in Court,
Who priuiledge doth euery meane protect,
Where the ensample of the greatest sort,
Doth more then opportunitie effect.
None thriuing there that dwell vpon respect,
Being a lotterie where but few do win,
Falshood t' aduenture, and the prize but sin.

Subtly opposing to thy longing sight,
What may to pleasure possibly prouoke,
And fitly fashioned vnto thy delight,
That with the graueſt strikes too great a stroke,
Hauing withall imperious power thy cloke,
With such strong reasons on her part propounded,
As may leaue vertue seemingly confounded.

Many

Many the wayes inducing to thy fall,
And to thy safety none is left to guide thee,
And when thy danger greatest is of all,
Euen then thy succour soonest is deny'd thee:
So sundry meanes from vertue to diuide thee,
Hauing withall mortalitie about thee,
Frailtie within, temptation set without thee.

The leachers tongue is neuer voyde of guile,
Nor wants he teares when he would win his pray,
The subtil'st tempter hath the smoothest stile,
Syrens sing sweetely when they would betray,
Lust of it selfe had neuer any stay,
Nor to containe it bounds could haue deuis'd,
That when most fill'd, is least of all suffic'd.

With euery meane and Maiestie is franght,
That all things hath contained in his power,
And who will conquer, leaues no meane vnsaught,
Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen Tower,
Watching th' aduantage of each passing howre,
Time offering still each minute to doe amisse,
Thy banefull'st poyson spiced with thy blisse.

And when this heady and vnseas'ned rage,
Which in his bloud doth violently raigne,
Time, that the heate shall peaceably asswage,
Shall shew the more apparantly thy staine,
Which vnto ages euer shall remaine;
Sinne in a chaine leades on her sister shame,
And both in gyues fast fetter'd to defame.

Kings

Kings vſe their loues as garments they haue worne,
Or as the meate whereon they fully fed,
The Saint once gone, who doth the ſhrine adorne,
Or what is Nectar careleſſely if ſhed?
What Princes wealth redeemes thy mayden-head,
Which ſhould be held as precious as thy breath,
Whoſe diſſolution conſummates thy death?

The ſtately Eagle on his height doth ſtand,
And from the maine the fearefull fowle doth ſmite,
Yet ſcornes to touch it lying on the land,
When he hath felt the ſweete of his delight,
But leaues the ſame a pray to euery kite;
With much we ſurfet, plentie makes vs poore,
The wretched Indian ſpurnes the golden ore.

When now he points the period with a teare,
Which in my boſome made ſo great a breach,
As euery precept firmely fixed there,
And ſtill his counſell vnto me did preach,
(A father ſo effectually ſhould teach,)
So that his words I after euer found,
Written on ſo immaculate a ground.

The youthfull King deluded but the while.
That in his breaſt ſtill bare this quenchleſſe fire,
Whilſt flatt'ring hope his ſenſes doth beguile,
That with freſh life ſtill quickned his deſire,
(And gone ſo farre now meant not to retire;)
Thinkes if that aptly winning him but place,
By loue or power to purchaſe him my grace.

Which

Which ſtill deferring, found he ſtill did faile,
Nor to his minde aught (kindly) tooke effect,
Couragiouſly reſoluing to aſſaile,
That other meanes doth vtterly neglect,
In ſpite what feare could any way obiect,
And finding time, not booting to be mute,
Thus to me laſtly did preſer his ſuite.

Deare maide (quoth he) when Nature hath ordained,
Thee to the world her workmanſhip to bring,
All other creatures knowing ſhe had ſtained,
By ſo diuine and excellent a thing,
Onely therefore to gratifie a King,
Seal'd thee the Charter dated at thy birth,
Mirrour of heauen, the wonder of the earth.

Hoord not thy beautie, heauen doth giue thee ſtore,
Pitie ſuch treaſure ſhould lie idely dead,
Which being imparted ſhall encreaſe the more,
And by the int'reſt euermore be fed,
To be mans comfort that was onely bred,
Which of it ſelfe is of ſuch power and might,
As like the Sunne ioyes all things with the ſight.
From thoſe bright Starres ſuch ſtreames of lightning (glide,
As through the eyes doe wound the very heart,
Whoſe vertues may be ſundrie wayes applide,
Hurting and healing like *Achilles* dart;
Such bountie Nature did to them impart,
Thoſe lampes, two planets, clearer then the ſeauen,
That with their ſplendor light the world to heauen.

Had

Had Arte ſuch colour as could truely ſhow,
Each rare perfection rightly in his kinde,
And on each one ſufficiently beſtow,
Vnto the glory properly aſſign'd,
Painting the beauties aptly to the minde;
But, O alone, thy excellencie is ſuch,
As words though many leſſen worth ſo much.

He is thy King, who is become thy ſubiect,
Sometimes thy Lord, now ſeruant to thy loue.
Thy graceſull features be his onely obiect,
Who for thy ſake a thouſand deathes durſt proue,
A Princes prayer ſhould ſome compaſſions moue;
Let Wolues and Beares be cruell in their kindes,
But women meeke, and haue relenting mindes.

Daine (deare) to looke vpon theſe brimfull eyes,
With tides of teares continually frequented,
Where hope without food, hunger-ſtaruen lies,
Which to betray me trecherouſly conſented,
That for the fact being lawfully conuented.
Iudg'd in theſe waters ſtill to haue their being,
For their preſumptions thy perfections ſeeing.

Sit thou commanding vnder mine eſtate,
Hauing thy treſſes honored with my Crowne.
As not vnworthy of a meaner fate,
And make the proud'ſt to tremble with a frowne.
Raiſe whom thou wilt, caſt whom it pleaſe thee down
And be my loue renowned through this Ile,
With all the titles Fame may thee inſtile,

What

What if my Queene repining at our bliſſe,
Thee as did *Iuno Ioues* faire darling keepe,
Mine I'le preſerue, as that great god did his,
Wiſe *Mercury* lull'd *Argus* eyes to ſleepe,
Loue euer laughes when iealouſie doth weepe,
When moſt ſhe ſtirs, our power ſhall keep her vnder,
She may raiſe ſtormes, but we do rule the thunder.

Thus hauing made the entrance to his loue,
Which he ſuppos'd aſſuredly in time,
Of better tidings meſſenger might proue,
By which he after to his ioyes might clime,
And of my youth now being in the prime. (me,
Leaues me, not knowing well which way to turne
Warm'd with the fire which vnawares might burne
(me.

Vpon my weaknes that ſo ſtrongly wrought,
Whil'ſt in my breaſt a mutinie aroſe,
Feare and Deſire a doubtfull combate fought,
As like two eager and ambitious foes,
This ſtriues to winne, the other feares to loſe;
By this oft cleared, and by that accuſed;
Flattred by that moſt, moſt which me abuſed.

And in my ſelfe, that well ſuſpected treaſon,
Knowing who watc'h to haue me for his pray,
And in ſo apt and dangerous a ſeaſon,
When youth and beautie bare ſo great a ſway,
And where he battery ſtill to me might lay,
Who girt ſo ſtrongly euery way about,
Well might expect I could not long hold out.

All

All doubts and feares caſt vtterly aſide,
Reſolu'd at laſt away from Court to goe,
Whither it pleas'd my happie ſtarres to guide,
There I my ſelfe determin'd to beſtow,
Vntill time might this paſſion ouer-blow,
Or if at leaſt it wrought not the extruſion,
Might lend me power to helpe my reſolution.

When he whoſe care this while me not forſooke,
That many a ſweete ſleepe for my ſaferie brake,
Much that was pleaſed with the courſe I tooke,
As one that truely ſuffered for my ſake,
Did his aboade at Baynards Caſtle make,
Which ſince the Court ſo happily did leaue me,
To his protection kindely did receiue me.

Whence ſorrow ſeemed vtterly exil'd,
Wherein my life I long before d d waſte,
The preſent time that happily beguil'd,
With thought of that which was alreadie paſt,
Where I was now ſo fortunately plac'd;
Euen as a bird eſcap'd the Fowlers ſnare,
Whom former danger warneth to beware.

When now the King, whoſe purpoſes were croſt,
Which this euaſion ſubt'ly did preuent,
And that the meane to which he truſted moſt,
Was that which moſt did fruſtrate his intent,
Seeing his ſuit prepoſterouſly went,
Another courſe bethinkes himſelfe to runne,
Elſe now as farre off, as when firſt begunne.

Thence forth deuiſing to diſſolue the maſſe,
That lay ſo full betwixt him and the light,
That in his ſute ſo great a hindrance was
And (leaſt expected) wrought him moſt deſpite,
Finding the cauſe that all things went not right,
Caſteth forth with my father to remoue,
To make the way more cleerer to his loue.

When ſcarcely cured of that ſickly qualme,
And that my heart was happely at eaſe,
But as a ſhip that in a gentle calme,
Floates vp and downe vpon the quiet ſeas,
By ſome rough guſt ſome aduerſe ſtarre doth raiſe,
Driuen againe into the troubled Maine,
Which well had hop'd ſecurely to haue laine.

The powrefull Prince whom I did thus reiect,
Hereon, in Court doth firſt this Peere diſgrace,
Thereby to giue the people to ſuſpect,
T'offend in ſome thing fitting neere his place,
Them it (by all meanes) vrging to imbrace;
Which if he cleerely modeld out, that path
Should giue a paſſage freely to his wrath.

And giuing colour to his ranck'rous hate,
By ſuch falſe counſell as to him he drew,
Cunning in all the ſtratagems of ſtate,
My guiltleſſe father ceaſeleſly purſue,
Whoſe kingly power too quickly ouerthrew
Him which I hop'd me ſuccour ſhould haue giuen,
Till from all refuge abſolutely driuen.

And

And not their cleere and intellectuall sight,
Into the quarell that did throughly looke,
Nor our allies that to their vtmoſt might,
Gainſt his proceeding that our partie tooke,
(Vnto the end that neuer me forſooke,
Could the effect of his great power preuent,
To ſtay from Fraunce my baniſh'd father ſent.

Not all his ſeruice to his Soueraigne done,
In warre as valiant, as in counſell ſound,
Which from this Prince compaſſion might haue won,
To him that faithfull euermore was found;
How deeply thou ingratitude dooſt wound!
Sure firſt deuiſed to no other end,
But to grieue thoſe whom nothing could offend.

Ay me, forſaken, left vnto my foe,
Thus by my fortune frowardly betrai'd,
Neuer poore maiden was beſieged ſo,
And all depreſſed that ſhould lend me aide,
Such weight the heauens vpon my birth had laid,
Yet her due merite vertue neuer loſeth (poſeth.
Gainſt her faire courſe though heauen it ſelfe op-

Embark'd for France his ſad deiected eies
Filled with teares in plentifulleſt ſtore,
His parting threatned by the lowring skies,
Then vnder ſaile from ſight of any ſhore,
Feare him behinde, and ſorrow him before;
Waſting withall his ſad laments in vaine,
To the rude waters only to complaine.

VVhen like a Deere before the hounds imboſte,
VVhen him his ſtrength beginneth to forſake,
Leaues the ſmooth lawnes to which he truſted moſt,
And to the couert doth him ſelfe betake,
Doubling that creeps from brake againe to brake;
Thus ſtill I ſhift me from the Princes face,
VVhich hath me now continually in chaſe.

The coaſt now cleere, ſuſpition laid to reſt,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
Which with much pleaſure quieted his breaſt,
That euery thing ſo proſperouſly went,
And if the reſt ſucceſſefully conſent,
Of former ayde that being quite forſaken,
He hopes the fort may eaſily be taken.

A Princes armes are ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Kings ſleeping, ſee with eies of other men,
Craft findes a key to open euery doore,
Little it bootes in walles my ſelfe to pen,
The Lambe incloſed in the Lyons den;
VVhoſe watchfull eyes too eaſily deſcri'd me, (me.
And found me ſoon'ſt, where ſur'ſt I thoght to hide

My paths by ſpies are diligently noted,
O're me he holds ſo vigilant a watch,
And on my beauty he ſo fondly doted,
That at my lookes he enuiouſly did catch,
Ready that ſtood attending at my latch,
VVhere iealous loue continually did warde,
Treaſon my handmaide, Falſhood on my guarde.

Where-

Wherefore ſince this ſo badly ſorted out,
He to my ſhifts ſo narrowly me draue,
Another courſe that I muſt caſt about,
Where ſafer harbour happily to haue,
Since inſufficient this was me to ſaue,
His power ſo ſpations euery way did lie,
That ſtill I ſtood in his ambitious eye.

And feare which taught me euery way to proue,
When I of many long time did debate,
Me at the laſt it pleas'd the powers to moue,
To take vpon me a religious ſtate,
The holy Cloiſter none might violate,
Where after all theſe ſtormes I did endure,
There yet at laſt might hope to liue ſecure.

Wherefore to *Dunmow* ſecretly conuai'd,
Vnto a houſe that ſometime was begunne,
By *Iuga*, of our anceſtry a maide,
At whoſe great charge this Monaſt'ry was done,
In which ſhe after did become a Nunne;
And kept her order ſtrictly with the reſt,
Which in that place virginitie profeſt.

Where I my ſelfe did ſecretly beſtow,
From the vaine world which I too long had tri'd,
One, whom affliction taught my ſelfe to know,
My youth and beautie gently that did chide,
And me inſtructing as a skilfull guide;
Printed with all ſuch coldneſſe in my blood,
That it might ſo perpetuate my good.

The King who with an enuious eye did see,
Himselfe deluded, strongly discontent,
Who thence his power not possibly could free,
Which his sad breast doth grieuously torment,
Which, since that I so wilfully was bent,
And he past hope now euer to enioy me,
Resolues by some meanes lastly to destroy me.

And he that knew one fit for such a fact,
To whom he durst his secret thoughts impart,
One that for him would any thing enact,
And in performance wanted not his Art,
That had a strong hand, a relentlesse hart;
On him the King (in madnesse so enrag'd)
Impos'd my death, himselfe thereto that gag'd.

Who making haste the fatall deede to do,
Thither repaires, but not as from the King,
One that did well know what belong'd thereto,
Nor therein needed any tutoring,
But as one sent vpon some needfull thing.
With a smooth countenance & with setled brows,
Obtaines to get in where I paide my vowes.

Where I alone and to his tale expos'd,
As one to him a willing eare that lent,
Ay me, too soone himselfe to me disclos'd,
And who it was that him vnto me sent,
From point to point, relating his intent; (uasion,
Which whil'st I stood strooke dumbe with this in-
He thus pursues me strongly with perswasion.

Saith

Saith he, but heare how greatly thou doſt erre,
Fondly to doat vpon thine owne perfection,
VVhen as the King thee highly will preferre,
And that his power deſireth thy protection;
So indiſcreetly ſort not thy election,
To ſhut vp in a melancholy Cell,
That in a Court ordained was to dwell.

How dangerous is ſo bountifull an offer,
If thy neglect doe retchleſſely abuſe it,
VVho was it euer that did ſee a coffer,
Filled with gold, and proffered did refuſe it?
Greater thy fault the more thou doſt excuſe it,
Thy ſelfe condemning in thine owne good hap,
Refuſing treaſure caſt into thy lap.

VVrong not thy faire youth, nor the world depriue
Of that great riches Nature freely lent,
Pitie 'twere they by niggardize ſhould thriue.
VVhoſe wealth by waxing craueth to be ſpent,
For which thou after iuſtly ſhalt be ſhent;
Like to ſome rich churle burying his peiſe,
Both to wrong others, and to ſeruc himſelfe.

VVhat is this vaine, this idle reputation,
VVhich to the ſhew you ſeemingly reſpect,
Onely the weakeneſſe of imagination.
VVhich in concluſion, worketh no effect?
Leſſe then that, can the worſhippers protect,
That onely ſtandeth vpon fading breath,
And hath at once the being, and the death.

A feare that grew from doting superstition,
To which still weake credulitie is prone,
And onely since maintained by tradition,
Into our eares impertinently blowne,
By folly gathered, as by error sowne;
Which vs still threatning hindreth our desires,
Yet all it shewes vs be but painted fires.

Then let it like this Monast'ry to leaue,
Which youth and beautie iustly may forsake,
Do not thy Prince of those high ioyes bereaue,
Which happy him eternally may make,
Which sends me else thy life away to take;
For dead to him if needsly thou wilt proue,
Die to thy selfe, and buried with his loue.

Rage that resum'd the colour of his face,
Whose eye seem'd as the Basliskes to kill,
The horror of the solitarie place,
Being so fit wherein to worke his will,
Each good omitted, euery present ill;
Which all doe seeme my ouerthrow to further,
By feare disswaded, menaced by murther,

In this so great and peremptorie triall,
With strong temptations grieuously afflicted,
With many a yeelding, many a deniall.
Oft-times acquitted, oftentimes conuicted,
Whil'st feare before me liuely stands depicted,
And at the instant by a little breath,
Giues me my life, or sends me vnto death.

When

When now my ſoule that gath'red all her powres,
Which in this need might friendly giue her aide,
The reſolution of ſo many howres,
Whereon her ſelfe ſhe confidently ſtaid;
(In this diſtreſſe their helpes together laide,)
Making the ſtate which ſhe maintained good,
Expell'd the feare, vſurping on my blood.

The which my tongue did modeſtly enlarge.
From thoſe ſtrict limits terror it confin'd,
My grieued boſome ſadly to diſcharge,
And my loſt ſpirits did liberally vnbinde;
To my cleare eyes their reſidence reſign'd,
And ſtrongly there mine honor to maintaine,
Check'd his preſumption with a chaſte diſdaine.

Finding me thus inuiolably bent,
He for my death that onely did abide,
Hauing a poiſon murd'ring by the ſent,
Vnto the Organ of that ſenſe appli'd;
Which for the ſame when fitteſt time he ſpi'd,
Vnto my noſtrils forcibly did ſtraine,
Which at an inſtant wrought my deadly bane.

With his rude touch (my vaile diſordered then)
My face diſcouering, whoſe delitious cheeke,
Tincted with crimſon, fading ſoone agen,
With ſuch a ſweetneſſe as made death euen meeke,
Seeming to him, beholding it euen like
Vnto a ſparke extinguiſh'd to the eie,
Breakes forth in fire e're ſuddenly it die.

And

And whilſt thereat amazed he doth ſtand,
VVherein he ſuch an excellencie ſaw,
Ruing the ſpoile done by his fatall hand,
VVhom nothing elſe, my beautie now doth awe,
And from his eyes would force him teares to draw;
Of which depriu'd and ſetled euen as dead,
Grieuing for me that it had none to ſhed.

VVhen life retreating gently towards the heart,
(On whom cold death inuaſion now did make,
VVinning by little euery outward part)
As more and more her ſuccours her forſake,
To this laſt Fort enforc'd her to betake,
To him who ſadly yet did me behold,
Thus with milde ſpeech my griefe I did vnfold.

Is this the gift the King on me beſtowes,
VVhich in this ſort he ſends thee to preſent me?
I am his friend, what giues he to his foes,
If this in token of his loue be ſent me?
His pleaſure thus, it muſt not diſcontent me;
Yet after ſure a prouerbe this ſhall proue,
The gift King *Iohn* beſtow'd vpon his loue.

VVhen all that race to memorie are ſet,
And by their ſtatues their atchieuements done,
VVhich won abroad, and which at home did get,
From ſonne to ſyre, from ſyre vnto the ſonne,
Grac'd with the ſpoiles that glorioufly they wonne;
O that of him it onely ſhould be ſaid,
This was that King, the murtherer of a maide!

O keepe it safely from the eares of Fame,
That none do heare of this vnhalowed deede,
To him be secret and conceale his shame,
Lest after-ages hap the same to reade,
And in their eyes the very letters bleede;
O let the graue my innocency hold,
E're of a King so hainous sinne be told.

Vttering my minde my sorrow to asswage,
The heauy burthen of my pensiue brest,
The poison now that inwardly did rage,
The present vigor forcibly expreſt,
Me no way suffering to declare the rest;
Longer for him it was no time to stay,
And death call'd on to haſten me away.

Thus in my Closet being left alone,
Vpon the floore vncomfortably lying,
The deed committed and the Murtherer gone,
Almoſt arriued at the point of dying,
Some of the sisters me by chance espying,
Call all the rest that in moſt wofull plight,
Came to behold this miserable sight.

Where like a Roſe by an vnkindly blaſt,
Mongſt many buds that round about it grow,
The withered leaues improſp'rously doth caſt,
Yet all the rest their soueraigne beauties show;
Amidſt this goodly sisterhood euen so,
Nip'd with cold death vntimely did I fade,
Whilſt they about me pitteous wailing made,

When

When as my poore ſoule in her ſuddaine flight,
Neglects the Organ of each ſeuerall ſenſe,
With all that horror could the ſame affright,
Being diſturbed in her parting hence,
Onely conſtrained for her beſt defence,
Vnto her ſpotleſſe innocence to take her,
Which her not leaues when all the reſt forſake her.

When all our pleaſures are but childrens toyes,
And as meere ſhadowes preſently doe paſſe,
As yeares encreaſing, waning are our ioyes,
As we forget our fauours in a glaſſe,
Euen as a tale of that which neuer was:
Death our delights continually doth ſeuer,
Vertue alone abandoneth vs neuer.

And now my ſpirit thus liberally enlarg'd,
By gently flitting from this earthly roome,
The debt to Nature faithfully diſcharg'd,
And at the houre condition'd on my toombe;
Such is the heauens ineuitable doombe.
Me *Baynards* Caſtle to the world did bring,
Dunmow againe my place of burying.

Now ſcarſly was my breathleſſe body cold,
But euery where my Tragedy was ſpred,
For tatling Fame in euery place had told,
My reſolution being lately dead,
Ruing my bloud ſo prodigally ſhed,
And to my Father flies with this miſchance,
Which then remained in the Court of France.

His

His losse too great to be bewail'd with teares,
Nor were there found words to expresse his woe,
Terror it selfe so setled in his eares,
No more might enter, nothing out might goe,
O why againe should griefe distract me so?
Enough of sorrow is already showne,
And telling his renewing of mine owne.

Me't shall suffice my fortunes to relate,
And beare the burthen of my proper ill.
If I expresse my pittifull estate,
'T is all I aske, and I obtaine my will,
For why, true sorrow needs not others skill,
It is too much the bitternesse we taste,
Without remembrance when the same is past.

Some say, the King repentant for this deede,
When his remorse to thoughts thereof him draue,
Poorely disguised in a Pilgrims weede,
Offered his teares on my vntimely graue,
For which, no doubt but heruen his sinne forgaue;
And did thereby my grieued spirit appease,
He being contrite, I happily at ease.

Thus told my Story, I my state deuise,
To you sweet Madam, fitt'st with you to rest,
Which do my vertues daily exercise,
That be impressed in your patient breast,
By whom alone I rightliest am expreſt;
For whom my praise (it grieues me) is too scant,
Whose happy name an Epethite shall want.

Then

Then moſt deare Lady, for a maidens ſake,
To ſhed one teare, if gently you but daine,
For all my wrongs it full amends may make,
And be my paſſe to the Elizian plaine,
In your chaſte eyes ſuch power there doth remaine,
As can th' afflicted proſp'rouſly deliuer,
Happie be they may looke vpon them euer.

THE

THE LEGEND OF PIERCE GAVESTON.

FRom gloomie ſhadowes of eternall night,
Shut vp in darkeneſſe where I long did dwell,
O here behold me miſerable wight,
Laſtly, inuok'd my Tragedie to tell;
Giue me then leaue my ſorrowes to impart,
Somewhat to eaſe my poore afflicted hart.

Goddeſſe of Artes and Armes, *Pallas* diuine,
Let thy bright Fawchion lend me *Cypreſſe* boughes,
Be thou aſſiſting to this Poet of mine,
With funerall wreathes incompaſſing his browes,
Pittying my caſe, when none would hear me weep,
To tell my ſorrowes, layes his owne to ſleepe.

And mournfull'ſt maiden of the ſacred Nine,
That balefull ſounds immoueably doeſt breath,
With thy ſwolne viſage and thy blubbered eyne,
I vnto thee my ſad complaints bequeathe;
Matter that yeelds ſufficient for thy glorie,
If thou exactly proſecute my Storie.

Tell

Tell how the ſtarres my wand'ring ſtate did guide,
Th' vnconſtant turnes of euery changing howre,
Of many a low ebbe, many as high a tide,
Many a ſmooth calme, manie a ſtormie ſhowre,
The height whereto I laſtly did aſcend,
My ſtrange begining, and my fatall end.

When *Edward* ſate vpon the Engliſh throne,
Long-ſhankes that ſo victoriouſly did raigne,
Firſt of that name, and ſecond vnto none,
In all to Knighthood euer did pertaine,
My life begun and then begun my bliſſe,
Euen in thoſe dayes, thoſe happy dayes of his.

So much did vertue gracious hearts enflame,
Promotion then not purchaſed with golde,
And in thoſe times he that deſired fame,
Bought it of them that it full deerely ſolde,
Hatefull exceſſe ſo much did not deuoure,
Lawes had leſſe force, and honeſty more powre.

And ſince that time ſo violently prayes,
Vpon thoſe ages that euen holieſt bee,
Let me remember thoſe more happie dayes,
In theſe ſad houres my grieued eyes doe ſee,
With greater griefe that makes me theſe deplore,
When I doe thinke of thoſe that were before.

And

Andmuſe, to thee I ſadly then appeale,
Since thou my life wilt needeſly haue me ſhow,
That I by thee may faithfully reueale,
Euen what the moſt inquiſitiue would know,
Whil'ſt that my ſoule heere bodied did abide,
In the vaine world that pampred me in pride.

From *Gaſcoyny* our name and our deſcent,
Of which my father naturally was borne,
In all his warres that with King *Edward* went,
To him a liege man and a ſouldier ſworne:
And in his country ventred his eſtate,
To follow him that ſeem'd to gouerne fate.

Whoſe truſt that great King highly did employ,
And neare his perſon tooke him for the ſame,
Who with my ſelfe but then a little boy,
Vnto the Court of famous England came;
Whereas the King for ſeruice he had done,
Made me a Page vnto the Prince his ſonne.

In me what ſhape, that man's did not excell,
Where euery part ſuch harmoy did beare,
As in this modall Nature ſeem'd to tell,
T'was not perfection if it were not there,
As euery age reſeru'd his rareſt feature,
Thereof to make ſo excellent a creature.

My lookes the powerfull Adamants doe loue,
Which vnto them attracted euery ſight,
With which the ſame was fixed or did moue,
Sympathizing naturally delight,
That where my thoughts intended to ſurpriſe,
I at my pleaſure conqu'red with mine eyes.

If euen the beſt in Paintings curious Arte,
In ſome rare peece his workmanſhip would ſhow,
Imagination helping with her part,
When th'hand had done the vtmoſt it could doe,
Vnto that bodie modelling a minde,
Such a one was I the mirrour of my kinde.

This was the baite was laide for *Edwards* loue,
Breeding that league of amitie thereby,
That no misfortune after could remoue,
When ſhe the vtmoſt of her force did trie;
Nor death it ſelfe retained power to ſunder,
Friendſhip ſeld ſeene, and in the world a wonder.

Heere on this earth th'onely meane thou art,
Whereby we hold intelligence with heauen,
And it is thou that onely doſt impart,
All good can to mortalitie be giuen;
That ſacred bond that neuer canſt be broken,
O word diuine to be with reu'rence ſpoken!

With

With this ſweete Prince in height of worldly bliſſe,
Whilſt Tutors care his wondering yeares did guide,
I liu'd enioying whatſoe're was his,
Who ne're my pleaſures any thing deni'd,
Whoſe deare affection ſtill me ſo attended,
As on my ioyes his happineſſe depended.

Whether that it my rare perfections were,
That wonne my youth ſuch fauour in his eye,
Or that the heauens to whom I ſeem'd ſo deare,
On me downe ſhowr'd this bleſſing from the skie;
I cannot tell, but well it did direct,
That could produce ſuch wonderfull effect.

Thou Arke of heauen where wonders are enroled,
O depth of Nature, who can looke vnto thee?
What might he be that hath thy doome controled?
Or hath the key of reaſon to vndoe thee?
Thy workes diuine, which thine alone doe know,
Shallow mans wit, too ſhort for things below.

The ſoule her liking, ſubt'ly doth eſpie,
In the high power that is to her aſſign'd,
By the cleere ſight diſcouering through the eye,
The thing agreeing aptlieſt with her kind;
And by each motion quickly apprehendeth
That, which it ſelfe paſt humane ſenſe extendeth.

This *Edward* in the Aprill of his age,
Whilſt yet the Crowne ſate on his fathers head,
Like that great *Ioue* with his rap'd *Phrygian* page,
Me with Ambroſiall delicacies fed;
He might command that was the ſoueraignes ſon,
And what I ſaid that onely muſt be done.

My will a law authentically paſt,
My yea by him was neuer croſs'd with no,
Who in affection chained was ſo faſt,
He as my ſhadow ſtill with me did go,
To me this Prince ſo pliant was in all,
Still as an Eccho anſw'ring to my call.

My ſmiles his life, his heauen was in my ſight,
And his delight confin'd by my deſire,
Who fro m my cleere eyes borrowed all his light,
As pale-eyde *Cinthia* from her brothers fire;
My cheeke the pillow where he laid his head,
My brow his booke, my boſome was his bed.

Like faire *Idalia* bent to amorous ſports,
With yong *Adonis* in the wanton ſhade,
Figuring her paſſions in as ſundry ſorts,
As he to her indeerements to perſwade,
Eithers affections happily to moue,
With all the tender daliances of loue.

The table (thus) of our delight was laid,
Seru'd with what dainties pleaſure could deuiſe.
And many a Syren muſicke ſweetely plaide,
(O that youth had vs wherewith to ſuffice!)
Whilſt we on that vnſatiately doe feed,
Which our confuſion afterwards did breed.

For ſtill I ſpur'd his violent deſire,
Holding the reines wherewith he rul'd the Sunne,
My blandiſhment the fuell to the fire,
In which to frie alreadie he begunne;
Waxing his wings taught him Art to flie,
Who on his back migth beare me through the skie.

Whilſt the vaine world vpon vs ſtill did winne,
Intic'd his flatteries ſtedraſtly to truſt,
Looſing the clew which led vs ſafely in,
Are loſt within this Labyrinth of luſt;
For when the fleſh is nuſled once in vice,
The ſweete of ſinne makes hell a paradiſe.

Who thy deceits vile world yet euer told,
In thee what is th'ats not extreamely ill?
A ſhop where poyſon's onely to be ſold,
Whoſe very entrance inſtantly doth kill,
Where all deformed wickedneſſe doth dwell,
And all thy wayes guide head long into hell.

The King that ſaw his hopefull ſonne betrai'd,
That like yong *Phaeton* ventred on the skies,
Perceiu'd his courſe with danger hardly ſtai'd,
(For he was graue and prouidently wiſe;)
That wanting skill to maſter youthes deſire,
Might by miſguidance ſet his throne on fire.

This was a corſiue to King *Edwards* dayes,
That without ceaſing fed vpon his bones,
That in the day bereau'd him of his eaſe,
Breaking his nights-ſleepe with vnquiet grones;
That did depreſſe and burthened him downe,
More then the weight that ſate vpon his Crowne.

When now their iudgement that ſeuerely tri'd,
The matter from whence this malladie firſt grew,
Likewiſe muſt now a remedie prouide,
To preuent the perill likely to enſue,
The cauſe muſt end e're the effect could ceaſe,
Elſe (well) of one, there many might encreaſe.

When ſuch in Court my oppoſites as were,
On all aduantage that could wiſely play,
Who did to me inueterate malice beare,
That for their purpoſe found ſo faire a way;
On this their forces inſtantly did ground,
My Name and Fame perpetually to wound.

And

And the time fit for venting their vntruth,
Me into hate more forcibly to bring,
Sticke not to charge the looſeneſſe of my youth,
T'offend euen in th'vnnaturalleſt thing,
And old fore-paſſed outrages awake,
With all that me contemptible might make.

Wherefore the Prince to priuacie beſtow'd,
In Realmes remote I baniſhed to rome,
Cenſured of all men fit'ſt to be abroad,
That had betrai'd my honeſt truſt at home,
Adiudg'd to die, if after I were found,
The day preſcrib'd vpon the Engliſh ground.

So much aſtoniſh'd with the ſudden blow,
That I became inſenſible of paine,
Vntill awak'd with ſharpeneſſe of my woe,
I ſaw the wound which open did remaine;
By which my ioyes ſtill fainted more and more,
No hope at all me euer to reſtore.

Euen as a Turtle for her faithfull Make,
Whoſe youth her deare virginitie enioy'd,
Sits ſhrowded in ſome ſolitarie brake;
With melancholy penſiueneſſe annoi'd;
Thus without comfort ſit I all alone,
From the ſweete Prince infortunately gone.

My beautie once which ſdain'd the ſummers ſight,
Beaten with blacke and chilly winter ſtormes,
Thoſe tender limbes muſt trauell day and night,
So often hug'd in *Edwards* Princely Armes;
Thoſe eyes oft viewing pleaſure in her pride,
With fearefull obiects euery way ſuppli'd.

And whilſt theſe ſtormes me ſtrangely thus did toſſe;
Where I my ſelfe confined yet in France,
Thwarted the while with many a grieuous croſſe,
Inſeparables to my ſad miſchance;
Others that ſtem'd the current of the time,
By which I fell, prou'd afterwards to clime.

Camelion-like the world doth alter hue,
And as falſe *Protheus* puts on ſundry ſhapes,
One change ſcarce gone, another doth enſue,
This fill'd, that likewiſe for promotion gapes,
Thus did they ſwarme like Bees about the brim,
Some drown'd, and ſome as dangerouſly ſwim.

And ſome on whom the higher powers look'd faire,
Yet of the ſeaſon little ſeem'd to vaunt,
For there were clouds hung in the troubled ayre,
Which ſhew'd ſomething to their deſire did want,
That forc'd them ſtoop which otherwiſe would flie,
Whilſt with much care they fading honour buy.

When

When reſtleſſe Time that neuer turnes againe,
Whoſe winged feet are ſliding with the Sunne,
By the fleet houres attending on his traine,
His reſolution fatally begunne;
In a iuſt courſe eſt-ſoone to bring about,
That which long ſince the wiſer ſort did doubt.

For whil'ſt the King did ſeriouſly attend,
His long-hop'd voyage to the holy land,
For which his ſubiects mightie ſummes did lend,
Euen whil'ſt this buſines onely was in hand
All on the ſudden happily doth fall,
The death of *Edward* quickly altred all.

Should I aſſay his vertues to report,
To doe the honour due vnto his name,
My meane endeuours ſhould come farre too ſhort,
And I thereby ſhould greatly wrong the fame;
But leaue it to ſome ſacred Muſe to tell,
Vpon whoſe life a Poets pen might dwell.

His Princely body ſcarcely wrapt in Lead,
(Before his mournefull Obſequies were done)
But that the Crowne was ſet on *Edwards* head,
With whom too ſoone my happy houres begun;
After blacke night like brightneſſe of the day,
All former ſorrowes vaniſhed away.

When

When now *Carnaruan* calls within a while,
Whom *Edward Long-ſhankes* hated to the death,
He whom the father lately did exile,
Is to the ſonne as precious as his breath,
VVhat th' old inſcrib'd the yonger forth did blot,
Kings wils perform'd, & dead mens words forgot.

VVhen the winde wafts me to that happie place,
And ſoone did ſet me ſafely on that ſhore,
From whence I ſeem'd but baniſh'd for a ſpace,
That my returne might honoured be the more:
Vnto this new King happily to leaue me,
Whoſe Printely armes were ready to receiue me.

Who would haue ſeene how that kind Roman dame,
Ore-come with ioy did yeeld her lateſt breath,
Her ſonne returning laden with ſuch fame,
When thankfull *Rome* had mourned for his death,
Might here behold her perſonated right,
When I approached to the Princes ſight.

My *Ioue* now Lord of the Aſcendant is,
In an aſpect that promis'd happie ſpeede,
VVhilſt in that luckie influence of his,
Some prais'd the courſe wherein I did proceed;
Yet it to ſome prodigiouſly appeares,
Telling the troubles of enſuing yeares.

VVhen

When like to *Midas* all I toucht was gold,
Powr'd as 't was once downe into *Danaes* lap,
For I obtained anie thing I would,
Fortune had yet ſo lotted out my hap;
The cheſts of great men like to Oceans are,
To whom all flouds by courſe do ſtill repaire.

The Iſle of *Man* he firſt vnto me gaue,
To ſhew how high I in his grace did ſtand,
But fearing me ſufficient not to haue,
I next receiued from his bounteous hand,
Faire *Walling ford* that aunciently had beene,
The wealthy dower of manie an Engliſh Queene.

The ſummes his father had, being leuying long,
By impoſitions for the warre abroad,
Other his Princely benefits among,
At once on me he bounteouſly beſtow'd;
When thoſe that ſaw how much on me he caſt,
Soone found his wealth ſufficed not his waſte.

He giues me then chiefe Secretaries place,
Thereby to traine me in affaires of ſtate,
And thoſe high roomes that I did hold, to grace,
Me Earle of *Cornwall* frankly did create;
And that in Court he freely might partake me,
Of *England* Lord high Chamberlaine did make me.

And

And that he would more ſtrongly me allie,
To backe me gainſt their inſolent ambition,
Doth his faire couſin vnto me affie,
A Ladie of right vertuous condition.
Which his deare ſiſter proſperouſly bare,
To the Earle of *Gloſter* bloud-ennobled *Clare*.

O ſacred bountie, mother of content,
Fautreſſe and happie nouriſher of Arts,
That giv'ſt ſucceſſe to euery high intent,
The Conqueror of the moſt nobleſt hearts;
High grace into mortalitie infuſed,
Pittie it is that e're thou waſt abuſed.

When thoſe that did my baniſhment procure,
Still in my boſome hated did abide,
And they before that could me not endure,
Are now much more impatient of my pride,
For emulation euer did attend,
Vpon the great, and ſhall vnto the end.

And into fauour cloſely working thoſe,
That from meane places lifted vp by me,
And factious ſpirits being fitteſt to oppoſe,
Them that perhaps too powerfull elſe might be,
That euen gainſt enuie raiſed by my hand,
Me muſt vphold to make themſelues to ſtand.

And ſince the frame by Fortune ſo contriv'd,
To giue protect to my ambitious wayes,
Vrging thereby their hate to me deriv'd,
From thoſe high honours he vpon me layes,
Drawing the King my courſes to partake,
Still to maintaine what he himſelfe did make.

Thus doth my youth ſtill exerciſe extreames,
My heed fond raſhneſſe to fore-runne my fall,
My wit meere folly, and my hopes but dreames,
My counſaile ſerues my ſelfe but to inthrall,
That me abuſed with a vaine illuſion,
When all I did intending my confuſion.

And now the King, to haſten his repaire,
Himſelfe by marriage highly to aduance,
With *Iſabel* a Princeſſe, yong and faire,
As was her father *Philip* King of *France*,
When now the more to perfect my command,
Leaues vnto me protection of the land.

My power confirm'd ſo abſolute withall,
That I drank pleaſure in a plenteous cup,
When there was none me to account to call,
All to my hands ſo freely rendred vp,
That earth to me no greater bliſſe could bring,
Except to make me greater then a King.

Wh

When being now got as high as I could clime,
That the vaine world thus bountifully bleſt,
Frankly embrace the benefit of time,
Fully t' enioy that freely I poſſeſt;
Strongly maintaining he was worſe then mad,
Fondly to ſpare a Princes wealth that had.

Their counſels when continually I croſt,
As ſcorning their authoritie and bloud;
And in thoſe things concern'd their honours moſt,
In thoſe againſt them euer moſt I ſtood:
And things moſt publike priuately extend,
To feed my ryot that had neuer end.

When laſtly Fortune like a treacherous foe,
That had ſo long attended on my fall,
In the plaine path wherein I was to goe,
Layes manie a baite, to traine me on withall;
Till by her skill ſhe cunningly had brought me,
Vnto the place where at her will ſhe caught me.

The mighty buſineſſe falling then in hand,
Triumphs ordain'd to welcome his returne
(Before the French in honour of the land)
With all my power I laboured to adiourne;
Till all their charge was laſtly ouerthrowne,
Who lik'd t' haue ſeene no glorie but mine owne.

Thus

Thus euery thing me forward ſtill doth ſet,
Euen as an Engine forced by the ſlight,
One miſchiefe thus a ſecond doth beget,
And that doth leade th' other but to right;
Yet euery one himſelfe imploying wholly,
In their iuſt courſe to proſecute my folly.

Which when they found how ſtill I did retaine
Th' ambitious courſe wherein I firſt beganne,
And laſtly felt, that vnder my diſdaine
Into contempt continually they ranne;
Take armes at once to remedy their wrong,
Which their cold ſpirits had ſuffered but too long.

Me boldly charging to abuſe the King,
A waſtfull ſpender of his needfull treaſure,
A ſecret thiefe of many a ſacred thing,
And that I led him to vnlawfull pleaſure,
That neuer did in any thing delight,
But what might pleaſe my ſenſuall appetite.

That as a ſcourge vpon the land was ſent,
Whoſe hatefull life the cauſe had onely beene,
The State ſo vniuerſally was rent,
Whoſe ill increaſing euery day was ſeene;
I was reproached openly of manie,
Who pitti'd none, not pitti'd now of any.

And for oppos'd by men of greateſt might,
(The King my danger that had wiſely way'd)
That did purſue me with ſuch deadly ſpight,
Me into *Ireland* ſecretly conuay'd,
Vntill he might my peace againe procure,
And his owne ſafety better might aſſure.

As one whoſe houſe remedileſly burning,
Seeing his goods now heap'd together loſt,
His griefe no whit disburthen'd by his mourning,
Taking ſome one thing that he loueth moſt,
To ſome remote place doth with that retire,
Leauing the reſt to th' mercie of the fire.

Yet he ſo much that ſtill did me eſteeme,
That euer ſtroue to couer my diſgrace,
To make my abſence otherwiſe to ſeeme,
And to the world to beare a fairer face,
Leſt my exile ſuggeſted by their hate,
Might ouerthrow my liuelyhood and eſtate.

By their neere counſaile that were him about,
His Deputie of *Ireland* doth me make,
And caus'd it each-where to be giuen out,
My iourney thither inſtantly to take,
To ſtop their mouthes that gladly would embrace,
Any report might tend to my diſgrace.

There liu'd I in that honorable ſort,
As to my high place purchaſed renowne;
With no leſſe bountie managing the Court,
Then hourely crau'd th'reuenewes of a Crowne,
To me his loue ſuch ſoueraignrie did bring,
That though he raign'd, I abſolutely King.

Few weekes there went, but ſome the chanell cros'd,
With ſome ſuch preſent Princes hold in price,
Some iewell that him infinitely coſt,
Or ſumptuous robe of excellent deuice;
When they that ſaw what he vpon me caſt,
Found that his pleaſure long time could not laſt.

And ſince the floud me followed in this wiſe,
His fulneſſe I as amply entertaine,
It might ſhew folly to be found preciſe,
That to refuſe which fell as did the raine,
Such as no age before did euer winne,
And ſince his being, yet hath neuer bin.

When now th'abated Baronry, that found
The cunning vs'd for couering of my flight,
That me but ſhifted to a ſurer ground,
On which ſo vainely they beſtow'd their might;
Perceiu'd (farre off) where greater perill roſe,
Then they could finde how rightly to diſpoſe.

Like thoſe that ſtriue to ſtop ſome violent ſourſe,
Whoſe plentie Nature planted not for bounds,
Climes aboue all th'oppoſers of his courſe,
Or let at large the neighbouring plaine ſurrounds,
That in it ſelfe ſ'emated is bleſs'd,
That will the more be, th'more it is depreſs'd.

And fearing now the force I had abroad,
VVho knew the way the Iriſh hearts to winne,
Fitter by farre at home to be beſtow'd,
(And to the Stare more ſafetie found therein)
VVhere though my Ryots they could not preuent,
Yet might ſuruay the giddie courſe I went.

VVhereof they ſcarſely entertain'd the thought,
And did thereto but ſeemingly deſcend,
But that his loue immediately it caught,
Nor cares he by it what they doe intend;
Plot what they could, ſo he thereby might gaine him,
That with delight did onely entertaine him.

O how thy preſence Maieſtie commands!
That ſo ſeuerely humbleth euery eye,
VVhoſe onely ſelfe acts more then many hands,
n thee ſuch vertue ſecretly doth lie,
Hauing about thee the high power of Fate,
Art both imperious ouer loue and hate.

He

He that occaſion neuer did neglect,
That ought vnto my happineſſe might winne,
My buſineſſe did ſo carefully effect,
That euer was ſo fortunate therein,
As he to paſſe doth prouidently bring,
Before deem'd ſo impoſſible a thing.

And Meſſengers immediatly are ſent,
Me into England inſtantly to call,
Authoriz'd by the generall conſent,
Although not lik'd of inwardly of all;
Yet, t'was ſufficient that it freedome gaue me,
But to be there where he deſir'd to haue me.

My ſailes now ſwelling with a proſperous winde,
The boiſterous Seas doe homage to mine eies.
That much aboue their vſuall courſe are kinde,
All lowring clouds abandoning the skies,
Nothing diſcern'd that any whit might feare me,
Fortune her ſelfe ſits at the helme to ſteare me.

VVhat time the King his progreſſe then did take,
That part of Wales pretending as to ſee,
For which he forward inſtantly did make,
VVhich was (indeed) there but to meete with me,
VVith all the fauour that he could deuiſe,
To giue me honor in the publike eies.

Where for my landing long he did prouide,
That nought might want intending my delight,
And at each place as leasurely we ride,
Did entertaine me with some pleasing sight.
And vnto London to the pompous Court,
Brings me in the magnificentest sort.

Which prou'd but spurres to my vntam'd desire,
Giuing the reines to my lasciuious will,
Who let me forth vnto my full careire,
On places slippery, and my manage ill,
Small my fore-sight, and ouer-much my hast,
That me (alas) vnfortunately cast.

The Princes eare, that hauing at command,
That who would ought haue, me must entertaine,
And yet before it past my gripple hand,
Got the great'st share vnto my priuate gaine;
Nor car'd I what from any I did wring,
Many thereby too much impouerishing.

And daily begging of Monopolies,
Taking the lands belonging to the Crowne,
And hence transporting those commodities,
To England vsefull comming of her owne,
And basely selling offices (e're then)
The due reward of best deseruing men.

And being irrecouerably prowd,
Held all things vile that ſuted not my vaine,
Nothing might paſſe, my iudgement not allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gaine,
Giuing vile termes and nick-names of diſgrace,
To men that ſate in honourable place.

By which brake out that execrable rage,
That long before had boyled in their blood,
And for reuenge they boldly them ingage,
When laſtly for their libertie they ſtood;
And in this quarrell open armes they take,
Or to marre all, or better it to make.

They durſt affirme my mother was a Witch,
And for that fact condemned burnt to be,
And I her ſonne, and rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her damned arte to me;
Vrging it an inſeparable thing,
That I by Magicke wrought vpon the King.

And into France did charge me to conuay,
A goodly Table that was maſſie golde,
A Relique kept at Windſor many a day,
That to King *Arthur* did belong of olde;
Vpon whoſe margent as they did ſurmiſe,
Merlin ingraued many Prophecies.

by appealing to the Sea of Rome,
Legat thence procuring to the land,
With malediction by the Churches doome,
On any one that on my part should stand:
The King suspending should he not consent,
And ratifie the generall intent.

VVhich they did but too prosperously effect,
Being so strong to counterpoize his force,
The Clergie full being readie to direct,
Them the best way, in all their restlesse course,
That at the last they strongly him procure,
By solemne oath me euer to abiure.

h'vncertaine bidding of each earthly thing,
Set out most liuely in my starre-cros'd state)
hat doth remaine in Fortunes managing,
ppearing in my variable Fate,
On me that frown'd and flattered me so oft,
Casting me downe, and setting me aloft.

o Flanders then my present course I cast,
hich being the near'st, lay fittest for my ease,
fest the way, the sooner it was past,
l not my friends that were abroad at Seas;
Such meanes in France they daily doe procure,
That there my selfe I doubted to secure.

And

And though I chang'd my habite and my name,
Becauſe I meant to liue vnknowne to any,
Yet ſwift report hath ſo diuulg'd my ſhame,
My hated life was publiſh'd to too manie;
In euery ſtreet that as I paſs'd along,
I was the talke of euery common tong,

And finding that which onely I did craue,
A ſecret meanes to ſend vnto the King,
Each day to me intelligence that gaue,
Of the eſtate and courſe of euery thing;
Who laboured now (more euen then before)
Me into England ſafely to reſtore.

For which relying on my Soueraignes loue,
(To whom my life had euer beene ſo deare)
Which I then now had ne're more cauſe to proue,
Striuing t' obtaine (if any meane there were;)
A diſpenſation for his former oath,
In their deſpite that thereto ſeem'd moſt loath.

Where caſting many a ſundrie courſe at length,
(Being by marriage mightily alli'd,
And but too much preſuming of my ſtrength)
Reſolu'd for England come what could betide;
And in a ſhip that for the iourney lay,
Thither my ſelfe did ſuddenly conuay.

Safely landed on the wished shore,
Vnto the Court me secretly betooke,
Of which the King had notice long before,
And for my comming euery day did looke,
Wisely that plotted when I should arriue,
All helpfull meanes my safetie to contriue.

Which soone being knowne whilst yet their bloud was hote,
That to their strength now onely were to trust,
For what before was done preuailed not,
And for my sake the King did proue vniust;
Bringing thereby, whilst trifling they did stand,
Wrong to themselues, and danger to the land.

Now when the time did generally distast,
Our lewd and inconsiderate neglect,
When those in Court that our high fauours plac'd,
Giue vs iust cause their dealings to suspect,
And they that view'd vs with the pleased'st eye,
Yet at our actions sometimes lookt awry.

Wherefore the King enforced to prouide,
A present armie, trusting to his friends,
Repair'd to Yorke vntill he were suppli'd,
From whence for ayde he into Scotland sends,
To warlike Balioll, and to Wales, from whence
He might get power to frustrate their pretence.

But

But they his purpoſe wholly intercept,
Not now to ſeeke in any ſecret thing,
The Marches that ſo vigilantly kept,
And yet renounce all malice to the King;
Onely to chaſtiſe my abhorred ſinne,
Who had the cauſe of all this trouble bin.

Thus like a ſhip diſmembred of the ſailes,
Forc'd by the winde againſt the ſtreamefull tide,
From place to place with euery billow hales,
And as it haps from ſhore to ſhore doth ride;
As that poore veſſell reſts my brittle ſtay,
Nearer the land, ſtill neareſt caſt away.

Corſiue of Kingdomes, home-begotten hate,
Which in no limits euer yet waſt bounded,
When did'ſt thou ſeize euen on the greateſt ſtate,
By thee that was not vtterly confounded?
How many Kingdomes be there that doe rue thee?
Happy the world was till too well it knew thee.

Thus of our ſuccour inſtantly bereſt,
Hauing but now ſome little force at ſea,
Laſtly to truſt to, onely to vs left,
On which our hope infortunately lay;
Which he to haſten, ſpeedily doth make,
His former courſes forced to forſake.

preſent danger managing it ſo,
That did for ayde importunately call,
Wherefore in Yorke as fartheſt from the foe,
Leaues me vnto the ſafe-guard of the wall:
Till his returne me further helpe might giue,
Whom more and more he ſtudied to relieue.

From Bedford now the Armie ſetting on,
Th' appointed Randis where they gathered head,
When they had notice that the King was gone,
Vpon the way more haſtily them ſped,
(Me t'afflict as purpoſed they were)
Whoſe preſence elſe might force them to forbeare.

To Skarborough immediatly I poſt,
With the ſmall force my fortune then did lend me,
A Fort beſt fitting ſtanding on the coaſt,
And of all other likeſt to defend me,
And came the worſt reſiſtleſſe were their might,
The Sea ſhould ſafely priuiledge my flight.

But they the Caſtell lying round about,
Keepe euery paſſage with a watchfull ſpie,
That gaue them notice of my paſſing out,
With their light horſe purſue me by and by;
Whereas vpon me ſuddenly they came,
E're I had time to fortifie the ſame.

Along

Along the lands towards Oxford they conuay me,
Wondring my ſight as birds doe at the Owle,
And by the way continually they bay me,
As hungrie Wolues at paſſengers doe howle;
Each one exulting that I now was caught,
That in the land ſuch miſchiefe euer wrought.

And being brought to Dedington at laſt,
Where the Earle of Pembroke will'd me to be ſtaid,
To vnderſtand e're further that I paſt,
Things to my charge that ſecretly were laid;
And to the King he ſpeedily had ſent,
T' acquaint him with the generall intent.

But the Earle of Warwicke (lying but too neare)
(The dogge of Arden that I vs'd to call)
That deadly hatred ſtill to me did beare,
And that I euer doubted moſt of all;
Thither repairing with a powerfull band,
Ceazed vpon me with a violent hand.

And vnto Warwicke carrying me along,
(Where he had long deſired me to get)
With friends and tenants abſolutely ſtrong,
Whom all the puiſſant Baronrie abet;
Since now occaſion offered them ſuch hold,
Haſten my death by all the meanes they could.

North

[illegible] mile, or very neere,
[illegible] publique view doth lie,
[illegible] there call'd to ghoſts that dwelled there,
Neare to the [illegible] Hermitage of *Guy*;
Thither [illegible] and vnder ſtrongly they meded,
Where [illegible] ſadly forfeited my head.

Thus ſundry paſſions having thus expreſs'd,
In the ſad tenor of my tragicke tale,
Let [illegible] vnto the fields of reſt,
Thither tranſported by a proſp'rous gale;
And leaue the world my deſtenie to view,
Bidding it thus for euermore adiew.

FINIS.

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